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PHILADELPHIA

FREE THE ATOM—By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

The Article of the Year—The Key

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It takes genius to produce

OLD GRAND-DAD

UNDER SUPERVISION OF U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOTTLED IN BOND
100 PROOF

Only an infinite capacity for taking pains could produce the uniformly rich, mellow, heart-warming flavor of Old Grand-Dad. And that's what genius is! Infinite pains in the selection of the grain, in the direction and control of every step in the distilling process, and in preparing the barrels in which Old Grand-Dad ages four years or more in bonded seclusion. The result is, of course, what you would expect.

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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Head of the Bourbon Family

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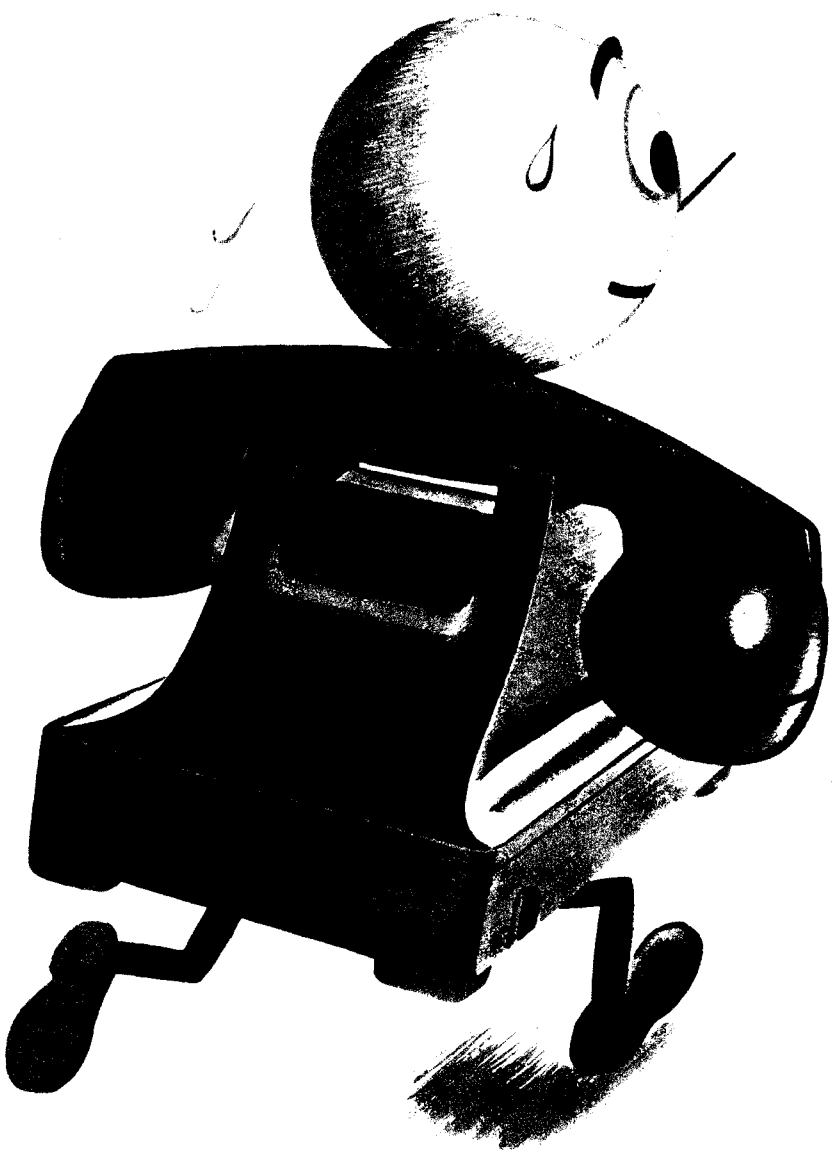

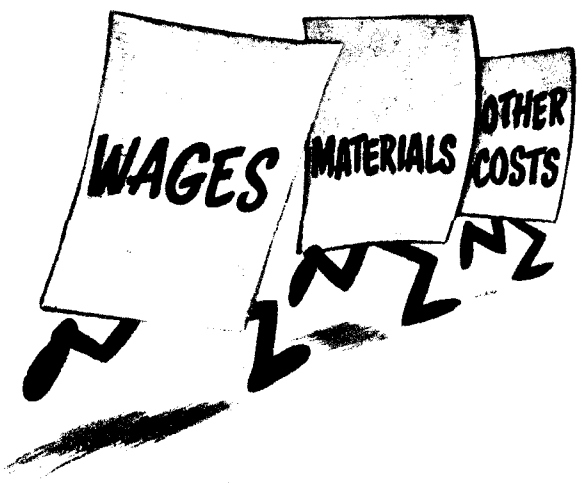

We're trying to catch up with costs

Increases in the price you pay for telephone service are far behind the increases in wages and other costs

THE PRICE of telephone service has gone up much less than the price of almost everything else you buy. It has gone up far less than the cost of providing the service. Take wages, which are the biggest item, as an example.

Rates Up Far Less Than Wages—The increases granted so far in rates for telephone service are only about half the increases of $728,000,000 in telephone wages during the ten-year period through 1949.

In addition to wages, the costs of materials and almost everything else used in furnishing telephone service have risen substantially.

These things mean higher operating costs. They also mean higher construction costs and hence increase the amount of investment for each new telephone that is added.

The Need for Adequate Rates—These are some of the reasons why telephone rate increases are so necessary. The Bell Telephone Companies, however, have not asked nor do they intend to ask for more than is needed to keep on giving you good telephone service—service that improves and expands and grows in its value to you.

Only a Penny or so a Call—Rate increases so far, plus those now requested, average only a penny or so per call—an exceedingly small amount compared to the value, security and convenience of telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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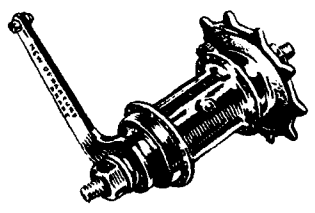
Big Wheel

IN ANY LEAGUE!

In baseball, as in every other sport, the star performer, the big wheel, is the fellow with *constant control.*

In bicycling the "big wheel" is the one that has a New Departure Safety Brake, the lightest, strongest, most powerful brake ever built. The brake that gives you *constant control* at all times. It brings any bike to a . . . QUICKER STOP SMOOTHER



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June 17, 1950

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The Cover

This, the fifth in Thomas Fransioli's cover series of American cities, is historic Philadelphia as seen from the steps of its Museum of Art. The green-roofed building at left is the Public Library, back of which is the green-domed Cathedral of St. Peter and St. Paul. The orange-colored building in front of the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society is the Market Street National Bank; and straight down the Benjamin Franklin Parkway is City Hall, topped by the statue of William Penn. The low, gray structure at center right is the Franklin Institute, and at the extreme right is the City Schools Administration Building. Philadelphians will easily identify various other office buildings, schools, stores and hotels.

Week's Mail

"Chewing Food"

EDITOR: Lester Velie's articles on The Americans Nobody Wants (April 1st-8th) were timely and forceful. However, his reference to "multiple purpose powder," by which he undoubtedly referred to our Multi-Purpose Food, as something inedible is so contrary to general experience that I cannot believe he had an opportunity to ascertain its real value or palatability.

Our nonprofit Meals for Millions Foundation was established for the relief and prevention of starvation. We have found Multi-Purpose Food to be the best product thus far developed with which it is possible to relieve the world shortage of animal protein.

It is true that some people do not like it when prepared without being combined with other foods. This is very rarely true of hungry people.

The virtue of MPF is that it can be "camouflaged" to be acceptable in those dishes to which people are accustomed. If cooked with tomatoes it tastes like tomatoes, but it does the nutritive work of meat, milk, eggs and other expensive foods. Moreover, in the words of one of Mr. Velie's migrants, it is "chewing food."

ERNEST R. CHAMBERLAIN, Secretary,
Meals for Millions, Los Angeles, Cal.

It was not Mr. Velie's intention to belittle Multi-Purpose Food. His point was that, in one of the richest valleys of the world's *richest country—a country whose government* warehouses are bulging with surplus food—local officials showed so little regard for the suffering about them that they made no plans to bring in free surplus foods until the hunger situation was almost out of hand. Some officials were content to give out Multi-Purpose Food as a sole means of sustenance.

Initiative & Education

EDITOR: There is much worth-while information in Benjamin H. Namm's Would You Enter a Door Marked 'Socialism'? (April 29th). But he takes just about all the edge off what he says in opposition to a "welfare state," by advocating from time to time a "welfare society."

Is there no such thing as individual initiative any more? No such thing as personal thrift? No such thing as self-reliance?

In the days of my youth, the idea "I am the master of my fate; I am the captain of my soul" was very much ingrained in American character.

Human nature still has the innate desires for esteem, power and superiority, and in most individuals it is just as natural to exercise them as it is to breathe.

H. E. CONN, New Castle, Ind.

. . . "What are the schools doing about it?" Mr. Namm asks. He states, "It is their job

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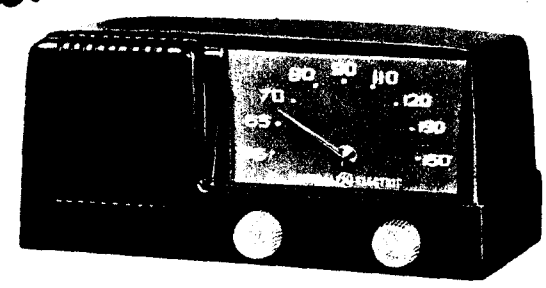
For dear old DADS!



G-E Table Radio. Remember Father's Day is June 18th! Pop'll be pleased as Punch to have a radio of his own! Model 123 is a beauty, with its streamlined, rich rosewood plastic cabinet. Large, easy-to-read dial with dial light. Excellent tone. Built-in antenna. Exceptional buy at only **$19.95***

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GENERAL ELECTRIC

to supply the educational background of all the future managers, owners and workers in industry and business. Obviously, if there is any one subject they should stress, to provide their students with a better understanding of society, it is the study of economics."

It would seem that until those who are responsible for general education accept and practice the fundamentals of American democracy, and then establish curricular offerings with emphasis on the development of our youth in a knowledge, understanding and practice of American democracy, just so much longer will the situation pointed out by Mr. Namm continue. Many school people prefer to be concerned with college entrance requirements.

GEORGE E. GRAFF, Rockville, Conn.

What Makes a Punk?

EDITOR: After reading your article Teen-Age Punks (April 29th), the thought occurred to me as to just how much responsibility rests on the child psychologists of several spans back. It seems that they once were expounding the theory of allowing the child to obey his impulses; modern methods of punishment, etc.

Are we collecting the rewards now for such loose theorizing?

LES MANKE, Arlington, Wis.

. . . I feel that the title of Howard Whitman's Teen-Age Punks should be changed to: Do Murder Movies Create Teen-Age Punks? MAX MARTINDALE, Detroit, Mich.

Family Affair

EDITOR: I have long delayed writing you of how your magazine changes our every move the day it arrives. All through my busy day the one thought is the blessed time when on going to bed I can have Collier's all to myself, without the interruptions which come to a housewife throughout the day.

Here's a picture we took of our fifteen-month-old son. He looks at every picture in Collier's and is just as excited over it as we are.

MRS. FRANK STEVENS, Fort Worth, Texas

Haute Coiffure

EDITOR: I agree with you 100 per cent on your editorial entitled Paukerized (April 29th). The women of 1950 look so foolish I have to laugh when I see one of those crazy haircuts.

I'll take a girl like the 1946 girl in your illustration any day of any year.

ROBERT MAXWELL, Avon, N. Y.

. . . My very strong objection is directed at your laudatory comments on Miss Arden's campaign for more feminine coiffures.

Girls with cropped hair do not queue up at Miss Arden's little red door for permanents, nor do they appear between permanents for shampoos, sets and any other items they can be talked into. Indeed, if your theory is correct, they just hunt up the garden shears and do the whole job themselves.

The above procedure does not provide any extra hay for Miss Arden's horses or Miss Arden.

I wish you every success in your attempt to promote your ideas of feminine beauty—but don't try to do it by cajoling your readers into subsidizing Miss Arden's stable.

E. SOMES, New York, N. Y.

Bouquet

EDITOR: My secretary and I, in exchanging observations on trends in the editorial policy of leading national publications, agreed very quickly that Collier's has done an outstanding job over the last five years of getting rid of the subtle revolutionary bias that still mars the pages of some of the other big weekly magazines.

I think it is not unfair to say that in recent years Collier's has come to be not only the most interesting but also about the most honest of the multimillion-circulation magazines.

ANDREW T. COURT, Detroit, Mich.

The Lonely Judge

EDITOR: I sincerely believe that by publishing Samuel Grafton's article, Lonesomest Man in Town (April 29th), Collier's has taken an enormous stride toward the final breakdown of the barriers of racial prejudice.

It is heartening to know that there is a man like Judge Waring who is big enough to come out openly for the Negro and that there is a magazine like Collier's that is big enough to back him up.

GARTH HORNE, Kansas City, Mo.

. . . Samuel Grafton evidently interviewed persons of little education since he reports them as saying, "Something *come* over him." Perhaps the upper classes would not deign to express their feelings about Judge Waring and his Yankee wife.

At any rate, one must concede that it is the judge's privilege to choose his own associates, as it is yours and mine.

MRS. HELEN HART, Shelfar, Va.

. . . As a fifth-generation South Carolinian my prediction is that the name of J. Waties Waring will go down in Palmetto State history with as much infamy as that of William Tecumseh Sherman.

MRS. BLANCHE H. WEBB, Anderson, S. C.

. . . The plight of Judge Waring in Charleston makes anyone despair of the state of civilization in Charleston, and no reason for the egotism of her broken-down, sterile, parasitic aristocrats.

I was born in the South and grew up in the South. I have never been able to see it as anything but an utterly contemptible culture.

MORRIS HORTON, Farmersville, Texas

. . . Federal Judge J. Waties Waring and his wife are within their rights and should draw no complaints from any citizens so long as they are acting as individuals.

But the judge is an institution, and he is using his office, not his personal power, not himself, to put over the idea which a woman transplanted in his brain. I do not believe the office of federal judge is intended to be used for personal benefit.

JOHN BUNYAN ATKINS, Birmingham, Ala.

Youthful Admirer

EDITOR: Although I am only nine years old I read almost all of Collier's every week and I think it is a wonderful magazine.

I hope you don't think me bold for writing in but I would like it if you would have more horse stories as I would give anything for a horse and would like to hear some more stories about them.

CONYA EMILY LORD,
Framingham Center, Mass.

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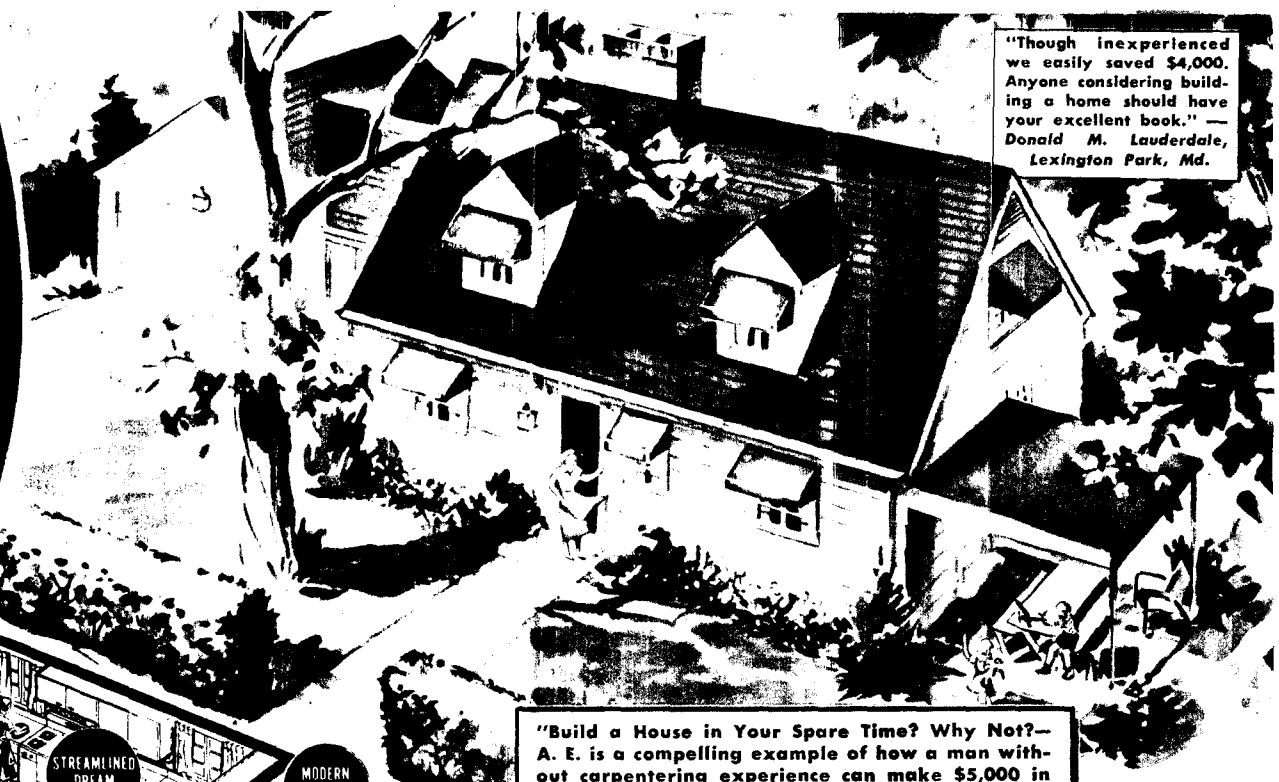

"Though inexperienced we easily saved $4,000. Anyone considering building a home should have your excellent book." — *Donald M. Lauderdale, Lexington Park, Md.*

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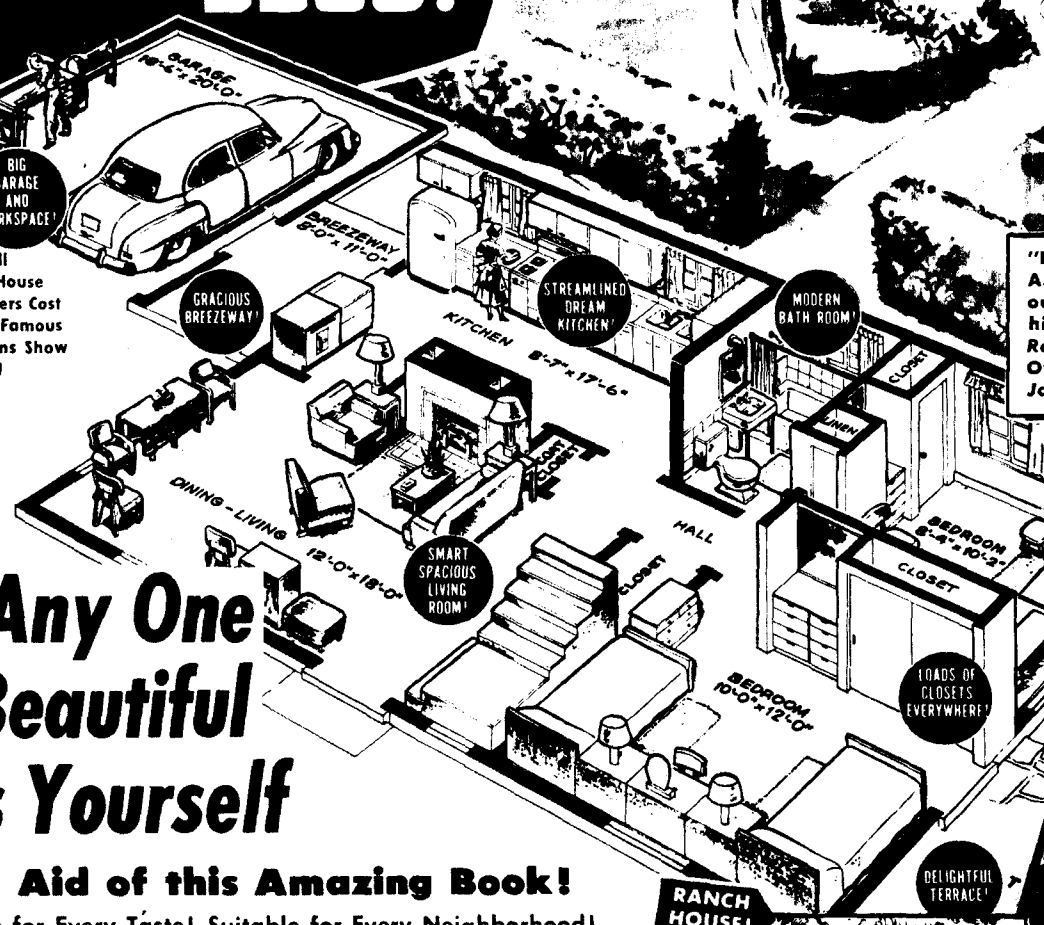

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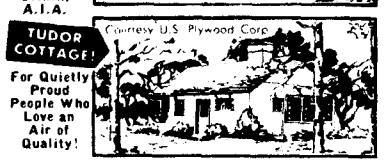

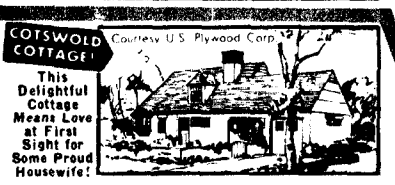

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SEE FOR YOURSELF! 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic checks Dry Scalp quickly, easily! Just a few drops a day relieve dryness . . . unsightly loose dandruff . . . by supplementing the natural scalp oils. Gives your hair that neat, natural, handsome look. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. It's economical . . . a little goes a long way.

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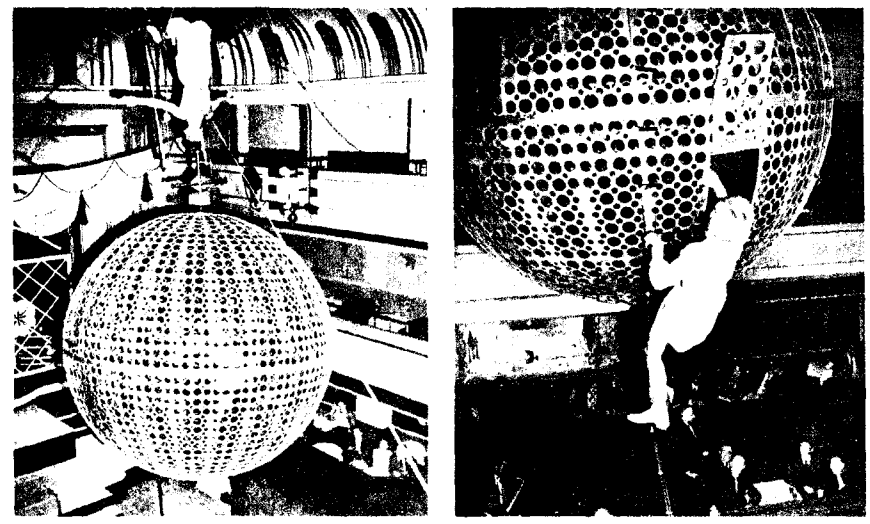
Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



Strong-jawed acrobat supports metal ball for his cycling assistant

One of the best feats of strength of its kind, supporting a heavy body with the jaws, is now being performed by an acrobat named Morituri in a night club in Hamburg, Germany. From a high trapeze, he holds in mid-air, with his teeth, a large, hollow, perforated metal ball while his assistant rides a bicycle around inside it, the weight of the combination being nearly 1,000 pounds.

While passing through Segovia, Spain, in 1925, William Randolph Hearst chanced to see and bought an 800-year-old Cistercian monastery for $500,000. But the deal involved other large expenditures which included the cost of constructing a new monastery promised the monks, the dismantling and packing of the original structure in some 11,000 crates, and the building of a narrow-gauge railway to transport these boxes to a main line connected with a seaport. When the crates arrived in New York, the purchaser was obliged to spend $53,000 more to have them opened so their straw packing could be examined for the hoof-and-mouth disease. Although the total cost of the transaction exceeded $1,000,000, the millionaire never bothered to re-erect the monastery, leaving the valuable building crated in a warehouse for 18 years after which he sold it for a mere $19,000.

Hazel is one of the few given names that was made popular by a play. It was virtually unknown as a feminine name until 1880 when the drama Hazel Kirke, by James S. MacKaye, opened in New York. The present widespread use of the name is traceable to the admirable qualities of the heroine, Hazel, and the impression she made on the millions who saw the play, one of the most successful produced in this country.

On April 10, 1936, in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, a package that had come in the mail exploded and killed Thomas Maloney and his son and injured his wife and daughter. It had consisted of a dynamite bomb in a cigar box sealed with glue and wrapped to look like a present. Two more of the bombs were delivered in the city that day and three others were intercepted at the post office the next morning. The six men to whom they had been addressed had nothing in common and did not even know one another. A detective found that one of the boxes was held together by a nail and started a search for its maker, knowing that every batch of 10,000 nails, when dipped, is held by a special clamp that leaves its own identifiable mark on them. Weeks later, the detective had found the manufacturer of the nail and had traced its sale through a wholesaler and retailer to Mike Fugman in Wilkes-Barre. Identical nails and the peculiar glue used to seal the boxes were found in his home; and so he was tried, convicted and executed. Although Fugman protested innocence to the end, he did admit Maloney had owed him money. Thus, it was believed that, after murdering Maloney, he had sent the bombs to the five strangers to baffle the police.

Two generations ago, when jockeys were rarely penalized for delaying races, one of the most noted was Eddie (Snapper) Garrison; and he outdid himself at the American Derby run at the old Washington Park track in Chicago in 1894. As the jockey of Boundless, he enabled his mount to win by his antics at the post, which upset, confused and tired the other 14 horses and their riders. Pretending he had to adjust his stirrups, fix his spurs and do a dozen similar things, the Snapper jumped off his horse so many times that he caused 25 false starts, delaying the race for nearly two hours.

As late as the seventeenth century, church bells were consecrated in the belief that it invested them with a power with which they could and would protect their communities and people from disaster and death. So when Demetrius, the young son of Czar Ivan IV of Russia, was slain in 1591 in the town of Uglich, the local bell was held responsible. Consequently, it was punished by being flogged, stripped of its clapper and exiled to Siberia for 300 years.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, Keep Up with the World (288 pp., $2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

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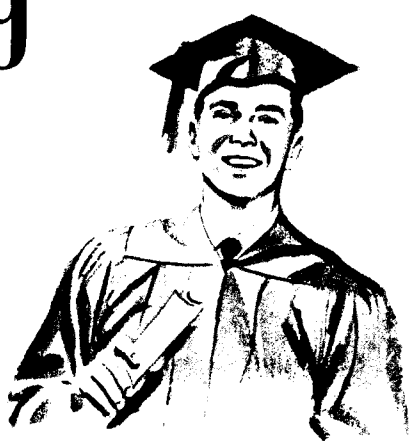
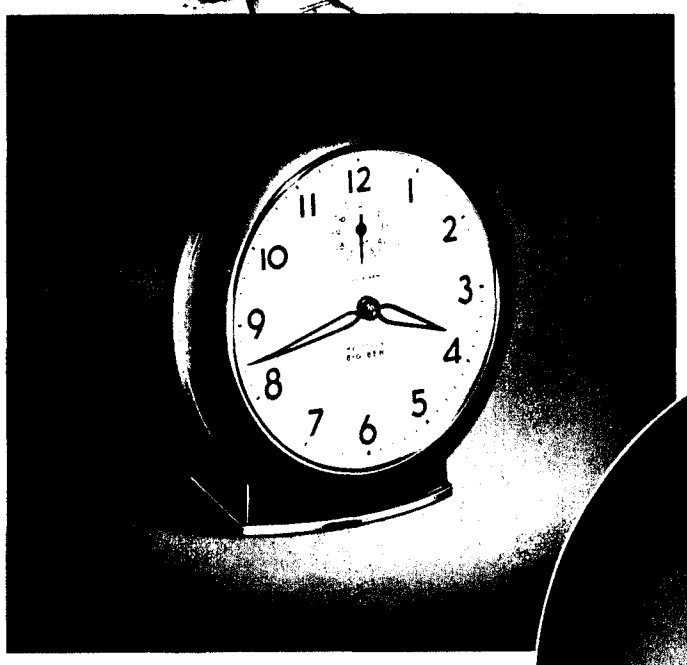
Time for giving—

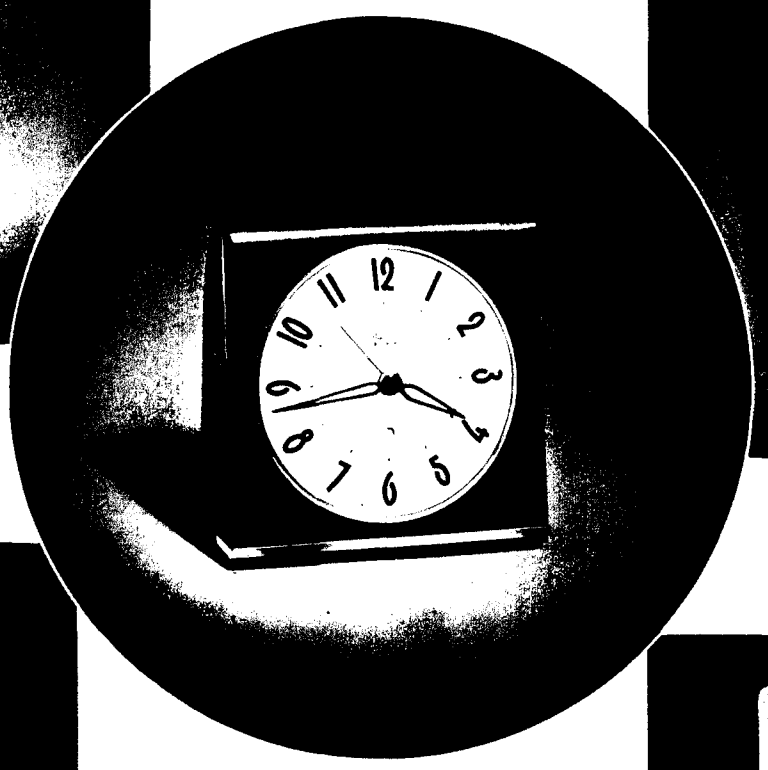
...to the bride to the graduate...

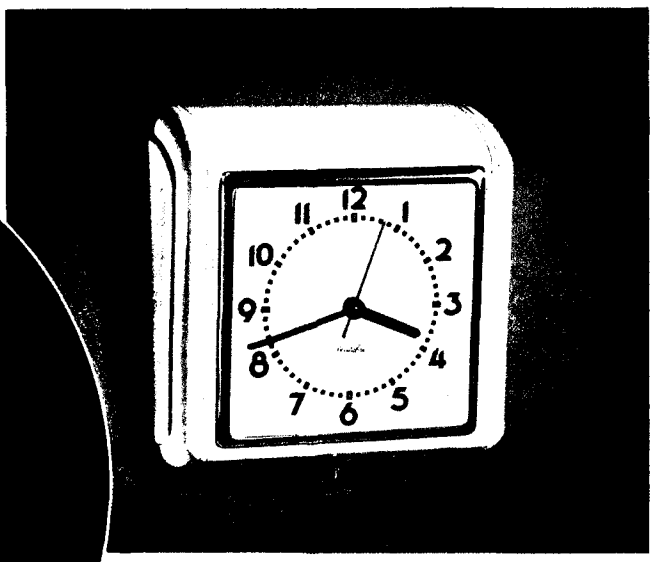


FOR YOUNG "starter-outers," no gift is more practical than time . . . no timekeepers more respected than Westclox. Here are just a few of the host of Westclox awaiting your choice. All are attractive. All reasonably priced. See them, wherever good clocks are sold.

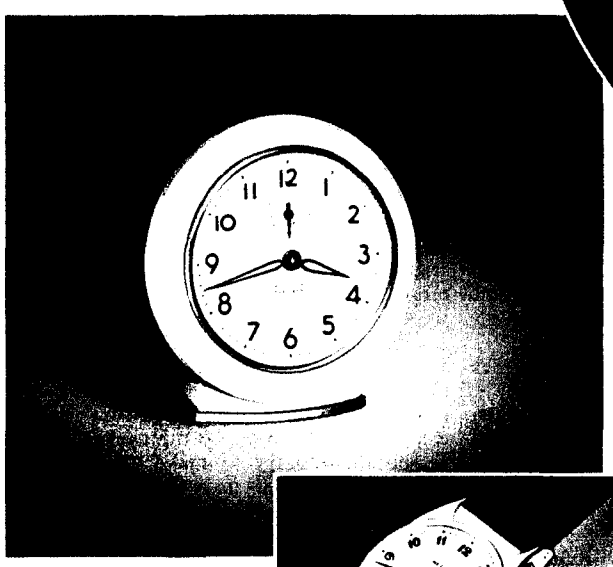


BIG BEN LOUD ALARM means business when he says it's time to get up. His voice is friendly but firm. He has a tick you can hear. $4.95. Luminous dial, a dollar more.

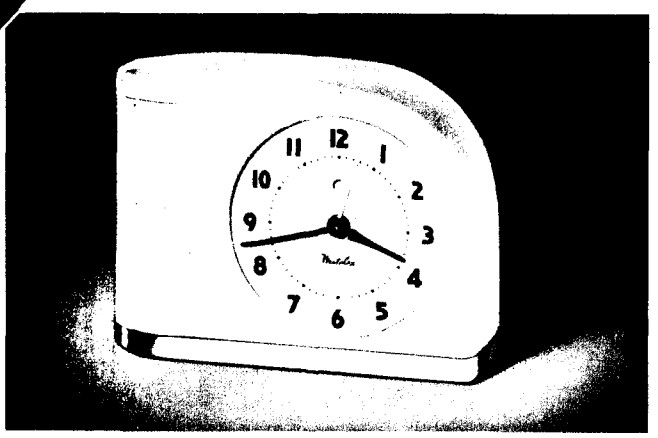




DUNBAR ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK—Case is tilted forward for easier reading. Choice of smart ivory, white, red, or green finish. $5.95.

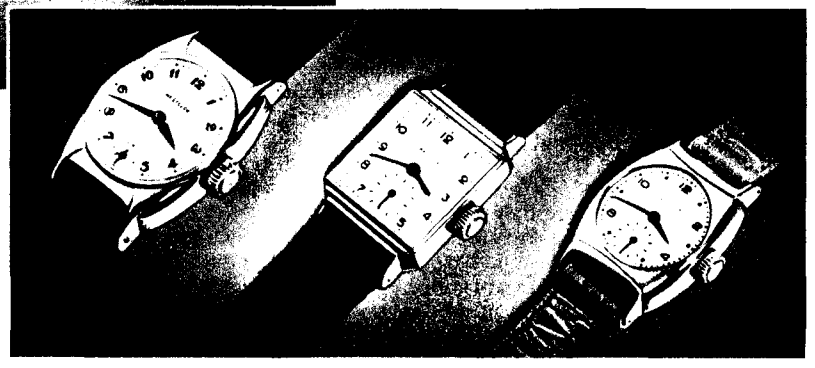


BIG BEN ELECTRIC ALARM has a pleasing bell alarm that calls cheerfully. Rich brown case with gold color trim. $8.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.



MOONBEAM ELECTRIC ALARM calls two ways: first, *silently* with a light that blinks for several minutes. Then *audibly* with a reserve alarm that goes into action if the light is ignored. $9.95. With luminous dial, one dollar more.

BABY BEN ALARM—Quiet tick. Alarm adjusts to loud or soft. $4.95. Luminous dial, one dollar more.



LA SALLE wrist watch, with chrome finish front case. $5.95. With luminous dial, a dollar more.

RAJAH wrist watch has chrome finish case, with stainless steel curved back. $9.95.

LANCE wrist watch has smart 10 kt. rolled gold plate front case. $11.95.

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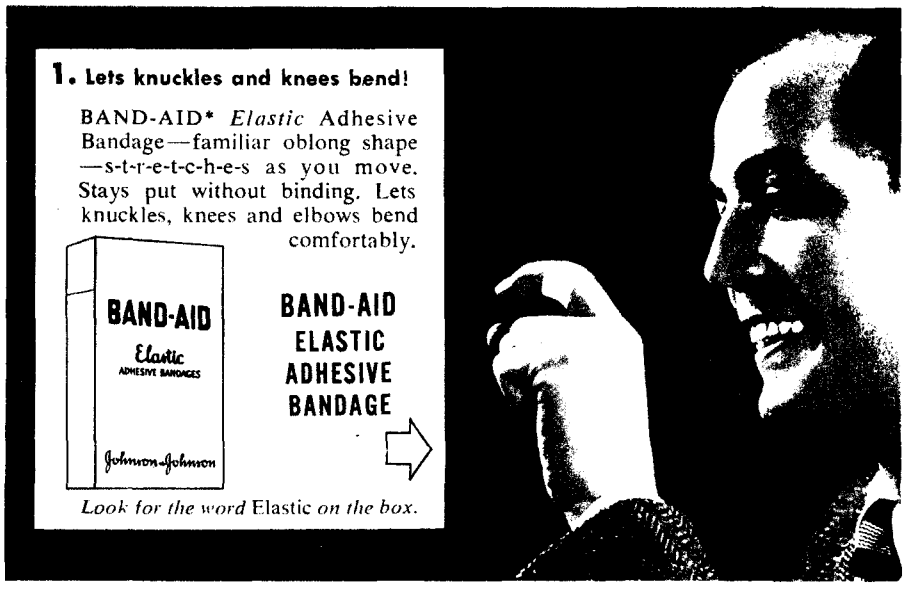
Specially shaped and designed for hard-to-bandage places.

Get all three, and give every little injury the best possible protection!



1. Lets knuckles and knees bend!

BAND-AID* *Elastic* Adhesive Bandage—familiar oblong shape—s-t-r-e-t-c-h-e-s as you move. Stays put without binding. Lets knuckles, knees and elbows bend comfortably.

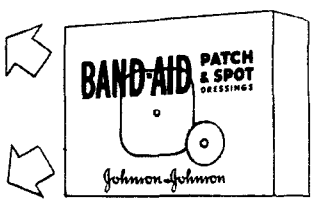
BAND-AID ELASTIC ADHESIVE BANDAGE

Look for the word Elastic *on the box.*

2. Seals around injury on all sides!

BAND-AID* Patch Dressing is ideal for blisters, boils, small head and scalp wounds. Square in shape, it seals on all 4 edges to keep out dirt and moisture.

BAND-AID PATCH DRESSING



3. Small and neat on the face!

BAND-AID* Spot Dressing is a small circle that seals all around the edge. A neat dressing for tiny cuts, puncture wounds, moles, warts, and corns.

BAND-AID SPOT DRESSING

Patch and Spot Dressings packed together in new flat box.

All 3 have these advantages!

- They fit better because they stretch
- They stay put without binding
- 100% sterile
- Waterproof
- Flesh color, inconspicuous

*BAND-AID means made by

Johnson & Johnson

The AVERAGE STATISTICIAN

By W. F. MIKSCH

641.07 words about a pain in the neck

ROBERT DAY

He has 1¼ umbrellas and loses 99% of them

A COUPLE of government statisticians recently threw dust on the wedding ring business by coming right out with the fact that for every male there are 1.03 females. It's about time they stop shoving the American taxpayer behind decimal points.

How do they suppose such news makes that .03 girl feel? Especially if she happens to be bumping around all by herself in some Y.W.C.A. room waiting for letters from the Lonely Hearts. It's enough to drive her right off her trolley—or off .03 of her trolley, at least.

Well, I've got a surprise for these boys in the countinghouse. While they've been splitting us up into fractions, estimating our pay checks, and telling us our chances of lasting through Fourth of July traffic, I've been doing a little compiling myself.

Here, for a change, are some statistics on statisticians:

The average statistician is married to 1.75 wives who try their level best to drag him out of the house 2¼ nights a week with only 50 per cent success.

He has a sloping forehead with a 2 per cent grade (denoting great mental strength), ⅝ of a bank account, and 3.06 children who drive him ½ crazy; 1.65 of the children are male.

Only .07 per cent of all statisticians are ¼ awake at the breakfast table where they consume 1.68 cups of coffee—the remaining .32 dribbling down their shirt fronts. To 9/10 of all breakfast conversation attempted by their 1.75 wives, 79 per cent of the statisticians reply, "Uh-huh." The rest say only ⅜ of that, or "Uh."

On Saturday nights, he engages ⅓ of a baby sitter for his 3.06 kiddies, unless he happens to have ⅝ of a mother-in-law living with him who will sit for ½ price.

He owns ⅙ of a television set which he shares with 4.83 neighbors who always arrive at his house ¾ of the way through his favorite program.

He sees 1/10 of his dentist 3.54 times a year, and brushes his 27.08 teeth 2.39 times a day, forgetting to screw the cap back on the tooth paste 7 times out of 10.

The body of the average statistician has a chemical content of 70 per cent water and 30 per cent neutral grain spirits worth only 69¼ cents in the open market; but he gets much more than that in take-home pay.

In a restaurant, his tip averages .06 per cent of the check, and still he wonders why less than 1/10 of 1 per cent of all the waiters give him ½ a smile.

He goes to the movies 2.34 times a month, and tells the usherette he would like to sit "¼ of the way down." He occupies 1.85 seats, slouching his big elbows over onto the slightly built customers sitting beside him. He also annoys 40 per cent of the patrons by eating 3.47 bags of popcorn for no other reason than to try to make good the statistic he himself invented about 50 per cent of the popcorn consumed in America being eaten in movie houses.

On 30 per cent of the rainy days, he carries 1¼ umbrellas which he carefully mislays 99 per cent of the time. He recovers about ¼ of them.

He is on speaking terms with 17 per cent of his neighbors from whom he borrows 2.97 lawn mowers a season, returning 1.33 of them.

He drives ⅜ of a motorcar on which he has paid 10 per cent down, owes 11.25 installments, and averages 16.77 miles per gallon, except on trips when he does slightly better. He doesn't take many trips, however, as he is much too busy making the rest of us feel insecure.

The life expectancy of the average statistician is 66.43 years. But only if he keeps out of my way. THE END

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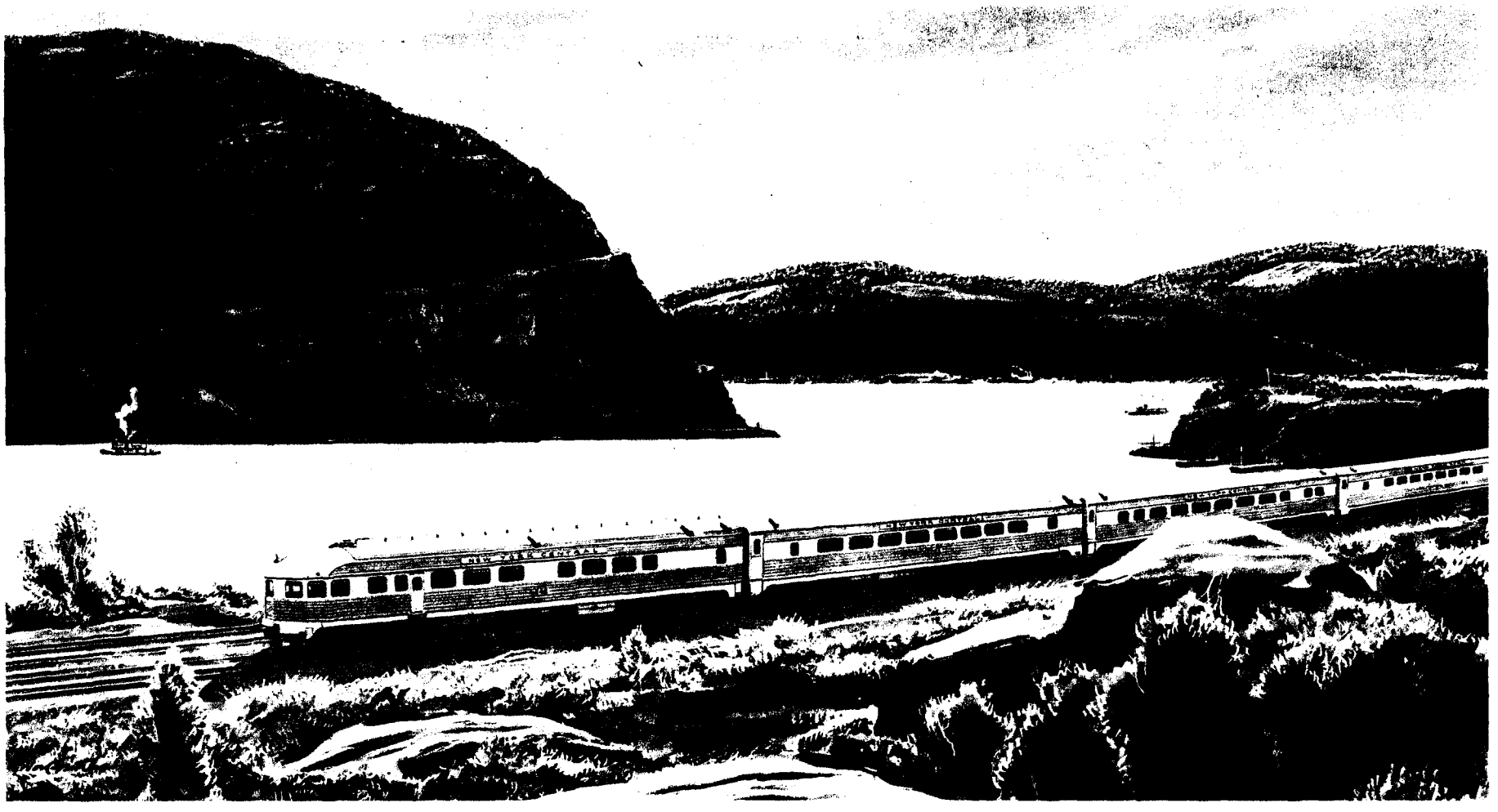

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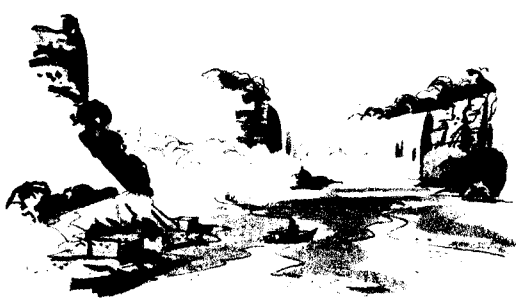

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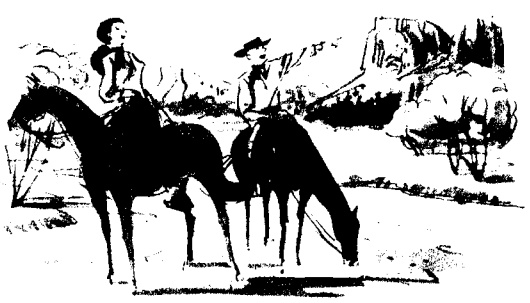

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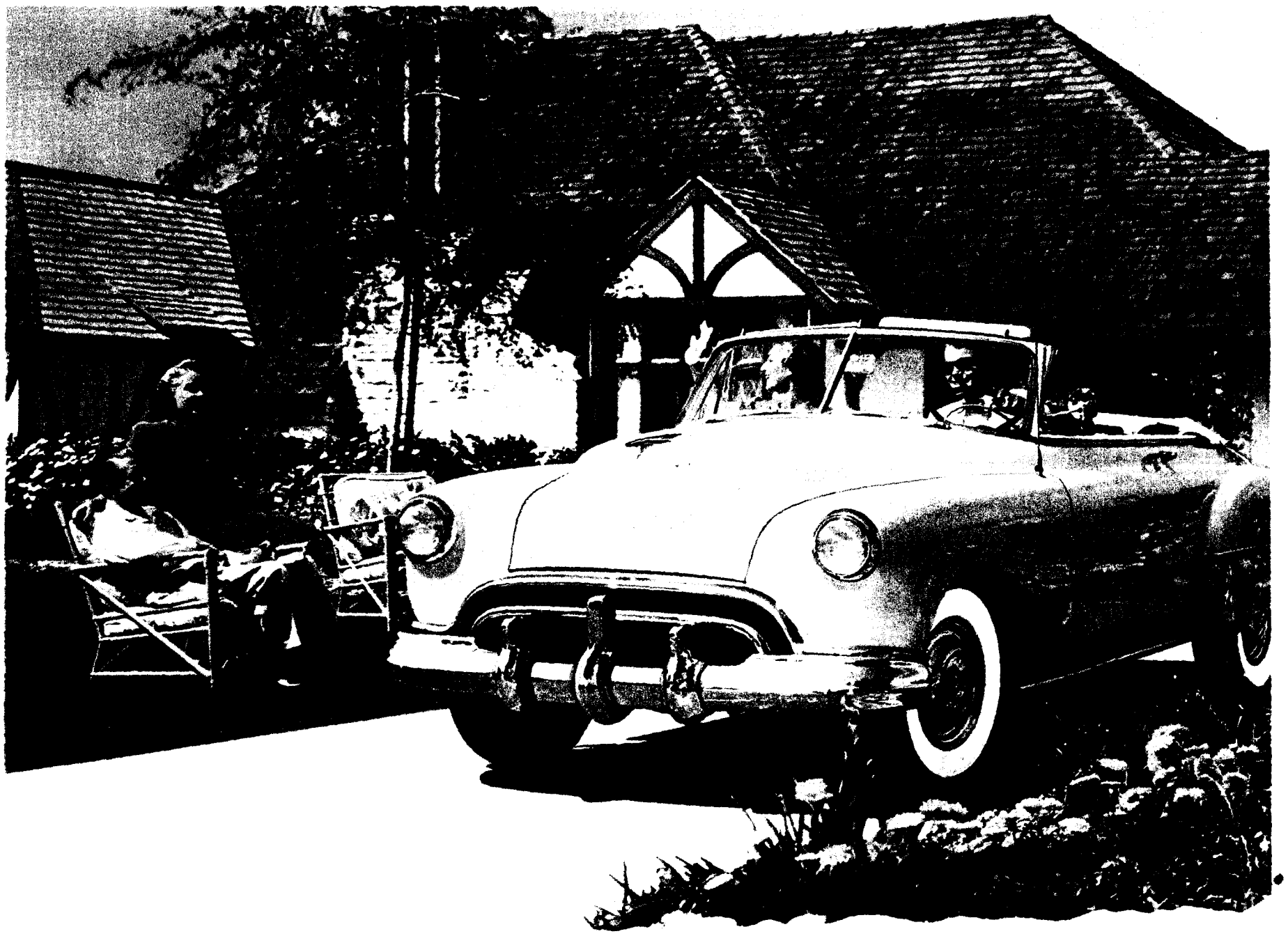
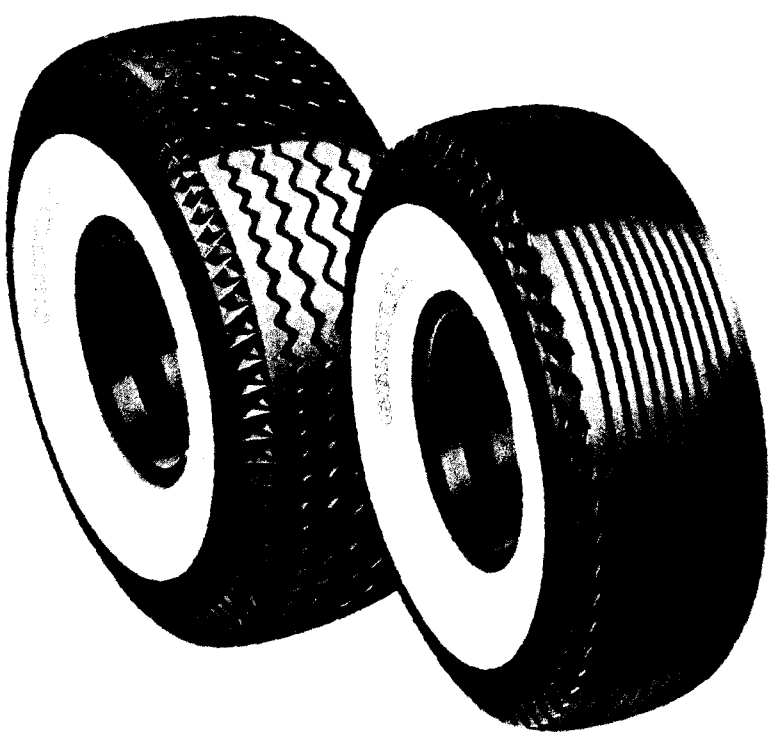


NO NEED TO WORRY

when the young folks have the car



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AFTER ALL,
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FREE THE ATOM

By DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

FORMER CHAIRMAN OF THE ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION

"The time for the first industrial applications of atomic knowledge is overdue . . ." Let's end Government Monopoly; give American competitive industry a chance

NO SOVIET industrial monopoly is more completely owned by the state than is the industrial atom in free-enterprise America. The government has today an ironclad, airtight and all-embracing legalized monopoly of this vast enterprise, and of the new industrial era the development of the atom could bring to this country.

All the industrial materials of this new industry are owned by Government Monopoly.

All the plants and facilities—running into several billions of dollars—are owned by Government Monopoly. All the industrial information and techniques and all the industrial know-how are owned and strictly controlled by Government Monopoly. Only on its say-so can new developments be undertaken.

There is no private investment, no risk of loss nor chance of profit by any private individual or corporation.

There can be no private ideas about the industrial atom. No private individual or institution that Government Monopoly has not expressly admitted to the necessarily narrow circle of its "contractors" can work on or experiment with atomic industrial materials.

No one can compete, using his own ideas and dollars, with those within the circle for the great prizes of satisfaction, prestige and profit that have always spurred men on in every other new chapter of American industrial history.

The Atomic Energy Commission has tried and continues to try conscientiously to adapt Government Monopoly to American industrial habits and traditions and capabilities. But it is an impossible assignment. To be directed to harmonize Monopoly of Ideas with Competition in Ideas is like being told to make oil and water mix.

Instead of moving into this new frontier of the industrial atom along the road we know so well, we have gone down another road, one that is against all our experience and contrary to our temperament. The hard fact is that we are trying to hang up a great American industrial achievement by what are essentially the monopoly methods of Soviet Russia.

THE industrial frontier of the second 50 years of the twentieth century is the development of the atom for useful purposes. Here is that new "ground floor" that Americans are always watching out for—something brand-new with no limits to its future.

The development of the industrial atom can provide the setting for still another American miracle of industrial growth, another opportunity to boost the rate and variety of our productiveness, another wide upswing in everybody's income and standard of living comparable to that which resulted from the stimulus of electricity, the automobile or the vast industries based on modern chemistry. I can think of almost no industry or business or profession or labor skill in the country that is not a potential beneficiary.

To make the industrial atom really sprout and flourish within the next decade or so would create kinds of jobs and businesses and ways of living now undreamed of. Here would be something concrete and understandable for the whole world to take note of in that hot competition known as the cold war. What powerful propaganda ammunition this would be we can better understand by imagining what would happen in men's minds everywhere if the Russians should beat us at developing this peaceful side of the atom.

There is no reason why they should beat us at it, though. This particular kind of pioneering is just our dish.

We ought to start at once to get the industrial atom back on the American track. A great deal is at stake. It will take a lot of doing. I am convinced that it can be done. We should lose no time getting going.

GEORGE TAMES

This is the first of several important articles which Mr. Lilienthal will write for Collier's. It is the first he has written since his retirement from a long career of government service which included an intimate and unsurpassed acquaintance with the whole development of atomic energy.

In this issue Mr. Lilienthal writes with grave concern of the government monopoly that has stifled developing the peaceful uses of the atom. But he also writes with high hope of an atomic future which he sees as one of progress and undreamed-of development.

In his subsequent articles Mr. Lilienthal will offer specific recommendations for ending the atomic monopoly and transferring government-held knowledge, facilities and production to competitive private enterprise—the historic source and the guardian of America's material progress. He will speculate, with the fund of knowledge at his command, on the possible uses to which the industrial atom may be put.

David Lilienthal has something to say that is of great significance not only to the American people but to the entire world. Collier's considers it a privilege to provide the platform from which he speaks. THE EDITOR

WE KNOW how to make technical progress in this country. We know how to take new discoveries and apply them to useful purposes. We know how to dig out new knowledge to fill in the gaps that show up, how to shape development so that it supplies human needs, how to cut costs, get rid of the "bugs" in new processes, how to see that labor gets a share in increased productivity.

This kind of development "know-how" is an art, a distinctive American art. It is widely respected in the world. We know that it is one of our greatest assets.

This art of development is the very heart of the American Industrial System. It is based largely on wide-open competition of ideas, providing an open and free field for any man's idea of a better way to do something. It is fluid, flexible and vigorous. Sometimes it has been ripsnorting and crude. But it has given the American consumer and worker, and the young people setting out in life, a wide range and

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"Development know-how is . . . the very heart of [our] Industrial System. It is based largely on wide-open

freedom of choice. It has given us a military power that was decisive in two world wars. It enables us today to help many countries and peoples who would otherwise starve or fold up or be pushovers for Communism.

But when it comes to the new era of the atom we have thrown overboard almost everything we know about *how* to make industrial progress.

Now, of all times, we need to demonstrate the vigor and adaptability of American business and industrial management. Yet we pick this time to dump our unique advantages overboard for 100 per cent government ownership, 100 per cent government financing, and increasingly centralized and governmental direction of one of the most technical undertakings in our whole history.

The crowning irony of all this remains to be stated. As to the new era of the atom, we have not only turned our back on the essentials of the industrial system that has given us our military security, we have done it in the *name* of military security! In the midst of a desperate competition with the Russian system, we have adopted a method that more nearly resembles the Russian system than it does our own.

How did this strange state of affairs come about? What are the stakes in the industrial development of the atom? How can we get the atom back on the road on which we have prospered and become strong? Can we do this without divulging "atomic secrets" of military importance? What inducements can be set up so private capital and competitive brains will come into this new region?

These are among the many questions that arise. I shall offer here what seems to me a basis for developing the answers. I believe that there are practical and sensible steps that can get us back on course.

Let me say, first of all, that there are no "devils" in this story. This is not a sinister tale of "conspirators" and "master spies." My disagreement is not concerned with individuals. I am certainly not critical of my former associates, the able and exceptionally devoted men of the Atomic Energy Commission and its organization. And President Truman, from the very outset, has steadily espoused, supported and promoted civilian control of the atom and its beneficial development; he has seen clearly the bright prospect that the peaceful applications of atomic energy hold out for mankind.

The strange and dangerous course we are now pursuing was set by the Atomic Energy Act of 1946. Sponsored by Senator Brien McMahon and known as the McMahon Act, it was the end product of monumental hearings, in which many able citizens appeared and expressed their views. The conduct of these hearings by Senator McMahon, and his uphill but successful fight for the principle of civilian direction of this great new knowledge, constitute one of the brightest chapters in the legislative history of our generation.

When this law was enacted four years ago no one could see that there was any alternative to an airtight Government Monopoly; certainly this was my own view at that time. But though not a single vote was cast against its passage in the Senate, there were deep misgivings among the sponsors of the legislation, doubts which found their way into almost the first words of the law itself, that this legislation "will necessarily be subject to revision from time to time" since so many "unknown factors" are involved.

Three years of actually administering atomic energy has convinced me completely that the time for "revision" has come; that there is a better way than monopoly; that changes both of law and, equally important, of public and Congressional approach to the industrial atom are urgently needed.

I therefore propose that the basic provisions and

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GRANT AND MARJORIE HEILMAN

competition of ideas . . . We have thrown overboard almost [all] we know about *how* to make industrial progress"

fundamental assumptions of the Atomic Energy Act and its administration be thoroughly re-examined by the country. This re-examination should take into account how the law has actually worked in practice, and whether the structure of organization provided by the law tends to defeat the purpose of the act itself; it should take into account such new facts as the Russian atomic achievements. I believe this re-examination will demonstrate that a thoroughgoing revision of the law is required. I urge that the revised law state flatly and without equivocation, as fundamental policy of this country, that development of the industrial atom shall be in accord with the American system. A series of steps should be provided to achieve that purpose, over the very shortest practical space of time.

If this article serves to focus public attention upon this strange critter, an Idea Monopoly in a land of free opportunity for new ideas, and if it stimulates public discussion, it will serve my purpose. If enough people become convinced, as I now am, that we are off the track, then I'm sure we are practical enough to find specific ways and means of setting things to rights.

The future course of American life will be profoundly affected by this issue. The foundations of our military strength are directly involved, and so is our basic pattern of life.

WHAT is at stake here? Is atomic energy only a military weapon, only a cataclysmic explosion? A good many people still think so.

But this is as great an error as to think that the Chicago Fire is a typical example of the use of fire, or that because electricity is used for electrocutions, electricity and electrocutions are synonymous. To put the development of electricity in the hands of a United States Electrocution Commission is about as sensible as to force our Atomic Energy Commission to become merely an Atomic Munitions Trust; and this is what we are now rapidly heading for.

If atomic energy actually were "just another piece of military ordnance" then Government Monopoly is appropriate enough; or in any event, no deep harm is done and industrial advance all along the line is not lost to us.

But far more than a kind of supermunition is involved. I can make this clear by some analogies.

Suppose 50 years ago (or even 25 years ago) virtually all the knowledge of the new chemistry and of chemical reactions had been declared by law to be a Government Monopoly, on the ground that it is upon our knowledge of the science of chemistry and chemical know-how that we depend for high explosives, bombs and incendiaries and poison gas. Or suppose that all facts about aerodynamics, airplane design and all development of the airplane had been taken over as a Government Monopoly after the Wright Brothers first demonstrated that a heavier-than-air machine could be made to fly. Chemical reaction and the airplane are far more closely linked to the national security than is the atom bomb. Or make the same supposition about Government Monopoly of radio and electronics—without which, also, this country would be helpless in a military sense.

If there had been a Government Monopoly for chemistry or aviation, or radio, as there now is for the atom, what kind of chemical and aviation and radio *industries* would we have today? Would we have commercial aviation, for example? Would we have radio and television in our homes? Or would aviation and radio still be a government "secret" to be developed only at government cost and in government-owned plants and for government purposes? Would we, for example, have developed the vast industrial benefits based on chemical research, creating an industry that *(Continued on page 54)*

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ROSWELL KELLER

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The Big Build-Up

By MICHAEL FOSTER

They had split up in anger and gone their separate ways. And now they were together again, fighting the same old battle on a new battleground

HARRY SEARS, the publicity chief, sat with his big feet on his desk, using his electric shaver. He didn't need a mirror. With a finger he would find a patch of beard he had missed, and then sketch away at it with the buzzing shaver.

"Yeah. Come in, Mark," he said. "I've got a lily for you this time. I want it understood that you have my sympathy."

Mark leaned against the wall, lighting a cigarette and watching Harry. "I'll remember," he said.

Through the window, from this remote and modest wing of the administration building where the publicity men and women had their coops, you could see a wide stretch of studio pavement. In front of one of the enormous hangarlike sound stages, a bunch of extras in heavy costumes of the early 1900s were standing around talking and sweating in the California sunshine. They would be for the big musical, Half Century, which the studio was bringing in fast on a last-minute hunch, to remind this frightened year, 1950, of something or other. On the front steps of the stage sat half a dozen carpenters, probably the only relaxed people on the lot, waiting to build a new set.

"Here's your headache," Harry said. "We've brought a new girl out from New York. One more, one more. This one is the serious type of modern young actress."

"Oh, well," Mark said. "I did fill out an employment blank, of my own free will."

"We've got to give her the big build-up," Harry said. "Here's what she looks like." He bent forward and picked up a photograph from the desk. He handed it to Mark.

Mark had never felt faint in his life, except with an occasional hangover, but now for an awful and totally unexpected moment he was suddenly sick. He stood very still, looking at the glossy print in his hand, a picture of a beautiful woman, whose mouth and eyes seemed a little bitter, even in this publicity photograph. She was his wife.

At least, she had never bothered to divorce him. He had not seen her for two years, nor heard from her—not since the end of that last bad summer in New York. They were living in a shabby hotel room off Times Square. He was on the copy desk of an afternoon paper, and she had had a couple of months playing small parts in a summer theater up in New England, but now she was back. She was out of work, she couldn't find anything in any of the plays that were going to open in New York that fall.

He would come home hot and sticky from the city room and find her just taking her shoes and hat off after a stinking empty day around the casting offices. She would sit on the cheap bedspread, her blond hair limp, her face white and thin, while he mixed *(Continued on page 68)*

Mark kept out of it as much as he could. When he and Clare did have to meet, they behaved perfectly, detached and courteous

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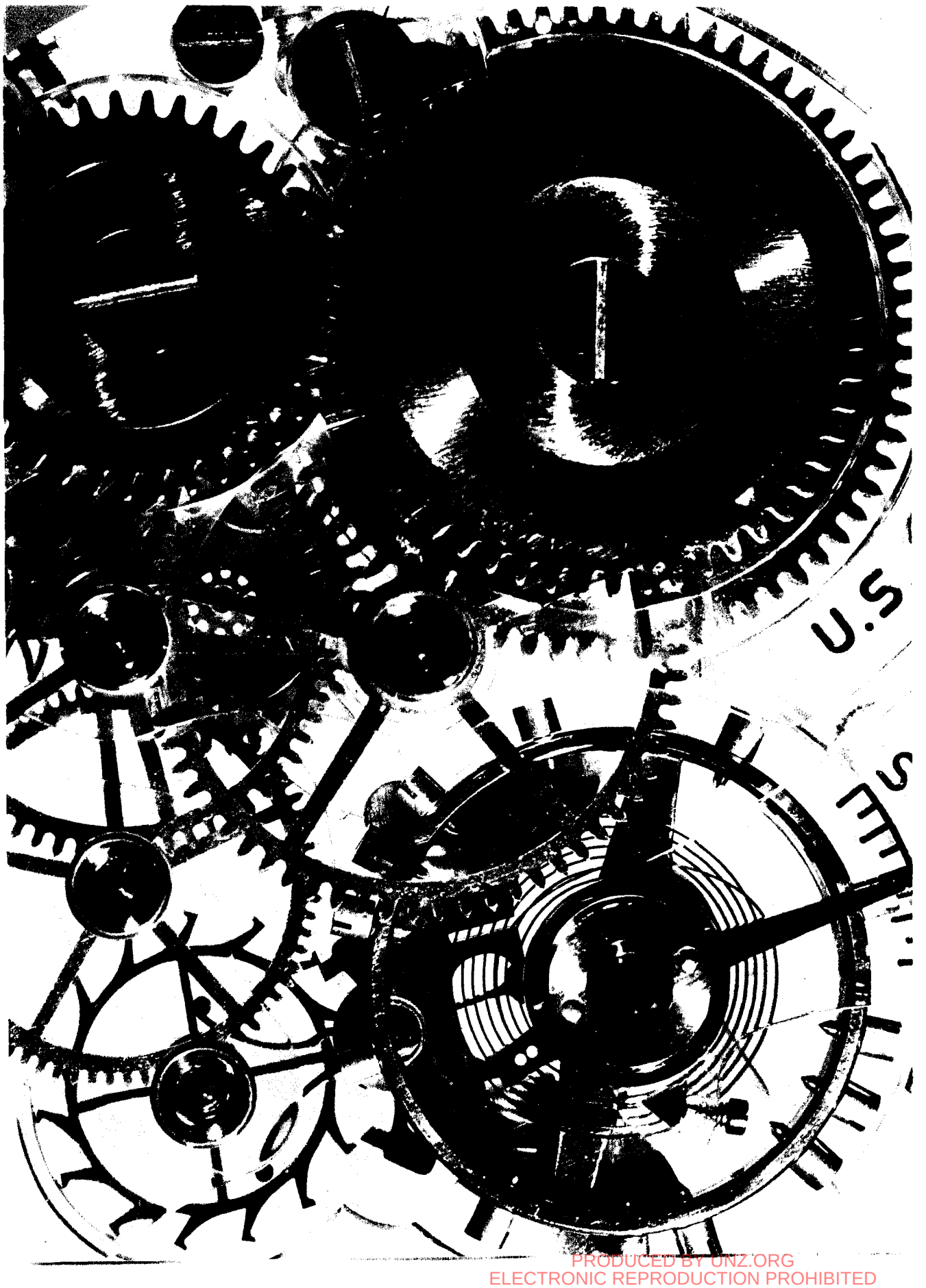
The Giant Job of Telling Time

By ROBERT FROMAN

For you, it means just a glance at your wrist. But for the watchmaker, it's a matter of infinitely fine work with almost invisible parts—and sometimes an assist from the stars



SOME time ago a firm of efficiency experts approached a watchmaking company with a straightforward proposition. Briskly, authoritatively and just a bit condescendingly, the experts offered to study every operation in the company's plant and to devise simpler, cheaper means of performing them. For this service they asked only a modest 10 per cent of the first year's savings resulting from their recommendations. Having nothing to lose, the watch company agreed, and a team of efficiency men descended on the plant.

Two weeks later the team withdrew, its members haggard, bewildered and no longer condescending. They offered no recommendations.

"How in the world," one of them wailed, "can you show someone how to do a job better when you can't even see what he's doing?"

Makers of jeweled watches are used to such bewilderment on the part of laymen who wander into their domains. It is inevitably unsettling to the uninitiated to see a room full of machines busily engorging chunks of metal at one end, stamping and slicing away at them like mad, then apparently spewing forth quantities of absolutely nothing at the other end. If your eyesight is approximately perfect, however, and if you approach one of the machines until your nose is only an inch or two from the producing end, you may be able to detect a steady stream of what probably will seem like spots before your eyes. In reality, you are beholding the creation of a watch part.

Some of these parts are so delicate that the machines which form them, called "tremble presses," cannot simply stamp them out, but must gently urge the metal into the appropriate form. Other machines, instead of tossing into a bin the parts they slice out of paper-thin strips of brass, must blow them into specially lined containers with tiny puffs of carefully dehumidified air.

All of which seems more appropriate to a nursery than to a factory. And in many ways watchmaking is far more like ministering to a spoiled infant than running a plant. It is the very opposite of the visions usually called forth by the sonorous phrase "American industry"—visions of great, flame-belching foundries and vast, sprawling mills.

Since the recent shutdown of the Waltham Watch Company, the U.S. jeweled watch makers include only the Hamilton Watch Company, the Elgin Watch Company and the Bulova Watch Company (the latter also imports parts from its Swiss plant). The retail value of the annual output of these three firms is over $150,000,000. Yet that entire output easily could be loaded into a single freight car, leaving plenty of room to spare.

A good example of how so little can take so much work—and of how so much can be made of so little—is an operation which begins with an ingot of metal weighing about five pounds and worth $3.50. In the course of a long, complicated series of drawings, swagings, cold-rollings and such, the ingot is

Magnified view of watch's interior shows how its mainspring and hairspring fight their eternal "battle"

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARRETT GALLAGHER AND VALENTINO SARRA

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trimmed down to a shadow of its original self and metamorphosed through a dozen forms. In its ultimate destiny it becomes some 250,000 tiny hairsprings, just about two good handfuls. Their value is more than $50,000.

"We operate a little like the prestidigitators," one watchmaking wag likes to explain. "First we make nothing out of something. Then we make something out of nothing."

Since even the something they start with amounts to exceedingly little, they cannot rely on the usual sources of supply.

"Just imagine what would happen," an executive of one company suggested recently, "if we called in a man from a large oil company and ordered an annual supply of one pint of a very special lubricant. That's the way it is with almost everything. So we make almost everything for ourselves."

This includes even machine tools. To most machine shop men the size of the parts the watch people make and the extremely close tolerances allowed are utterly fantastic. Hairspring wires, for instance, are formed by a die to a width of three thousandths of an inch (the width of the average human hair) and a thickness of seven ten-thousandths of an inch. The maximum error allowable on either of these dimensions is two hundred thousandths of an inch.

Once an enterprising diemaker approached a watch concern's purchasing agent in quest of business. Delighted with the prospect of outside help, the watch man prepared a detailed list of specifications for various types of dies. The diemaker took it away to study. Next day he returned looking outraged.

"You trying to get funny with me?" he demanded belligerently as he threw the list on the agent's desk.

It took some time to convince him that the specifications were serious. When he finally was convinced, his belligerence changed to awe. "I don't see how you do it," he puzzled. "You must have midget midgets running those dies."

Illusion of Men with Three Eyes

None of the watch companies has found this necessary as yet, but at first glance a visitor to one of the plants often gets the impression that most of the employees are another type of freak. Nearly all of them seem to have three eyes. But on looking closer you discover that the extra optic is a jeweler's monocular loupe suspended from a metal band worn around the head so that it can be shifted as needed. It is only these loupes, which magnify up to 15 times, which make it possible for ordinary humans to work with watch parts.

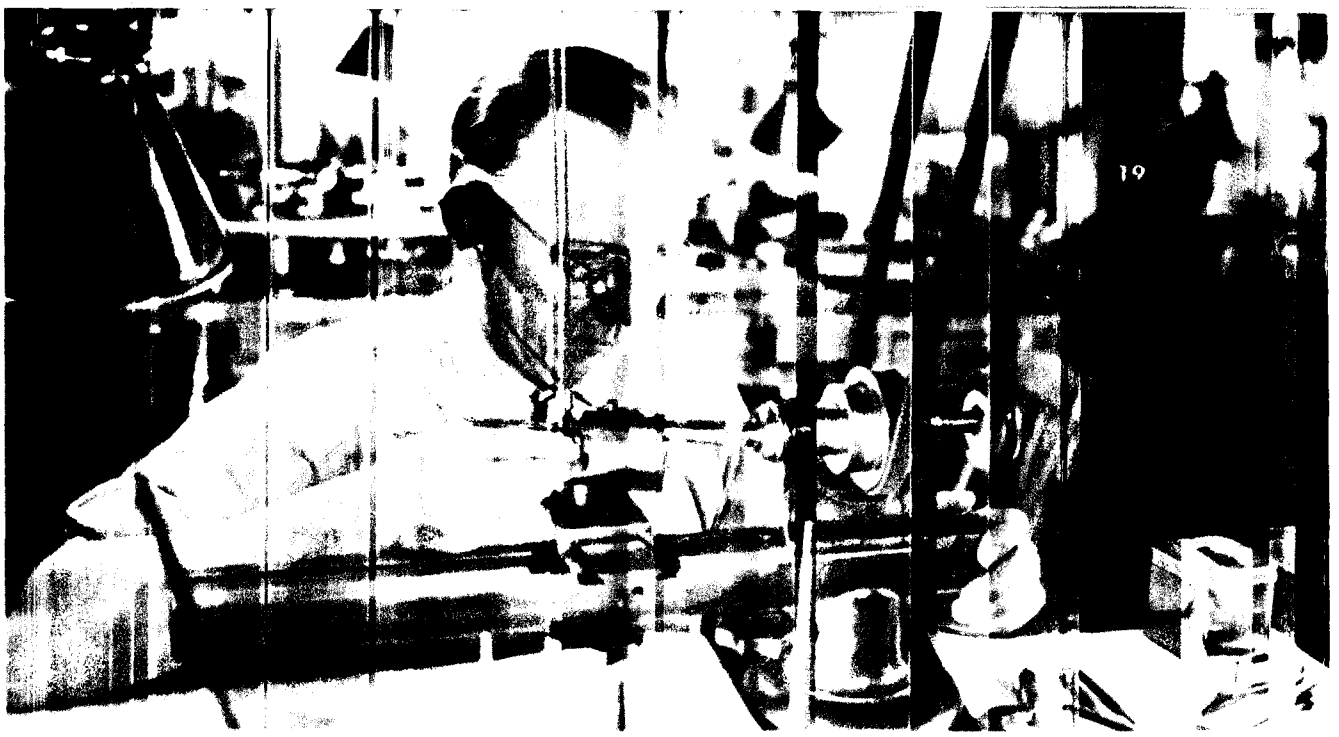
All this infinitesimal exactitude is not just for fun. To understand the reason for it, consider how a watch works.

Basically, its operation is a perpetual battle between two antagonistic opponents—the mainspring and hairspring. In one corner is the comparatively big, burly mainspring, which is what you tighten when you wind your watch. It keeps bullheadedly pushing away at a geared wheel which pushes another wheel and so on to a fifth and last one. Around the rim of this last wheel are 15 club-shaped arms through which the mainspring constantly flails away at its foe.

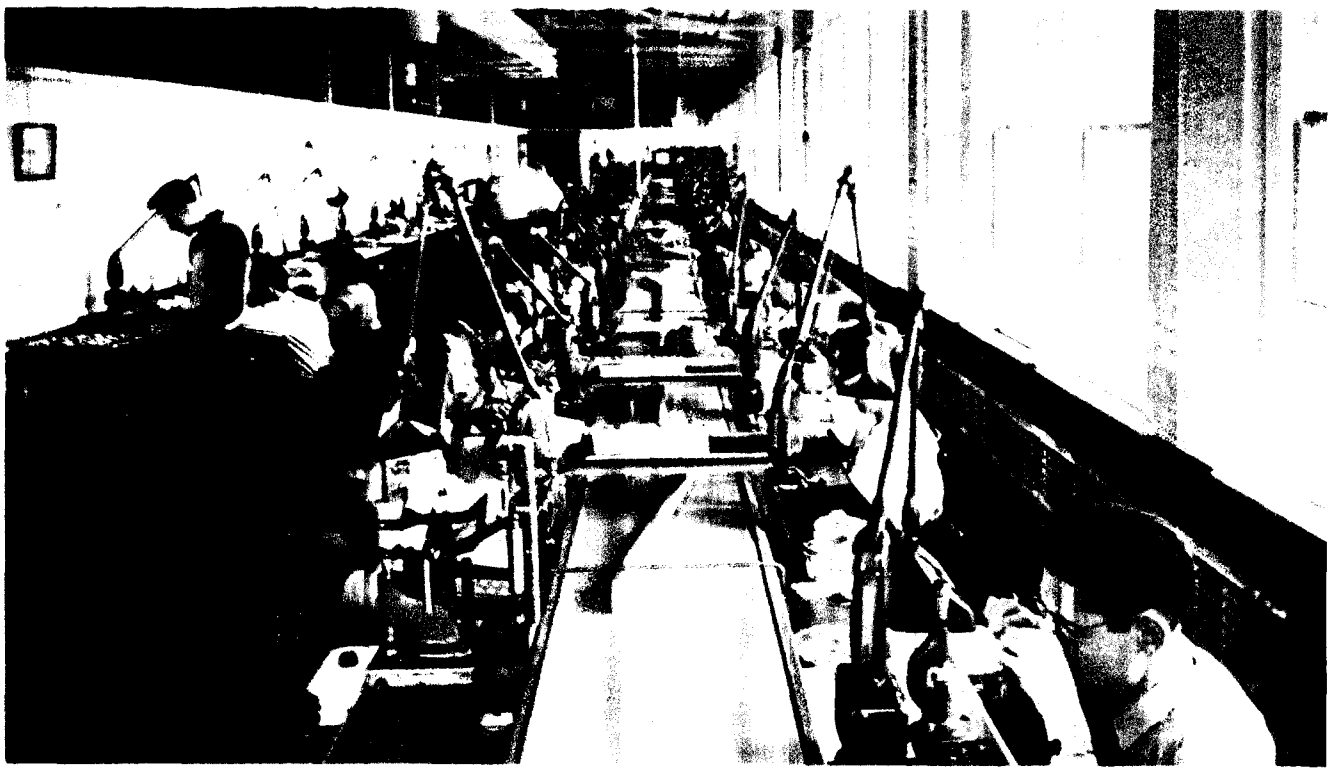
In the opposite corner is the smaller but much faster, spryer and tougher hairspring. It makes no attempt to dodge the blows of the mainspring, taking them and giving back just as good as it gets via a two-armed lever. When one of the mainspring's clubs hits an arm of this lever, it sends the slight hairspring reeling until it has completely uncoiled. Then, *wham,* the hairspring strikes back giving one of the mainspring's clubs a mighty whack with one of its arms. Immediately, the other arm takes a blow from another club, and the hairspring reels in the opposite direction until it is completely coiled and again ready to strike back. (The noise of this battle is the watch's ticking.)

At each exchange of blows the mainspring's fifth wheel, known as the escape wheel, moves on a notch. This permits each of the other wheels, which control the watch's hands, to move a little, too.

For the hands to keep proper time by moving the right amount in the right period, the mainspring and hairspring must exchange exactly five blows per second or 300 per minute. If they slam each other 301 times per minute, the watch will gain nearly five minutes a day. *(Continued on page 76)*



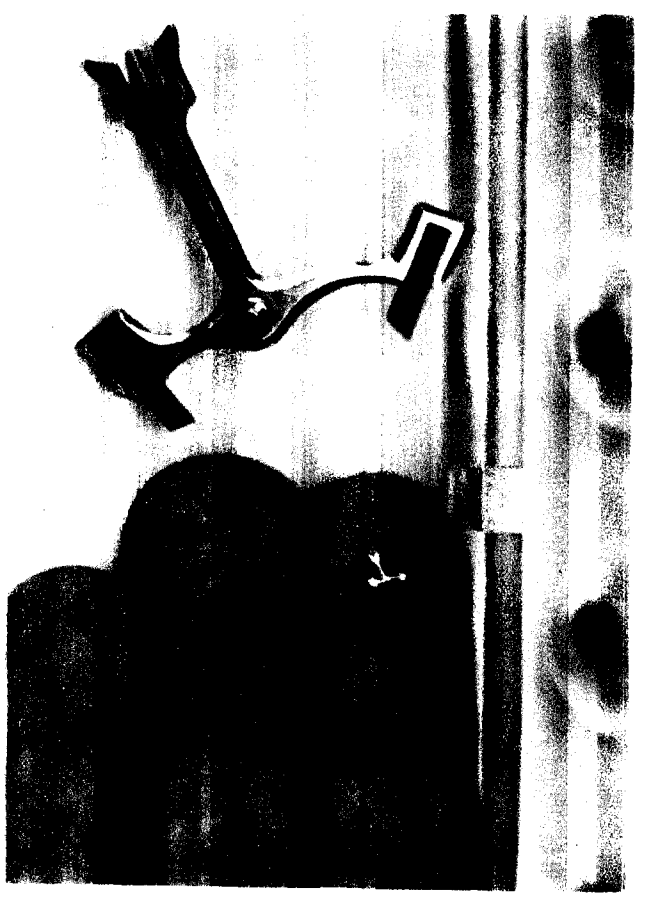
Ernest Begalka, Elgin expert, wears hearing aid for job so delicate he uses sight, touch, sound



Watch assembly line at Hamilton plant; man in right foreground inspects mainspring barrel

Winding hairsprings one fifth the size of a human hair. Five lbs. of metal make 250,000

Large model of Bulova pallet and real one on finger. Pallet catches, releases escape wheel



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All the Birds of the Air

By CHARLES B. CHILD

A dead bird in a dead man's hand, a man alone in a guarded room . . . Could Inspector Chafik find a murderer before he was sure that murder had been done?

HEY found Hadji Hussain huddled on a chair in the summer room of his house on the banks of the Tigris. He had a bruise above the forehead and died from a brain hemorrhage shortly after they carried him out.

The room was actually a deep windowless cellar with a single entrance at the foot of an outside flight of steps. An air shaft led to the roof and trapped the river breezes, making the *surdab* a pleasant retreat from the excessive heat.

Inspector Chafik of the Criminal Investigation Department of the Baghdad police appreciated the coolness. Outside, the white light of noon glared on the tiles of the courtyard. The Inspector's shirt stuck to his thin body and disturbed him; he was fastidious about his clothes. Wiping his swarthy face with a handkerchief sprinkled with orange water, he announced, "I consider it unreasonable for people to die on such a hot day."

His assistant, a tall unemotional sergeant, understood why the Inspector was worried about Hussain's death. The Hadji, who was loved and venerated in Baghdad, was head of the courts where ecclesiastical matters such as divorce, questions of Moslem theology, and disputes concerning religious institutions were brought for settlement.

Recently the old man had handed down a decision that concerned a property willed to the Shafiite shrine at Zagros. He had favored the relatives who had brought a complaint of coercion against the shrine. In consequence the Shafiites, a small but fanatic sect, had threatened reprisals, and a police guard had been placed at the Hadji's house.

This affected Sergeant Abdullah personally because the detail had been in his charge, so he began anxiously, "Permit me to report—"

Chafik said, "Later. I have not yet digested the medical report. It is always an unappetizing dish. They tell me the violence of the blow might have killed a younger man. The Hadji was old, frail. If he fell and struck something—"

"Sir, there is nothing to indicate it," said the sergeant. "And what was he doing in the chair?"

"It is possible that after the first impact of the blow he recovered sufficiently to find his feet and stumble to the chair. He may have retained consciousness until the clot formed."

The Inspector had strange dun-colored eyes, flat and expressionless except when he was worried. He looked around trying to visualize what had happened. The room was very simply furnished. There were a cot, a few chairs, straw mats on the tiled floor, a bedside lamp; near the lamp was an open copy of the Koran which had been put down so hurriedly the edges of the pages were folded. A light blanket was flung back from the foot of the bed.

Chafik said. "There is the impression of a head on the pillow; the Hadji was reposed. And the position of the Koran, the blanket, tells us he was rudely disturbed. The interruption occurred shortly after he came to rest, otherwise he would not have been reading. The aged do not have to woo sleep."

He folded his slender hands and glanced at the sergeant, who knew what was expected and immediately began to quote from memorized notes. "Sir, the Hadji entered the *surdab* after the noon prayer. He was escorted by a retainer named Murad, who closed the door behind his master and then proceeded to other duties. Murad is the house watchman."

"Where were you stationed, Abdullah?"

"I was in the courtyard, sir, where I could observe all the people of the house. I now list them. First, there is Mr. Romani, the deceased's nephew, visiting from Amara—"

"A lawyer. I know of him," Chafik said.

"Then there is Mr. Sadir, a young man who lives here."

"His father died two months ago and was a close friend of the Hadji, who was appointed guardian to the youth. I find it strange," Chafik added, "that an adult should require a guardian, but there are rumors Sadir preferred Cairo to Baghdad. Life there is gay."

"A sinful city," said the sergeant.

"The mole," remarked Chafik, thinking of his own city of the dusty plains, "without doubt calls the lark sinful. But continue."

"Sir, Mr. Sadir and Mr. Romani also retired because of the heat. Their rooms are on the second floor. The servants, too, were in their quarters. Only the watchman Murad remained active. He stood at the main gate within my view." The sergeant cleared his throat, then stood rigidly at attention and said without inflection, "It is now necessary to make confession—"

"You slept?"

"Because of the heat, I dozed, sir. Briefly, only a few minutes, but I deserve reprimand. When I opened my eyes I saw Murad running toward the *surdab*. I halted him. He said he had heard the door open and thought his master had called out. We both proceeded to the spot. The door was indeed open and we saw the Hadji collapsed on the chair. I sent Murad for Mr. Romani, who came at once. Over my protests, he carried his uncle to an upper room."

"It was unwise to move a dying man, but in this case, it probably made little difference. You searched the room after the Hadji was taken out?"

"Diligently. There was nothing that resembled a weapon here."

"And where was Mr. Sadir?"

"In his room, sir. He is a heavy sleeper and had to be roused."

The Inspector looked at the bare walls of the *surdab*. The only break in the smooth brickwork was the air shaft; it resembled a narrow chimney and ended about six feet above the floor in an open vent. Chafik could see a small square of sunlight far above. The twittering of many birds echoed down the shaft and reminded him that the old man had loved birds and given them sanctuary in his garden.

"This place may be cool," the Inspector said, "but I do not find it restful. The birds are noisy."

Sergeant Abdullah interrupted, "Now what a knucklehead I am! I forgot to tell you about the bird."

"A bird?"

"Dead, sir—"

"Where?"

"Here in the *surdab*. It lay on the Hadji's lap, in his hand. I have labeled it as an exhibit."

He produced a pathetic bundle of black and white feathers. The bird had a forked tail and rakish wings; there was a chick's down on the breast.

Chafik said, "A swift." He touched the dangling head. "The neck is broken, it has not been dead long. A lazy fledgling that refused to fly until it was pushed from the nest. Possibly it tumbled down the air shaft, a not uncommon occurrence. Or perhaps it fell against the door. The thud might have disturbed the Hadji, made him leave his cot and open the door—"

He stopped and gave Abdullah a sharp look; the sergeant's rare expressions were easy to read and Chafik said with sudden wrath, "So you think somebody was waiting outside the door?"

"Sir, it did enter my mind."

"Was this person invisible that he wasn't seen by the watchman at the gate? Was he foolhardy enough to stand there while you were briefly dozing a few yards away? What fiction have you been reading?"

As he left the room, the Inspector added indignantly, "Must everybody die murdered to please you, Abdullah?"

THE house was a relic of old Baghdad. Rooms opened on an inner courtyard tiled with honey-colored brick. An archway led to a terrace that faced the river. There was a garden bright with flowers and shaded by ancient trees, all enclosed within a high wall.

Chafik joined two men who were waiting on the terrace. One was the Hadji's nephew, a middle-aged man with the sallow hungry look of a sufferer from a stomach ailment. Romani, who practiced law in the southern town of Amara, came to Baghdad several times a year to visit his uncle.

His companion was much younger, little more than a youth, and had a downy mustache. He looked bored. The cut of his clothes and the way he wore them gave Chafik a twinge of envy and he hoped that one day he, too, might visit a Cairo tailor. Reluctantly, he looked away from the dapper Sadir and waited for the older man to speak.

Romani asked, "Have you formed a conclusion?"

"I let facts form their own conclusions."

The Hadji's nephew nodded approval. "It is a definite fact," he said in his thin clear voice, "that my uncle was threatened. The Shafiites are a lawless people."

"In the past they have not stopped at assassination," the Inspector said.

"On the other hand," Romani said, "it is wrong to use the history of yesterday as evidence of violence done today."

Chafik made a little bow. "How justly you correct me! But I can say what I think about them because you alone took serious view of their threats. Your uncle did not."

"In point of fact I agreed with him. But I advised him to ask for police protection as a precautionary measure, and when he refused, I took the step myself. Naturally."

Chafik thought he knew why Romani's law practice was small. The man was too cautious. He had a good reputation, always refused doubtful cases, but such legal ethics did not appeal to minds nurtured by the labyrinth of bazaars where business was conducted in Iraq.

The inspector turned for relief to Sadir. "What did you think of the threats?" he asked the young man.

Sadir was polishing his manicured nails. He looked up languidly and said, "I am used to the civilized life of Egypt. I *(Continued on page 73)*

Shaking out the sand and gravel, the fisherman untangled a curious object from the meshes of the net

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN PIKE

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TAIL-END TO TIPTOP:
Rise of the Yankees

Continuing MY BASEBALL STORY

By EDWARD G. BARROW
With JAMES M. KAHN

Ed Barrow was born in Springfield, Illinois, eighty-two years ago and grew up in Des Moines, Iowa. At twenty-two he set out for Pittsburgh to make his fortune selling soap. But the business failed and he took a job clerking in the old Staley Hotel. It was there that he met and made friends with theatrical people and celebrities of the sports world, contacts which in time led him to buy a minor-league baseball franchise. Thereafter, baseball and Barrow were inseparable. He went on to become a league president and manager of the world champion Boston Red Sox; then, as business manager of the New York American League club, he won baseball immortality and wide recognition as the greatest executive the game has known. This installment shows why he's called The Man Who Built the Yankees

V

WHEN I became business manager of the Yankees in October, 1920, they had not won a pennant since they came into the American League in 1903.

When I resigned as president in 1945, the Yankees had won 14 pennants and 10 world championships, and I left behind the foundation of the teams that went on to win two more pennants and two World Series in 1947 and again last year.

Over my 25-year span with the Yankees some of the game's greatest players wore the New York uniform and some of the greatest teams baseball has ever known played on the turf of the Yankee Stadium. During that time many people were flattering enough to say that the Yankee organization was the best in baseball. Indeed, at one time when we were marching to pennants over all opposition, and sweeping World Series in four straight games, the cry went up throughout the American League: "Break up the Yankees!" And Jimmy Dykes, then managing the Chicago White Sox, infuriated Joe McCarthy by saying that anyone could manage the Yankees.

"Why, if anything happens to one player," Dykes said, "all McCarthy has to do is press a button and he's got someone just as good to take his place. McCarthy is just a push-button manager!"

But before this envied position was achieved I consumed many a bottle of aspirin, and went through some of the most worrisome periods of my life. None was more so than the first couple of years after I joined the club, when it was owned jointly by Colonel Jacob Ruppert and Colonel Tillinghast L'Hommedieu Huston, and when little Miller Huggins was their manager.

The Yankee colonels were the strangest pair of men I have ever known in baseball. They bought the Yankees just after the turn of the year in 1915, each acquiring a 50 per cent interest. John McGraw brought them together with Big Bill Devery, New York's former chief of police, and Frank Farrell, a Tammany politician, who sold them the club for $480,000.

When they agreed to buy the Yankees, then a sorry excuse for a major-league ball club and a chronic tenant of the second division, it must have been the only time they ever did see things the same way, because they never agreed on anything in my presence.

It is no wonder that they were always violently opposed to each other, because they were two self-willed personalities who, by background, manner and outlook were worlds apart.

Ruppert, son of a millionaire brewer, was a well-known figure in New York society. He owned race horses, was a member of the Jockey Club, went to the opera and exhibited his Saint Bernards at the Westminster Kennel Club show in Madison Square Garden. He collected jades, porcelains and first editions, and belonged to the Seventh Regiment of the New York National Guard, the "Silk Stocking Regiment." At twenty-two, he was appointed a colonel on the staff of Governor David B. Hill, and his yacht, Albatross, was one of the best known of the day. He served four terms in Congress, was considered one of the most eligible bachelors in town, and never quit being one, dying a bachelor at seventy. Also, he never called anyone by his first name.

Huston, or Cap, as he was known to his intimates, called everyone by his first name, and had made his own fortune. Born into a family of modest circumstances in a small Ohio town, he grew up in Cincinnati, where he studied engineering. In the Spanish-American War, Huston went to Cuba as a captain in the Second Volunteer Engineers, and, after peace was declared, stayed there to practice his profession. It was in Cuba, where he remained for 10 years, engaged in such projects as harbor improvements in Havana, Cienfuegos, Matanzas and Santiago, that he amassed his fortune. He was reputed to have a million dollars in the bank.

Caught in the middle, between these two, was little Hug, the Yankee manager. Huggins had played second base for Cincinnati and the St. Louis Cardinals, and since 1913 had been manager of the Cards. He was only a mite of a man—later on they called him the Mighty Mite—five feet, three inches tall and weighing 130 pounds. As a manager he was one of the smartest—and one of the greatest.

Leaves Baseball Feud for Real War

Huggins had been hired to manage the Yankees in 1918. When the United States went into World War I in 1917, Cap Huston, full of spirit, as always, hopped back into uniform and before the summer was over was in France with the Eighteenth Engineers, eventually attaining the rank of colonel. At the time he left, Wild Bill Donovan, who had been a great pitcher for the Detroit Tigers when I managed them in 1903 and '04, and for some years after, was the Yankee manager. The two colonels had signed him when they bought the club in 1915. But Bill had had hard going. He finished fifth in 1915, got up to fourth in 1916, but skidded down to sixth in 1917. When the season was over, Ruppert decided to replace him.

In looking for a replacement, Ruppert appealed to Ban Johnson, president of the American League.

"Get Miller Huggins," Ban told him. "He's not only a fine manager, but we'll be taking a good man away from the National League."

Huston, apprised of Ruppert's intention by a cable to France, reacted as might have been expected. He was against it. He cabled back that his candidate was Wilbert Robinson, manager of the Brooklyn Dodgers. Robbie, jovial, rotund and lusty, was a great crony of Cap's. They spent as much time as possible together, a lot of it down at Robbie's hunting camp, Dover Hall, in Georgia.

Ruppert went so far as to interview Robbie, but it was only a gesture. He had no intention of hiring him, and hired Huggins instead. When he so informed Huston by cable, Cap's roar could be heard above the artillery and clear across the Atlantic.

Rescuing Hug from the Colonels

And that is where I found little Hug when I arrived on the scene in 1920, caught between the two feuding colonels. I could see that one of my first jobs was to extricate him.

Hug was a little wary of me when I first moved into the Yankee office. Resented and ignored by Huston, and treated distantly by Ruppert, the harried Huggins had good cause to look anxiously upon the injection of still another face into the picture. But I quickly reassured him.

"You're the manager," I said, "and you're going to get no interference or second-guessing from me. Your job is to win, and part of my job is to see that you have the players to win with. You tell me what you need, and I'll make the deals—and I'll take full responsibility for every deal I make."

Hug looked at me like a fellow who was listening to a new language, which indeed he was. Nobody had said anything like that to him since he had taken the job.

Things did improve and Hug felt somewhat easier, though real calm and elimination of friction was not to come until a couple of years later, when Ruppert bought out Huston and became sole owner of the club. But what helped was that the Yankees won the first pennant in their history in 1921, my first season with the club, and even Huston had difficulty in finding things to complain about.

Hug had done well, despite the many handicaps under which he worked from the time Ruppert hired him. He had finished fourth in 1918 and came home third in both 1919 and 1920. In addition to keeping the team in the first division, he was building the nucleus of a good ball club, but he still needed more than he had. I got it for him, and in getting it I went right to the place I had just left, the Boston Red Sox. I made a deal whereby the Yankees got Waite Hoyt, Wally Schang, Harry Harper and Mike McNally for Muddy Ruel, Herb Thormahlen, Derrill Pratt and Sammy Vick. Having previously lost Carl Mays and Babe Ruth, the Boston fans sent up another anguished howl when the trade was announced. But this time I didn't care. I wasn't there to hear it.

Huggins had Wally Pipp on first, Aaron Ward on

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A bunch of Yankees were whooping it up at an old Joliet brewery. . .

This photo, never before published, was offered by Kelly (third from left, middle row) as evidence that the 1922 Yankees broke training. Among those present: Lefty O'Doul (third from left) and Ruth, front row. Witt and Meusel (third and fourth from left), top

second, Roger Peckinpaugh at short and the veteran Frank (Home Run) Baker on third. Ruth was in left field. The right fielder was a lean, six-foot, three-inch Californian who had been playing third base for the Vernon club of the Pacific Coast League when Huggins brought him up the year before and made him into an outfielder. His name was Bob Meusel.

Carl Mays and Sailor Bob Shawkey were about the only reliable pitchers.

We had no regular center fielder, the job being divided among Chick Fewster, a speedy young fly chaser named "Chicken" Hawks, and Bobby Roth, whom I procured in a trade with Washington. I improved the situation in midseason when I got Elmer Miller from the St. Paul club of the American Association; from July on he rounded out a good enough outfield with Ruth and Meusel. But that deal with Boston made the club, supplying what had been lacking the year before.

Home Run Baker was almost at the end of his string, and Mike McNally took up the slack as a part-time third baseman. Hoyt and Schang, however, made the real difference.

Schang was an outstanding and durable catcher and a good hitter, catching 134 games and batting .316. He also was the strongest man I ever saw in baseball. After we clinched the pennant that year he picked up Huston, who weighed more than 200 pounds, and carried him around the clubhouse on his shoulder.

Hoyt was only twenty-one, but he won 19 games, and his three duels with left-hander Arthur Nehf of the Giants in the World Series that fall are all-time classics. Waite winning two of them. Hoyt was a great pitcher and a fine boy, though when those 1921-'22-'23 Yankees were at their roistering best Waite was among the gayest of them. But I still have a real affection for him and it always pleases me when each Christmas I receive a card from him.

Hoyt was to become one of the best of all the right-handers who ever pitched for the Yankees. He won more than 150 games for them. In fact, I would place only one other among all Yankee right-handers above him—Charley Ruffing.

There was great joy when we won the pennant that year, but it was somewhat tempered when we lost the World Series to the Giants, five games to three. The World Series was decided by five out of nine games that year, as it had been for the two years previous, but thereafter it went back to four out of seven.

Hoyt and Nehf engaged in the third of their classic struggles in that eighth and deciding game of the series, Nehf winning, 1 to 0. The Giants got their only run in the first inning on an error by Roger Peckinpaugh.

Peckinpaugh broke in with Cleveland back in 1910, and had been with the Yankees since 1913. The fact that he had made an error which possibly cost us a world championship had no direct bearing on the decision Huggins and I reached that winter to trade him. The *(Continued on page 34)*

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I Was Poor Once Myself

By MARGARET CHASE

The young man collecting funds for Famine Relief had eyes like a wounded deer. De Lucie, the Iredales' softhearted young cook, couldn't doubt him when he said he'd found her long-lost mother

June 14th

Dear Stuart:

You told me to write often while you are away at camp this summer, but not to say anything mushy about how much we miss you, so I will be careful. I am surprised to hear that some of the boys are as old as thirteen. I won't mention that Cherry, your little sister, plays with her dolls all day and cries every night because you are not home.

I sent you a box of raised doughnuts, garnished with filled cookies.

Your father and mother and Cherry are well.

Your mother, of course, is playing golf at the moment but she is going to send a box of chocolate bars for all the boys. Do you ever get a chance to hear your dad on the radio? In the two years since I have been chief cook and radio-duster for you Iredales I have missed the Mister's broadcast only once.

Rocky is away for the summer. He is out West at a school for smart cops, studying safety control and radio and stuff.

Do not start shlurping! I am not saying anything mushy about Rocky my wonderful cop, even though we are going steady. (Shlurp, shlurp! Stuart Iredale, are you making that disgusting, revolting sound you always make when I mention Rocky's name? Shlurp, shlurp! Shtuart, shtop!)

I expect to be able to tell you some terrific news soon. About my mother!

Here I am, nineteen years old, the best cook in Westchester County (let us be frank), in love, in love, in love, in love with a wonderful guy, and I have at last the exciting prospect of meeting the poor little mother who dumped me into a paper shopping bag and left me in the railroad station at Port Change two hours after I was born! Could a girl ask for more?

You Iredales have been good to me and your house is the only home I have had besides the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls. Your kitchen is beautiful and modern, I have my own room and bath, and I couldn't love a baby of my own more than I do Cherry. So why, with all these blessings, do I want to locate my mother? On account of Mo, the cat.

When Rocky's mother and father had their silver anniversary last week, I bought them a silver Persian cat. Silver is just the color of the cat, the material of him is meat and fur. I bought him at the cat show for twenty-five dollars. Mr. Iredale disapproved—he has a very strange idea that people should save money—but Rocky's mother loves cats and I love to give presents.

The cat's name is Champion Big Missouri of Bridged Lake, and he has a pedigree; a nice parchment with a seal and blue ribbon, with the names of Mo's parents and grandparents and so on. Just cats. And they said Mo wouldn't be so valuable, with such a lovely purple tinge to his snowy fur, except that he is perfectly bred. I'd kind of like to know the name of anyhow one parent. I'm just as good as a cat.

It's partly on account of going steady with Rocky the cop (shlurp) that I would like to know who my family were. Going steady means that we are engaged to get engaged, and Rocky's mother might like to know that my parents were people.

"Arrest that big, dumb, stupid De Lucie!" shrieks Famine Relief unexpectedly. "The girl is a kidnaper, and I can prove it"

Stuart, do you remember the afternoon when you came into the kitchen where I was making a pie, to show me the papers all worked out so you could someday join the Sons of the American Revolution? All your ancestors and their wives, and who fought with George Washington? I'd like to prove I had a mother.

Jinkie, our colored laundress, was ironing in the kitchen at the time, and she thumped her iron down. "Don't forgit," she told you, "your oldest grandpa was just a gardener that lost his job and got thrown out of the Garden for stealing fruit."

"He was not!" you sputtered, and she says, "He was too. Name was Adam."

You said to me later, "Some days she talks about Adam like that very mean, and some days she is just crazy about Adam." Pretty soon we heard Jinkie chanting while she worked:

Which was the son of Enos
Which was the son of Seth
Which was the son of Adam
Which was the son of God

But I'm nobody's daughter.

The people at the Industrial Home didn't know a thing about me. I didn't have a stitch on when the cop that found me brought me to the Home. They didn't even keep the paper shopping bag for a memento. I bet they used it. They use everything.

This brings me to Famine. You know all the pests that come to the back door, selling queer vanilla or weak thread or cemetery lots? One of these that Jinkie and I call Famine Relief comes every Thursday morning after Mrs. Iredale pays me, before I leave the house on my day off. He is a small, graceful young man, very sharply dressed, with soft brown eyes like a wounded deer, and he rings the bell and silently holds out a tall can with a slot cut in the top and Famine Relief printed across the front. And tears come slowly into his eyes. He must be a very good man to be so tenderhearted. I never cry at all. And he is very shocked if I say I am going to the movies, because he thinks I should give all my money to Famine Relief and rescue the perishing.

I sometimes ask, "Where's the famine?" and he says, "India" or "China" and digs tracts out of his pockets showing starving children, poor little kids. I can't stand that, so I give him all the money I can spare, and Jinkie says, "I was poor once myself," and puts in a nickel. She can't help him much because she has a great many children of her own.

Well, Famine Relief is going to find my mother!

Four weeks ago, he stepped into the kitchen to wait until Jinkie could get some pennies out of the lining of her coat, and I happened to tell him I was a foundling and wished to locate my folks. Famine was very sympathetic and says, "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive." That's out of a poem. He says it isn't uncommon for some poor girl whose husband has died to leave her little baby in a railroad station, and hide behind a trash can until she sees a cop with an honest face pick the child up.

Years later, she may have a rich husband or a good job, and she tries to find the child, and it's impossible to do unless the child is looking for her, employing a crafty detective like Famine. Famine told me he is a secret partner in a detective agency. I've been giving him almost my whole pay for the last four weeks for his expenses in connection with the search. I can't wait!

Your true friend,
De Lucie

June 21st

Dear Stuart:

Don't you write your father all this stuff I'm telling you about my mother. The Mister is away doing a guest shot and he isn't to know about it until I can introduce her to him. I bet I'll be proud of her.

Why do you ask dc I know anything about Famine? Of course I do, I'm not a child. I'm nineteen years old and have one wisdom tooth.

Jinkie questioned him closely one day. She started by saying, "De Lucie is nice, isn't she?" I was getting money out of my rag bag at the time and wasn't supposed to hear, but you know my twenty-twenty hearing.

"Oh, yeah," he says, "she's good-looking enough, but haven't you something two sizes smaller?" Then he told her he is a reformed man and very proud of it. He used to be a kleptomaniac. He took such things as diamonds, watches, and rubber tires. But he got married to a girl that was an honest actress doing impersonations in a night club, and had a baby named Midgie, and stopped being a kleptomaniac, because crime does not pay.

The Mister came shooting into the breakfast nook this morning and drank his coffee standing up because he was in a hurry to go out of town for his guest shot.

"By the way, De Lucie," he says, "got any money?"

"Sure," I says. "Do you want some? I have plenty. The stuff just accrues." And the Mister blew up.

It seems I missed income tax installment day, because I don't like to pay taxes so I forget. The Mister says I have to pay. "You may not always make as much money as you do now," says the Mister. "Someday you'll want to get married and have a hope chest full of chairs and tablecloths, but you will have given all your earnings away. You have to pay your taxes, too."

So I got my money out of my rag bag where I keep it hidden in an old white kid six-button glove, and we figured out how to pay my tax, and the Mister forgot he was in a hurry and lectured me all the time.

You remember the ruckus we had about a year ago when the Mister discovered I had spent a whole week's salary on a big doll for Cherry and that little printing press for you. And ever since, he urges me to buy bonds or a little piece of land where I can grow strawberries and raspberries and other desserts (I rather like that idea), but I always stall, and keep my money handy in the glove, so if I feel like buying a present I can. The Mister says, "You had three hundred and fifty saved a year ago, De Lucie. How much have you now?" Well, I still have the same amount. I was fortunately saved from answering by the back doorbell ringing.

I was glad to go, and it was Famine. I still had the glove in my hand with the dollar bills dripping out. He looked quite surprised and he hopefully held out the can for contributions. "I'm serving breakfast, you're too early," I says. "Come later."

The Mister strides to the *(Continued on page 63)*

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Dr. Mary and staff consult over newborn David Larson. (L. to r.) Helene Spiegel, Lorrayne Pritchard, the doctor, Naida Smith and Melinda Balls

Doctor Mary Sleeps Fast

By RUTH BORDEN and FRANCES CORBIN

In little Phillipsburg, Kansas, a forceful lady M.D. wages a tireless campaign for a healthier community. Her abundant energy stems, she says, from the ability to rest at a whirlwind pace

LIKE an Old World matriarch, stern, boned and above reproach, the graystone Phillips County Courthouse commands the prim square that marks the business boundaries of Phillipsburg, Kansas, population 3,000. From the courthouse tower stares the regulating hour of time, ordering the business and social life of Phillipsburg's citizenry.

At least, that's the way it appears to the casual observer, but there are those in the town who contend that the business and social life of Phillipsburg is ruled by one Dr. Mary Townsend Glassen, only physician within a 30-mile radius, Vice-President of the State Congress of Parents and Teachers, Chairman of Health for the organization, and member of the Board of Kansas' Society for Exceptional Children.

In fact, there even are some who go so far as to say that Dr. Glassen is downright dictator of the town. Most disclaim this and acclaim her as a saint. Phillipsburg's citizens may be divided in their personal opinion of Dr. Glassen, but they're in complete harmony with Kansas' medical opinion of her. According to Mrs. Elizabeth Pettit, former editor of the Kansas Medical Society Journal: "The male M.D.s of Kansas all take their hats off to her. Usually they're not very anxious to admit that a woman is a good doctor, but they all grant that Dr. Glassen is 'as good as a man!' "

That's high praise out Kansas way, where men are men and women aren't often doctors, especially not one as feminine as Dr. Glassen. From her polished nails to her high-heel opera pumps, Dr. Glassen is all woman. She is just as successful as a mother, wife and community leader. According to the record, she's forty-seven, but she doesn't look it. Her skin is smooth white, her blue eyes keen and merry, and her long prematurely white hair folds in a natural soft roll at the nape of her neck.

But then, say Kansans, Dr. Glassen's not a usual woman by any man's or any state's standards—west, east, north or south. Furthermore, the title "Dr. Glassen" sounds strange to their ears, for to everyone from toddling babes to Kansas' Governor Frank Carlson, she's known as "Dr. Mary."

Their like or dislike of her doesn't bother Dr. Mary, whose profession and experience have taught her that all men are created equal—i.e., they all have hearts and brains and limbs and intestines.

Dr. Mary made this equality plain to her husband, Clarence W. Glassen, one wintry night a few years back. An emergency call after midnight necessitated a long trip over ice and through snow to the bedside of an ailing man, not one of Dr. Mary's regular patients but a man well known to the community.

Sleet covered the windshield and made a mirror of the highway. In between skids, husband Glassen at the wheel voiced a complaint born of anxiety: "If we get there alive, it'll be a miracle. This man

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CHARLES N. WATSON

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isn't even your patient. What's more he can't even pay. He's on county relief. Why didn't you say no?"

Dr. Mary half turned in her seat. "Let me remind you, Clarence. A poor man's belly can hurt just as much as a rich one's."

This philosophy holds true for all Dr. Mary's activities. Tireless, dauntless, and too concerned with the need of the many to soft-soap a few, she's collected the inevitable opposition because she hasn't time for tactful maneuvering.

"I like to practice in a small town," Dr. Mary says. "You just don't dare make mistakes or you'd be bumping into them every day on the street. And besides, Phillipsburg is a family kind of town, a community where you know everybody and where people have a chance to enjoy their homes and children. Most important, from a doctor's standpoint, is the close contact with your patients. Doctors in large cities miss out on this. A city is just too big for a doctor's life, outside the office, to cross his patient's."

Dr. Mary likes Phillipsburg for purely personal reasons, too. She was born and brought up on a farm just three miles the other side of Phillipsburg on land homesteaded by her grandparents. So it was natural that she thought of home when her first marriage to an eye-ear-nose-and-throat doctor failed. For home meant her mother, Mrs. George Townsend, and her sisters, Mrs. Martha McCoy, Mrs. Glen Kinnick, Mrs. Naida Smith, all of Phillipsburg. Another sister, Mrs. Bernard Henrichs, lives not too far away in Broken Bow, Nebraska, and a brother, Warren Townsend, in Denver, rounds out the family picture.

Starting Anew in Her Home Town

"I arrived back in Phillipsburg the year of the big dust storm," Dr. Mary recalls, "with two children to support, a broken marriage and fifteen cents in my purse. I wanted to be in a place I knew my children and I could call home. I've always had a strong family feeling, I guess."

She has always had a strong sense of community loyalty, too. If something needs to be done and it's good for the majority, Dr. Mary tries to ignore the few who get hurt in the scramble. This has been true ever since that day, back in the thirties, when she hung out her shingle on a little white frame house just off Phillips County square to wait for the first hesitant visitors, and it's still true today when patients from all over Kansas and Nebraska and Colorado seek her out.

Back in those days, Phillipsburg had no P.T.A., no Girl Scouts, no Free Lunch Program for school children, no Knife and Fork Club, no Co-ordinating Council. And worse yet, it had no garbage disposal, no milk ordinance and no sanitary regulations for the livestock sales barn, smack in the center of town.

Dr. Mary didn't really begin to step on the toes of Phillipsburg citizens until she raised a storm over a wave of strep infections that hit the county. Dr. Mary traced the source to one cow. Then she began her harangue to pass a milk ordinance bill. Merchants who bought milk here, there and everywhere didn't want to be dictated to by a lone woman—M.D. or no M.D. after her name. Farmers in the country who sold to anyone, everyone and from door to door felt the same way.

But nothing stopped Dr. Mary until the town passed the necessary regulation, though she reluctantly admits: "I didn't accomplish very much. Sure, a milk ordinance was passed. But you need teeth to enforce it. The teeth are missing." But at least one thing was accomplished. Now Phillipsburg has a pasteurizing plant, though farmers still bring raw milk to town, and Phillips County still has its occasional flare-up of strep infections and still has its cases of undulant fever.

Later on, Dr. Mary made more enemies when she plagued farmers and townspeople alike about the disgrace of having a livestock sales barn in the center of town. It was unsanitary. It stank. It bred flies. It was a menace to community health. Again Dr. Mary won against her opposition. Now the barn is out of town on a main highway.

But there are times when she fights and loses. Her biggest battle with Phillipsburg really got under way just a few months ago. Eight years back, Dr. Mary started spending her available time and personal funds investigating small hospitals over the country. She decided *(Continued on page 50)*

Time to do house chores, too. Dr. Mary, with her daughter Wixie, in the kitchen of their home

The doctor stops at Rankin's drugstore and discusses a prescription with owner Rex Rankin

With her husband, Clarence W. Glassen, Dr. Mary enjoys a respite from her strenuous schedule

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The CANDY KID

By DOROTHY B. HUGHES

It seemed to Aragon that danger awaited everyone who crossed the path of the Candy Kid. This new death could be an accident—or it could be one more murder

The Story: A blond stranger named DULCINDA FARRAR mistook JOSE ARAGON for a farm laborer when she saw him lounging in front of the Chenoweth Hotel in El Paso; she asked him to go on an errand for her. Jose, a wealthy young rancher from near Santa Fe, was amused by the girl's mistake and agreed to do the errand. His amusement didn't last long, for the error led him into more danger than he'd ever known in his life, even when he was a Counterintelligence agent for the Army during the war.

Dulcinda asked Jose to pick up a package at the shop of one SEÑOR PRAXITELES—also known as EL GRECO—in the underworld section of Juárez, the border town across the Rio Grande. Jose received the package from Praxiteles, whose sinister reputation as the brains behind an international network of criminals was well known throughout the border area. Outside Praxiteles' shop, the package—which obviously held a bottle of some kind of cheap perfume—was stolen from him by FRANCISCA, a Mexican waif whose parents had sold her to Praxiteles.

Jose bought another bottle of the perfume. In order to pay his visit to Praxiteles, Jose had had to slip away from BEACH ARAGON, his debonair young cousin, and from ADAM ADAMSON, a good-natured trader and traveler from Santa Fe. Adam returned to El Paso, but Jose found Beach in a Juárez night club with Dulcinda and her brother, cynical, bearded TIM FARRAR; also present was Tim's friend, an apelike man called RAGS RAGSDALE.

Back at the Chenoweth Hotel, Jose left the phony package for Dulcinda; the original package was mysteriously restored to him, and he discovered that a small box of candy was secreted with the perfume. He learned from LOU CHENOWETH, the cheerful woman who owned the hotel and who was in love with Adamson, that a man named H. E. TUSTIN had been found dead in the Rio Grande. Jose knew that the man was the same one who had shadowed him in Juárez and whom he knew as "Tosteen."

In Santa Fe, Dulcinda discovered that the package delivered to her by Beach—at Jose's request—was a phony; and when she met Jose, she demanded the return of the original. By this time Jose knew that the girl, innocently or not, was involved with smugglers, murderers, and perhaps spies. He knew that CAPTAIN OZZIE HARROD, a border patrolman, was interested in her activities. From Dulcinda, Jose learned that Beach had driven to Los Alamos, the Army's atomic research center, with Tim Farrar and Ragsdale.

Worried about Beach, Jose returned to his home outside Santa Fe to wait for some word from his cousin. As he rested in the back patio of the house, he called to his house servants for some beer; but it wasn't one of the servants who brought it. It was Francisca, the ragged little Mexican girl from Juárez. Jose sat up in amazement. "What the hell are you doing here?" he asked.

His hands were on her shoulders. Her mouth widened as he repeated, "You killed him." Dulcinda Farrar fought back. "No," she whispered

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SHE wasn't insulted or hurt by his lack of welcome. She wasn't angry. She wasn't anything. She stood there with that impassive blankness on her face, looking at him out of those unblinking black stone eyes. "I come to see you," she said.

"My Lord, don't I have enough troubles?" He drank a third of the bottle in lieu of answer. "How did you get here?"

"I hitchhike." She'd evidently enjoyed that. She became almost cheerful.

"How did you get across the bridge? Do you have a work permit, a visitor's permit—"

"I do not come across the bridge. I come another way."

He'd known it, he needn't have bothered to ask. She'd come wet-back. There wasn't a kid in Juárez who didn't know a dozen ways to cross the border without squandering centavos at the barrier. They crossed whenever they pleased, for any reason, to go to the movies or a parade or merely to behold the magic of the five-and-ten. It didn't worry anyone; it had nothing to do with the economics of immigration.

But Francisca was something else again. If it were known that she'd slipped over the border, there'd be trouble. Señor Praxiteles was her *abuelo*.

"Are you crazy?" he asked. "Do you know what they can do to you for that?"

"I know. Deport me."

They could throw her in the *juzgado* but he didn't bring it up. She'd know well enough that she wouldn't go to jail unless Praxiteles so demanded. She might prefer jail to his house.

"But first they must find me," she said. She didn't bother to add that he wouldn't give her away. She knew darn' well he wouldn't.

"It's going to make you very happy to know that Captain Harrod is already here."

She swaggered, "Who is this Captain Harrod?" but she knew the answer. She began to back toward the house.

"He isn't right here but he's in town. And he doesn't know you're here unless somebody down below talked." He was pretty sure that no one down below would know her whereabouts; she wasn't one for idle chatter. "He came up with me last night."

She didn't like the implication. She said, "What do you want with that one?"

"What does he want with me is a better way to put it. And the answer to that one is easy. It's the dead man in the river."

"That is all over," she said.

"That's what you think. You can't bury some guys deep enough." Jose finished the beer. "Your turn now. You came to see me. Why?"

She must have discarded a dozen reasons, it took her that long to answer. She finally announced, "I have come to help you."

"A big help," Jose said. "The border patrol is already hounding me. Now they've got a real reason. Hiding out a Mexican national."

"You will not hide me. I will hide myself."

"And how are you going to help me?"

She stated, "You are in danger of death, señor."

It wasn't news although *(Continued on page 78)*

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Romance at 20 Paces

By BILL DAVIDSON

Micheline Prelle, Hollywood's new French bombshell, can play a love scene 20 feet away. A critic says "she's tender, appealing, tragic"

ONE day in 1945, in Paris, a beautiful French girl in a short skirt came pedaling down the Champs Élysées on her bicycle. G.I. heads spun around, G.I. tongues hung out, and, as was customary in those days, she was stopped almost immediately by a jeepload of soldiers who wanted to take her picture. One of them made an age-old pitch. "I'm with a movie company in Hollywood," he said. "Come with me, kid, and I'll make a film star out of you." The girl smiled, shook her head and pedaled on.

A few minutes later the G.I. got the shock of his life. The jeep rounded the corner, and the soldier found himself staring into a blown-up photo of the same girl, outside a movie theater. The poster said, Micheline Presle in Ball of Fat. Two blocks farther on, he saw the girl's photo again. This time the movie marquee read, Micheline Presle in A Tale of the Theater. Down the street was another picture, Micheline Presle in Twelve Women, and around the corner, Micheline Presle in Falbalas. The G.I. presumably never used the I'll-make-you-a-movie-star approach with French girls again.

A few years later, another American went through pretty much the same experience.

In 1948, Spyros Skouras, chief of 20th Century-Fox Films, betook himself to Paris on a secret mission—to sign this same actress, Micheline Presle, who was almost totally unknown in the United States.

When Skouras arrived, he discovered the following: (a) The unknown Miss Presle again was starred in four pictures, all playing to packed houses in Paris at the *same* time; (b) she had stirred up national controversy and broken all box-office records when the Bordeaux City Council labeled her film, The Devil in the Flesh, "shocking, painful and scabrous"; (c) she had been given top acting awards by British critics, by the French film magazine Cinemonde, by the theater directors of France, and by the movie fans of India and Pakistan; and (d) she already had been approached with contracts by five other producers.

An astute businessman, Mr. Skouras got in line with them, and by the simple process of outbidding the others, eventually managed to win her for 20th Century-Fox.

As a result, this is what has happened to the beauteous, twenty-seven-year-old Miss Presle (pronounced Prelle). She has changed her name to Prelle, mostly because American hotel clerks and assistant directors persisted in calling her "Prezzle." She has received a thousand-dollar-a-week salary for a year merely for learning to speak English. She has played just *(Continued on page 60)*

This "woman in a city of girls," as a director describes her, can memorize 10 pages of dialogue a day, and will reject lines she doesn't like

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK POWOLNY

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Jeff and the Schizophrenic Turtle

"Cutest sight you ever saw. You see, that turtle thought he was a cat"

By WALTER KARIG

IT IS a safe bet that Jeff Doolittle never heard the term "tenant farmer" and would have been deeply offended if anybody had called him one. He ran the farm my uncle owned, and ran everything on it, including us kids—everything but his wife Annabelle, that is.

Jeff's methods were never direct. He always accomplished what he set forth to do, all in good time, but his approach to any task was always the most circuitous devisable, and the most conversational —that is, unless the job involved sitting down. "Easy does it" was his motto, which is probably why, at sixty-five, he looked forty; and easy did it even in disciplining us youngsters, as, for instance, the time he caught us playing rodeo with the calves one midsummer day. . . .

"I seen you youngsters running them steer calves again," he said. "That's what I called you for. You sweat a couple of pounds off each whenever you run 'em like that, which is just so much of your uncle's hard-earned money up the spout.

"And what's it doing to you, besides? Gets you all overheated, and first thing you know you're in bed with a sunstroke. Now you all just can sit down here in the shed for half a hour. And I'll be right here to watch you, because your ma wants this lamp rewired and it will take a bit of studying.

"What's a sunstroke? Well, I'll tell you. Inside your head you got brains. You don't often use 'em, I know, but you got 'em.

"Now you know what calves' brains looks like, before Annabelle scrambles them for Sunday breakfast. And when she cooks them, they shrink up and get solid-like. Running and jumping in the heat starts scrambling your brains, and the sun on your head starts cooking them, and first thing you know they shrivel just like in the skillet.

"The brain, it's a wonderful thing, now. It stores up facts and figures like a silo does corn, and they all sort of stew around in your rememory and what comes out when you need it is better than went in, like making hash. Look at me, now, I never see'd a lamp like this one I'm supposed to fix, with one big bulb and four little ones, and two sets of switches. It took brains to invent a lamp like that and it is going to take brains to mend it.

"Dog it to Halifax, there goes a screw. Look here, Junior, I dropped a little brass screw like this here one. Down in the shavings here somewhere. It couldn't have rolled none. You find it for me and I'll give you all these burned-out bulbs.

"My brain, now, remembers how I fixed other lamps. A man who don't know how to use his brains would throw up the job because it's too complicated. I use mine to go at it like it wasn't one big complicated lamp but just five or six little simple ones. I'll have it fixed before dark, if I got to find that screw myself.

"I was saying, the human mind is a wonderful thing. You can't see it or smell it or touch it. I was reading about it in the Sunday paper that Friday's fish come wrapped in, that the doctors and scientists don't rightly know what the mind is.

"This here piece in the paper went on to tell all the different things that can happen to the mind, withouten a person going plumb crazy. They call 'em complexes.

"There's three kinds of complexes. There's the electric complex and the O'Epidus complex. The electric complex, this here piece said, women mainly catches. Maybe that's what makes 'em scared of thunderstorms. The O'Epidus complex, well, it's hard to explain, because that part of the paper was tore. And the third is called shyzo-purina, which is when a person acts like what he ain't.

"Reminds me of a turtle I had once. I was down to the run, getting a load of sand, and I dug up a mess of turtle eggs. I busted all but one when I dug into them. I took the unbusted one home in my pocket and set it in the sun, and I be dog if it didn't natch out a little turtle no bigger'n a two-bit piece.

"Well, I felt like a father to that turtle chick but Annabelle wouldn't let me have him around the house. Bad enough having the dogs underfoot without no shellfish to trip over. We had a tortoise-shell cat at that time, name of Sophy but we mainly called her Puss, a grand mouser. Well, Sophy had a litter of kittens in the barn, and so I put the little turtle in with them. I says to him, 'A tortoise-shell cat ought to feel some kin to a turtle.' And sure enough, she took to that little fellow like he was her sister's child, and in no time she had taught him to nurse. Cutest sight you ever saw.

"When the kittens was weaned, and Sophy'd bring home a mouse to 'em, he ate his share. Liked the tail, he did, which the kittens mainly didn't. It were the cutest sight you ever saw, the four kittens and the turtle hissing at each other if one crowded over to snitch more than his share. Of course a turtle can hiss good as any cat. But he couldn't mee-yow worth shucks. He'd stretch out his neck, and his little Adam's apple would work up and down, and finally he'd come out with a little sound, *mee-mee-mee*. He managed to *mee* all right, but he could never learn to *yow*.

"Pretty soon the kittens was old enough to be put outside. The turtle, he was part and parcel of 'em. To see him chase his tail would of made you bust a gallus laughing. The kittens would race up a pear tree, and of course by the time the turtle had climb a foot, they'd be up in the top of the tree.

"Oh, he learned to climb all right. But the funniest thing was to see him try to arch his back and puff out his tail. He never learned how, of course, him having a shell. But when a strange dog came into the barnyard, that poor turtle would stand high on his legs, eyes bugging out and sweat pouring down his little face, trying to arch his back and puff up his tail.

"You see, that turtle thought he was a cat. He could do most things a cat can: catch mice, rear up to a fence post to sharpen his claws, dig a hole in the ground, and walk along the railing.

"He got to staying out nights with the tom-kits and doing his best to perch up on the ridgepole of the henhouse, caterwauling at the full moon. It was just like the Bible says. 'And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.'

"That was a hard winter. Ground froze deep as you could strike a mattock, and then suddenly we had a hot spell and one cloud-busting rainstorm after another, and the run swole up, and we had a flood. There was water as far as you could see, with the knolls sticking up like little islands here and there, and the cattle standing there with foxes, coons, skunks, and mice even, to get away from the flood. I made me a raft out of a barn door and five-six cottonwood logs, and poled out across the meadows to tote corn to the stock. And then one fine day the levee busted up on the Hoosakatchu, and the water riz up four feet more in ten minutes. Flood came clean up to the top of the haymow.

"The turtle and all the cats was living high and handsome, up to then. Mice and rats would make for the knolls, and the cats and the turtle would catch them as they swam ashore. Pretty soon they were getting particular about what part they would eat. The turtle would only have white meat, and the cats throwed everything away except the livers.

"Then, like I said, *whoosh!* The levee busted and the waters riz up one afternoon and covered all this ground before you could say 'Bucket.' Well, the cats and turtle started racing toward the barn and when the cats seen they couldn't make it they took to the trees. And I be dog if the turtle didn't, too. Like I told you, he could climb but he was slow at it and before he could get three foot off the ground, the water riz four.

"Well, I laughed fit to split a seam, because naturally I knew the turtle didn't have to climb no tree. He'd be better off in the water. Then I seen him bob up to the surface. He had lost his holt, and the current was carrying him away from the trees—and him mewing to break your heart.

"I clean forgot that turtle thought he was a cat, and you know how cats feel about water.

"'Swim, you fool,' I holler to him. But cats can't swim worth a dang, and he thought he was a cat. And so the poor little fellow drowned. As clean a case of shyzo-purina as ever was in a doctor book. It just goes to show. Some things swim and others sink. You got to use the wits God gave you, or you're sunk.

"Junior! Ain't you found that screw yet? Well, it's too late now. Find it in the morning. Get a feed sifter and go through these shavings.

"What do you mean, Lizabeth-Anne, you bet you can find it? You got a magnet on you or something? All right, I'll bet you. I'll bet you a lollipop.

"Where you going, Lizabeth-Anne? What's she doing with that bucket at the horse trough, Junior?

"Now what, Lizabeth-Anne? What you doing, putting them shavings in the water bucket? What? You got the screw?

"Well, I be dog! Sure enough the shavings floated and the screw sunk. How'd you ever think of that? Oh, the turtle!

"Well, experience is the best learnin', I always say."

THE END

Collier's SHORT SHORT

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THE KID RIGHT-HANDER

Is This His Year?

By TOM MEANY

IT WAS just over a year ago that Father William Dervaney, summoned hurriedly to Lakeland's Morrell Memorial Hospital, administered the last rites of the Catholic church to the battered boy on the bed. Extreme Unction completed, the priest turned aside to permit the doctors to take over. In the corridor outside, Billy Evans, general manager of the Detroit Tigers, was tensely waiting.

"How is he, Father?" Evans whispered.

"It's in God's hands," the priest replied.

The injured boy was Arthur Houtteman, just turned twenty-one the summer before. A heavy truck roared through an intersection in downtown Lakeland, an intersection guarded until 11:00 P.M. by a blinking caution light, and crashed into his automobile. It was shortly after the light had been turned out that the truck struck Houtteman's car. The light, incidentally, now blinks its warning all night.

The concern of Evans for Houtteman was not that of a baseball executive for a promising pitcher but concern for a boy's life. As midnight gave way to the morning hours Evans waited for some word that Houtteman would survive. Whether he ever would pitch again didn't matter. The question now was: Would he live?

Houtteman sustained a badly fractured skull and there was an ugly gash over his left eye. Although badly battered and bruised, the fractured skull miraculously was the only serious injury. No bones were broken but Evans was informed that the boy would require a month's hospitalization. Satisfied that Art would survive, neither Evans nor Manager Red Rolfe counted on pitching help from Houtteman in 1949. They felt he was lucky to be on earth at all, never mind that he might not be able to appear on the mound.

Houtteman's baseball career, though brief up to the time of his accident, was unusual. He had signed a Detroit contract while still a student at Catholic Central High in his native Detroit. Before he was twenty, he was winning games in the American League and winning compliments from hitters like Joe DiMaggio.

In the spring of 1948, Art was the glamor boy of the Tiger camp at Lakeland. He had come along fast during the last eight weeks of the 1947 campaign after being recalled from Buffalo. Art won seven games and lost two in that period and they were saying he was the best right-handed prospect in the American League.

Came the regular 1948 campaign and the dawn, a bleak one for Houtteman. The boy who was going to sweep all before him couldn't win for losing. If he pitched a good game, his opponent pitched a better one. One night at the end of June, Art pitched a five-hitter against Bob Lemon and the Cleveland Indians. It would have been great, except that Lemon himself happened to pitch a no-hit game.

It was a miserable year for Houtteman. The boy that nothing was going to stop, to hear them tell it in the spring, was stopped *(Continued on page 46)*

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Tail-End to Tiptop: Rise of the Yankees

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

determining consideration was that Peck obviously was slowing up and we needed a better shortstop.

To get one I reached up into Boston again, acquiring Everett (Deacon) Scott, and at the same time grabbing their two best right-handers, Sad Sam Jones, whom I had developed while managing the Red Sox, and Bullet Joe Bush. We gave up Peckinpaugh, the veteran spitball pitcher Jack Quinn, and Two-Gun Rip Collins and Bill Piercy, a couple of run-of-the-mine pitchers. Of course, the hard-pressed Boston owner, Harry Frazee, also got a check. It was a fine deal for the Yankees, but once more a terrific howl went up and not alone in Boston but throughout the rest of the league.

That spring I made another deal which removed the uncertainty of the year before in center field. Just before the season opened I bought Lawton (Whitey) Witt from the Athletics. And in midseason I went to Boston again and got Joe Dugan to replace the aging Home Run Baker at third base.

That did it. Now we were set at every position. Scott played every game at shortstop and formed the best second-base combination in the league with Aaron Ward. Witt was in 140 games and hit .297. Bush was sensational, winning 26 games, and Hoyt won 19 again. For the second straight year we won the pennant.

But before we did, all of us—Ruppert, Huston, Huggins and myself—passed through the most turbulent year in Yankee history. I doubt that there ever was one like it on any club.

As a starter, the Giants served notice that we would have to vacate the Polo Grounds. We had always had cordial relations with Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the Giants, and his partners, John McGraw and Magistrate Francis X. McQuade. But the growing popularity of Ruth, who had hit 59 homers the year before, and the rise of the Yankees to a team of championship caliber, changed that. In its place came a developing coolness, particularly on the part of McQuade.

Finally, Stoneham wrote to Ruppert and Huston, asking them to get a park of their own before another season began.

A Good Assist by Cap Huston

Ruppert was not entirely unprepared. He had an option on land at 161st Street and River Avenue in the Bronx, owned by the Astor Estate, and he bought it as a site for the new Yankee park. Huston, true to form, was indignant because Ruppert had approved this site before he did. But I will give the Cap his due. Once work started, he threw himself wholeheartedly into the building of the new stadium, and, as an accomplished and experienced engineer, made invaluable contributions to its construction. When the Yankee Stadium opened on April 18, 1923, it was the finest ball park in the country, which I believe it still is. Cap Huston deserves the credit for that.

Also, we had to open that 1922 season without Meusel and Ruth. In 1921, Judge Landis issued an order prohibiting players on teams competing in the World Series from barnstorming after the Series was over. Ruth and Meusel defied him, and though their post-Series tour lasted through only a few games it was enough for the judge to crack down on them. He suspended them both until May 20th—the first 39 days of the season.

I was pretty sore at Ruth and Meusel myself, but I was more concerned about the team. But the absence of Ruth and Meusel didn't hurt us too much. The Yankees were in first place when the "lawbreakers," as the judge called them, returned. Nor were they particularly chastened by their punishment.

Five days after he got back, the Babe chased a fan who had been abusing him into the stands and was fined $200 by Ban Johnson.

Ruth didn't limit himself to fighting fans or the opposition. He and Wally Pipp had a fight in the dugout in St. Louis. Another fight broke out between Aaron Ward and Bobby Roth. In Detroit, Al Devormer, our third-string catcher, and Carl Mays slugged it out. And Devormer came right back the next day to scuffle with Freddy Hofmann, the second-string catcher.

Off the field the Yankees were no less riotous. Little Hug was having his hands full trying to keep them under control. It was at this time that the famous episode of Kelly, the Private Eye, took place.

Kelly was a detective from a private agency who managed to work his way into the confidence of the ball club. He was a good fellow, got hot tips on the horses, and —these being prohibition years—knew a place where you could get a good glass of beer. He swung around the circuit with the team, got to be pals with the players, and in Chicago one night said he knew a swell brewery in Joliet where they could all have a good time.

Quite a crowd went with him—Ruth, Meusel, Witt, Lefty O'Doul and a few others. When the party was at its height, Kelly suggested a picture as a souvenir. It was taken—and the next day Kelly disappeared. That picture is being published in Collier's now for the first time.

The picture provided the evidence of the Yankees' roistering on the road, but I never did anything about it. When it was turned over to me I put it in the safe, and it has remained unseen until now, though newspapers and news syndicates offered me all kinds of money at various times for it.

Putting Kelly onto the Yankees had been Huston's idea. I had nothing to do with it. I never spied on my ballplayers.

Though we won the pennant, we lost the World Series again to the Giants, this time without gaining a victory. One game, however, the second, was a tie. This was called "on account of darkness" at the end of the ninth with the score tied at 3-3; but so far as the astonished onlookers in the Polo Grounds were concerned, there still was plenty of daylight left. Judge Landis, as he had to, supported Umpire George Hildebrand's judgment, but the uproar from all sides was so great that the judge ordered that the receipts of the tie game be turned over to charity.

With this disastrous Series result topping off such a tumultuous season, the battling colonels were more belligerent than ever. I was getting a little touchy myself. Early that year I had grown impatient about the fact that Ruppert and Huston frequently went into the clubhouse after the Yankees lost a game and asked Huggins what had happened. I knew that Huggins was having trouble enough trying to keep his ball club under control without being interfered with by the inquisitive colonels.

Accordingly, I wrote each owner a letter in which I demanded that they not visit the clubhouse unless asked to do so by Huggins.

When Huston read his letter he sent for me. His office was down the hall from mine. He had a habit of tapping his pencil on the desk as he spoke, and, looking up over his glasses and tapping away, he said:

"Simon, do you mean this?"

"I certainly do," I said.

Cap tapped a little more. Then he said, "All right."

I never heard from Colonel Ruppert.

On the Verge of Quitting

But the squabbling after the Series was getting to be more than I could stand. I began to think of quitting. Ban Johnson, my friend, had been thinking of retiring as president of the American League and had suggested to me that I succeed him. I was getting ready for a hunting trip, and I expressed my dissatisfaction with the whole setup to Colonel Ruppert.

"Barrows," he said, "I'm sick of it, too. If I buy out Huston will you stay?"

"Yes," I said, and went on my hunting trip.

I was in camp only five days when I got a telegram to come back to New York, that the deal to buy out Huston was ready to close. I packed hurriedly. I hadn't got a deer yet, so the fellows gave me one. When I got back to New York and saw Ruppert, he told me the deal was off. It was on and off two or three times after that, and it wasn't until May of 1923 that it finally came to pass. Then Ruppert said to me:

"Can you raise any money?"

"I can raise some," I said. "How much?"

"About $300,000," Ruppert said. "Or better make it $350,000."

"I'll try," I said.

I thought first of Bud Fisher, the creator of Mutt and Jeff, who was an old friend of mine and had made a million or more out of his cartoons. But Bud was out of town. Then I thought of Harry Stevens, the scorecard and hot-dog king, who had the concessions at many of the big-league ball parks and race tracks. Harry was an old friend of mine going back to 1894, when I was Harry's partner in the concession busi-

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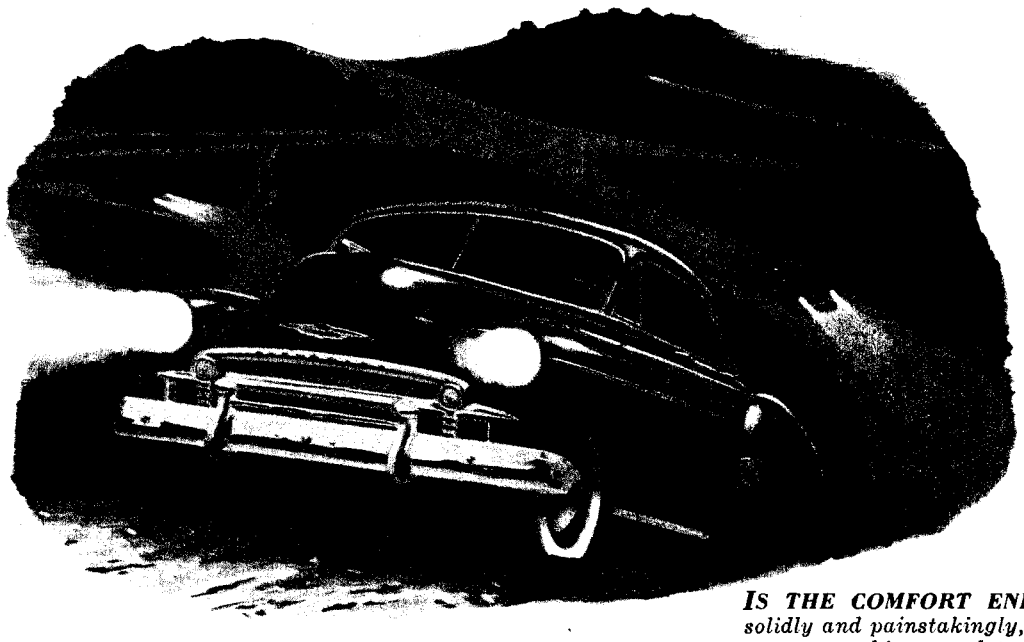

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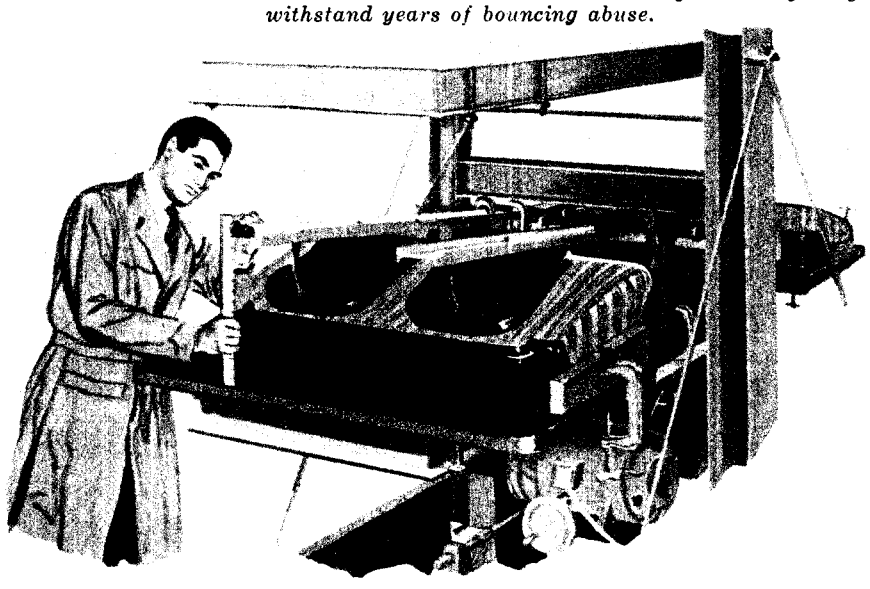

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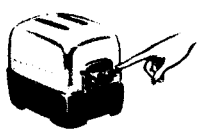

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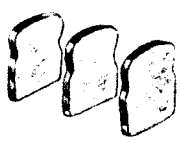

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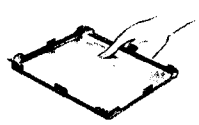

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ness at the Pittsburgh ball park. But we had dissolved our partnership when I decided to stay in baseball, and Harry went on to make a fortune in New York.

I called him on the phone.

"Harry," I said, "I want to borrow some money."

"How much?" he asked.

"Three hundred and fifty thousand dollars," I said.

This slowed him up for just a split second. Then he asked me what for, and I told him it was to buy out Cap Huston.

Why the Loan Was Granted

Old Harry disliked Huston, who wanted to break the contract with the Stevens family and put his own son in as concessionaire at the Polo Grounds.

"The Stevens family will hock everything it's got to get rid of that man," Harry said. "Be at my office at ten o'clock tomorrow morning and I'll have a check for you."

I went to Harry Stevens' office the next morning and got a check for $350,000, which I endorsed over to Colonel Ruppert. In return I received a 10 per cent interest in the ball club, repaying the loan out of my dividends.

Huston was bought out for $1,500,000, and when the deal was completed I made Ruppert send the following telegram to the Yankees in Chicago: I AM NOW THE SOLE OWNER OF THE YANKEES. MILLER HUGGINS IS MY MANAGER. JACOB RUPPERT.

Peace came to the Yankees after that—peace, and undisputed authority for Miller Huggins.

Hug said to me in later years: "I wouldn't go through the years from 1919 to 1923 again for all the money in the world."

But before the orderliness of later Yankee years was to come, there was one final outbreak. That was in 1925.

We won the pennant in 1923. In fact, we breezed in, winning by 16 games and clinching the pennant on September 20th. Eight days later the Giants also clinched the pennant the third time in a row, but this time we beat them, winning the Series and our first world championship, four games to two.

It was in that year that we made our last foray into Boston, acquiring a skinny left-hander who was six feet tall and weighed only 160 pounds, but who had superb control and made pitching look easy. His name was Herb Pennock. Herb made our third pennant and our first world championship look a lot easier, too, for he won 19 games that season, and two games in the World Series.

In 1924 we finished second, nosed out by the Washington Senators, then led by the "boy manager," Bucky Harris. In 1925 the Senators won again, but this time we weren't nosed out. We finished seventh! The team that had won three American League pennants in a row for the first time since the Tigers had done it in 1907-'08-'09 fell apart and was gone forever. Huggins was the first to know about it.

Little Hug could feel it coming as he went through the West late that summer. The Yankees not only were not winning, but had lost the will to win.

The big blowoff, of course, was Huggins' celebrated showdown with Ruth in St. Louis, in which he sent the Babe home, suspended him indefinitely and also fined him $5,000.

Before he did so he called me on the phone. He told me what the situation was and what he wanted to do.

"And I want to fine him $5,000," he added. "Will you get Colonel Ruppert's backing on this?"

"Ruppert's backing isn't necessary," I said. "If that's what you want to do, go ahead. You've got my backing."

Ruth was pulled up short, Huggins' authority was further established, and that fine was made to stick, though Hug was always fearful that it wouldn't. At least, it stuck through Hug's lifetime—until the game little guy died in 1929. Then I gave the $5,000 back to the Babe.

As I said, Hug could see the '25 debacle coming. When he got back from the Western trip which was marked by his showdown with the Babe, he sat down with me in Harry Stevens' kitchen underneath the stands in the Stadium, where I used to have my lunch.

"These fellows are through, Ed," he said. "I've called them everything, and they don't even get mad. They just don't care any more. What would you do?"

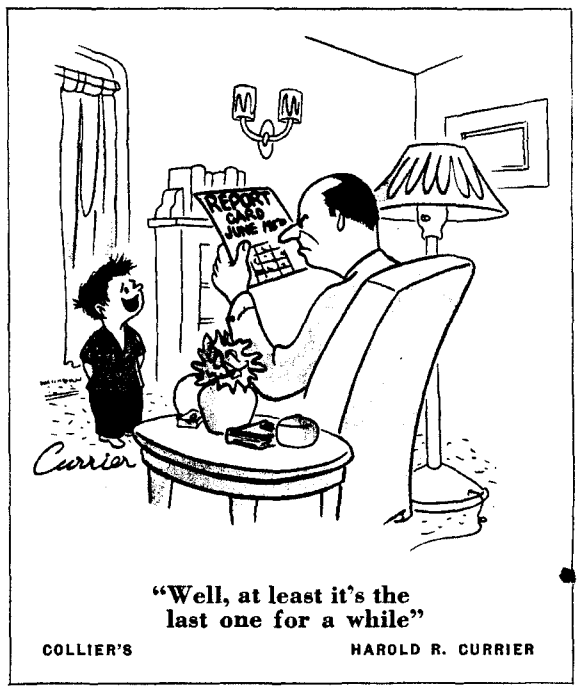
"Are you asking me?" I said.

Hug nodded.

"Get rid of them," I said. "We'll get a new team."

And thus, the champions of 1921-'22-'23 were disbanded, and a new era of Yankee championship teams began.

When I came to the Yankees from Boston I brought with me a man whom I consider the best judge of ballplayers I ever saw. He is Paul Krichell, still chief scout for the Yankees.



"Well, at least it's the last one for a while"

COLLIER'S — HAROLD R. CURRIER

Krichell had been my catcher in Montreal in 1910. I sold him to the St. Louis Browns that year, and after his big-league career was over and he had put in a year as manager of Bridgeport and coach of the New York University baseball team, I hired him in 1920 as coach of the Red Sox. When I came to New York that fall I brought him with me as a scout.

A Man of Three Words

When the Yankees of 1925 began to fall apart I summoned Krichell. Paul made me laugh in later years with what he had to say about my vocabulary. He said I knew only three words: "At once" and "Immediately."

I told him we were going to build a new team "at once." And to get on the job "immediately."

We had only four scouts then—Krichell, Joe Kelly, who had succeeded me as manager in Toronto and was one of the "Old Orioles," Ed Holly, who had played for me in Montreal, and Bob Gilks. I set them to work combing the bushes, and what they came up with eventually was molded into the greatest of all Yankee teams—the Yankees of 1926-'27-'28—a club that reached the heights in '27 when it won 110 games, the pennant by 19 games and went on to crush the Pittsburgh Pirates four straight in the World Series.

There is one other person who must be

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given credit for the molding of that team. That is Westbrook Pegler, the newspaper columnist.

In the winter of 1925, after our disastrous seventh-place finish, there was a wholesale cleaning out. Wally Schang went, Whitey Witt, Deacon Scott, Wally Pipp and others. When the '26 club was put together in the St. Petersburg training camp, it was virtually a new team, with Earle Combs in center field between Ruth and Meusel, Lou Gehrig on first, Tony Lazzeri on second, Mark Koenig at short, Joe Dugan at third and Benny Bengough behind the bat.

Pegler was a sports writer then, working for the Chicago Tribune Syndicate. He was making the rounds of the Florida training camps and came into St. Petersburg. After the debacle of '25 we were the subject of much scornful comment by the baseball writers in the South, and I was considerably nettled by the things I read in the papers. But Peg's article made me wild. I don't remember the exact wording of it, but it started something like this:

"Miller Huggins hasn't got a team to manage. And if he had one, he couldn't manage it."

There was more in the same tone. It was an infuriating piece. And what made matters worse, we had been beaten in our first two exhibition games with the Boston Braves, 18 to 2, and 16 to 4.

I sent the article to Huggins.

"Put this on the clubhouse bulletin board," I told Huggins. "Let those fellows see what one sports writer thinks of them."

Mad Enough to Win Pennant

Actually, that article made the players as mad as it had made me. And it made the team. Coming North with Brooklyn that spring, they beat the Dodgers 14 games in a row, winning every exhibition game and giving the Brooklyn ace, Dazzy Vance, a particularly hard hammering in Atlanta. It was the beginning of a surge which didn't stop until they had won the pennant.

In the comeback from a seventh-place finish in 1925 to a championship in 1926 there is one man who stands out above all others—Tony Lazzeri. He was the "glue" of that club, holding it together, guiding it and inspiring it. He was one of the greatest ballplayers I have ever known.

The contrariness of human nature may ultimately fix Lazzeri's most conspicuous place in baseball as the fellow whom Grover Cleveland Alexander struck out in the World Series of 1926 with the bases filled, thus gaining the world championship for the St. Louis Cardinals.

But his rightful place in baseball history should be as one of the greatest Yankees of them all. Bridging the span between the first teams to win a championship for the Yankees, and the great teams which were to follow, he made his influence felt on the field and off. The help he gave in making Frankie Crosetti and Joe DiMaggio outstanding Yankees never can be overestimated.

Lazzeri was a victim of epilepsy, and if he had not suffered from that disease I doubt that he ever would have come to the Yankee Stadium. He played for Salt Lake City, then in the Pacific Coast League, which had a working agreement with the Chicago Cubs. The Cubs, scared off by the knowledge that Lazzeri "took fits," passed him up. Jack Hendricks, then manager of the Cincinnati Reds, likewise passed him up, and Garry Herrmann, owner of the Reds, wrote to Colonel Ruppert, telling him why his club had not bought Lazzeri.

Nevertheless, I sent Ed Holly out to look at him. He reported he was sensational. Tony was tearing the cover off the ball. He hit 60 home runs that year, batted in more than 200 runs, made more than 250 hits and had a batting average of .355. Holly also supported the previous reports about Lazzeri's affliction.

I sent Holly out to San Francisco to look into Lazzeri's family history, and at the same time dispatched Krichell to Salt Lake to watch Lazzeri. Also, I asked Bob Connery, president of the St. Paul club, to go over to Salt Lake and scout Tony. Connery begged off.

"I've got my own club to think about," he said.

"You've got to go," I told him.

All the reports were good. Holly found that no other members of Lazzeri's family were so affected, and that the insurance company in which Tony had a policy was willing to increase it. Connery reported:

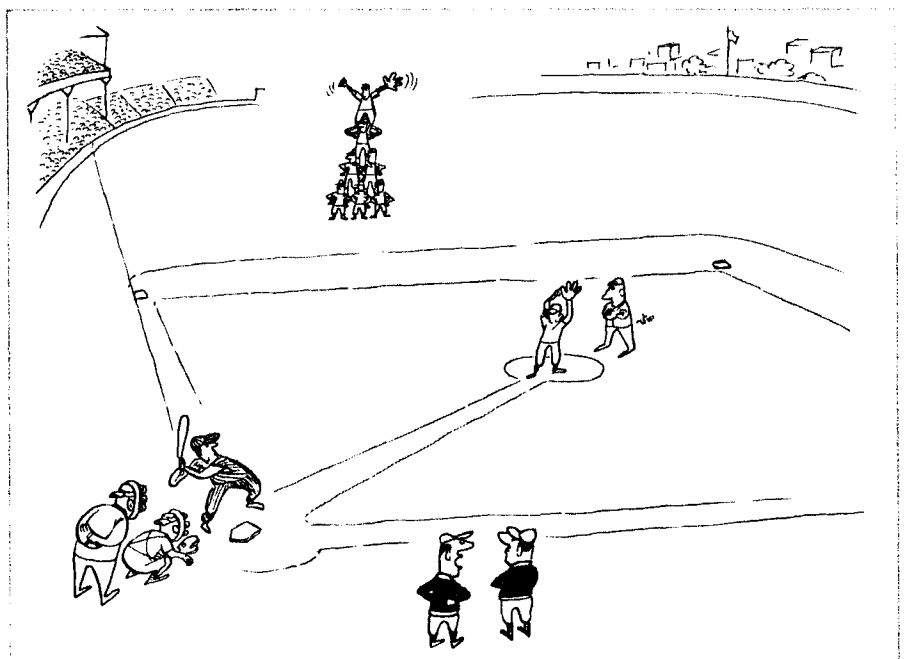
"I don't care what he's got. Buy him. He's the greatest thing I've ever seen."

Krichell told me the same thing.

We bought Lazzeri for $50,000 cash and five ballplayers to be delivered later.

There was never a time thereafter that I didn't watch Lazzeri with the greatest apprehension, fearful always that he would have a seizure on the ball field. He never did. He had one attack on the train coming North that first spring; and he had another that I know about personally in the clubhouse before a game in St. Louis. I heard of a couple of others at secondhand. But he was never affected on the ball field, and I don't believe the public ever knew this about him. Certainly we took every precaution we could to see that the public never did, and in this the sports writers traveling with the club were likewise as considerate of Tony's feelings and welfare.

Lazzeri not only was a fine mechanical ballplayer and a powerful hitter, getting his great driving force from wrists and forearms developed as a boilermaker in his fa-



COLLIER'S

"Ever stop to think how silly we'd look if he ever bunted?"

VIRGIL PARTCH

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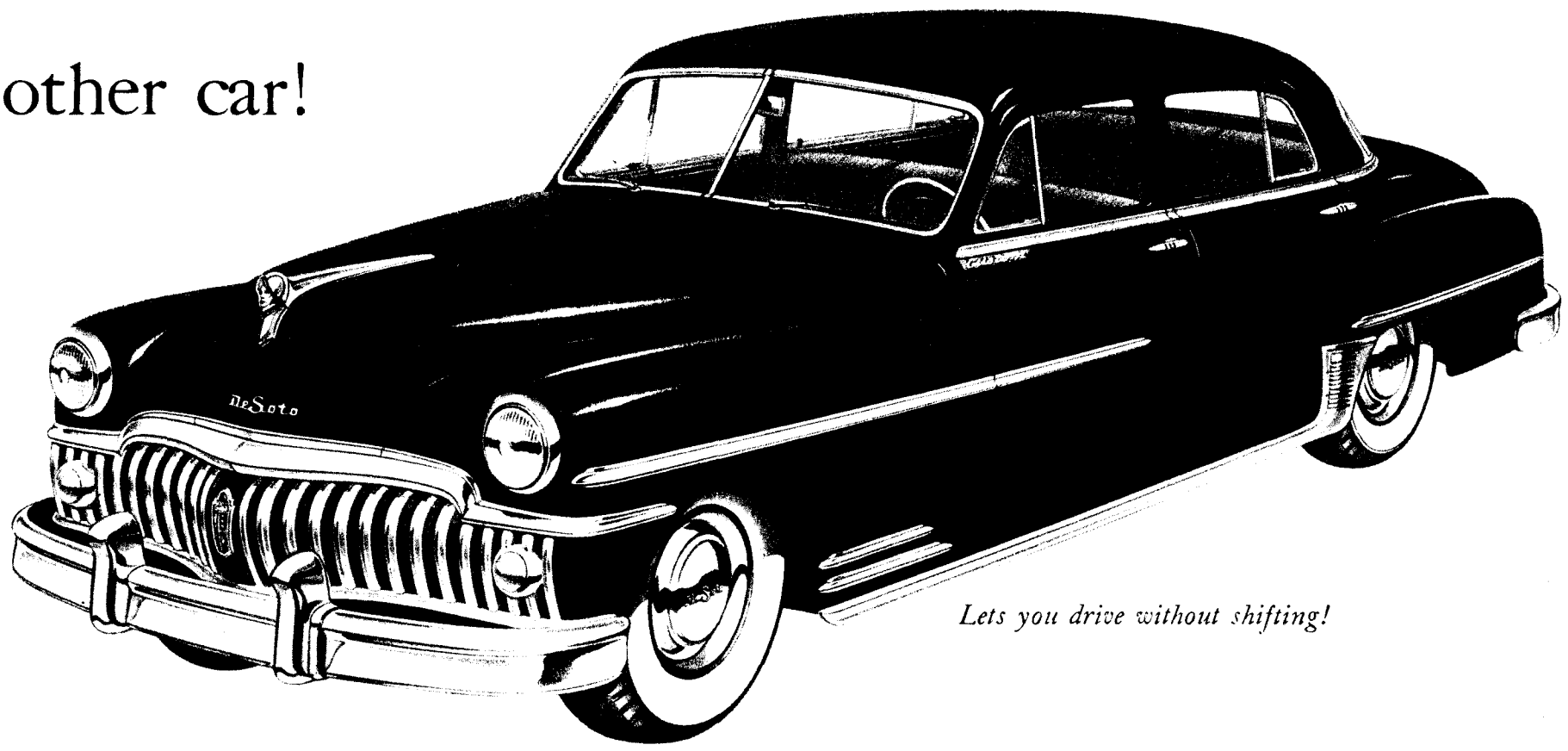

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ther's foundry, but he had a talent on the ball field that was part brains and part instinct.

In 1926, Lou Gehrig was starting his first season as the regular first baseman of the Yankees. He had been brought into the Yankee organization by Krichell, who had signed him after watching him hit the ball out of South Field at Columbia University.

Krichell was almost speechless when he told me about him.

"I've got another Babe Ruth," he said.

I had a lot of confidence in Krichell, but I thought he was a bit overboard in his first reports on this big strapping fellow. But I knew what Paul was talking about after I saw Lou Gehrig myself.

The Future "Iron Horse"

Gehrig had replaced Wally Pipp at first in June of the year before, but he was still a raw youngster of unquestioned power and rough skill. At short there was Mark Koenig, whom we had bought from the St. Paul club. Mark was a good shortstop, but erratic, inclined to make errors and given to brooding about them after he had made them.

Lazzeri, though only a rookie himself, took over the leadership of the infield, guided Gehrig on his left and Koenig on his right, and remained a leader thereafter. He will always be one of the greatest in my book.

With that team we had put together after the shambles of 1925 the Yankees won pennants in 1926, '27 and '28, losing the World Series to the Cardinals in '26, but sweeping the Series with the Pirates in '27 in four straight, and again in four straight against the Cardinals in '28. That's when we heard the cry:

"Break up the Yankees!"

But ball teams are like human beings. They are born, live and die. Time takes care of all things, and in '29, having beaten off the threat of the Athletics for the past couple of years, we began to wear out. The A's won. We had slowed up just enough. We finished second.

Also, in that year of 1929 we suffered a disheartening loss. Miller Huggins died in September, a short time before the season ended. He was buried from the Little Church Around the Corner in New York, with the Yankees, tears streaming from their eyes, forming a lane through which his casket was carried. He was a grand little guy, a brave and uncomplaining man, who must always rank among the greatest managers in baseball.

In selecting a successor to Huggins, I tried first to get Donie Bush. He was a gritty little fellow who had played shortstop for the Tigers, managed the Washington Senators in 1923, and had been manager of the Pirates in '27, '28 and '29. When I called him at his home in Indianapolis his mother told me he had gone out of town for the day.

"But he'll be home tonight," she said.

"Have him call me," I told her.

Bush called me that night. He had been in Chicago that day, where he signed to manage the White Sox. That was that.

Next I offered the job to Eddie Collins, but Collins, who had rejoined his old boss, Connie Mack, after managing the White Sox, decided to stick with Connie and turned it down.

Then I offered the managership to Arthur Fletcher, coach of the Yankees under Huggins, a fighting shortstop during his playing days for John McGraw and the Giants, and a former manager of the Philadelphia Phillies.

"No, thanks," said Arthur. "I had four years of it with the Phils. I promised my wife and myself I would never go through that again. And I never will."

Fletcher remained with the Yankees as a coach until he retired because of a bad heart in 1946. He died not too long ago. He was one of the finest men I ever knew, in baseball or anywhere else.

It was then that I turned to Bob Shawkey. Sailor Bob had been a fine pitcher and a fine influence on the Yankees since 1915, the first year of the ownership of Ruppert and Huston. He was agreeable to taking over and it was agreeable to Colonel Ruppert.

But easygoing Bob could not drive the Yankees, and we finished a niche lower than the year before, winding up third. Bob didn't feel that he wanted to go on either, and it was agreed that a new manager for the Yankees was needed.

I got one—Joe McCarthy.

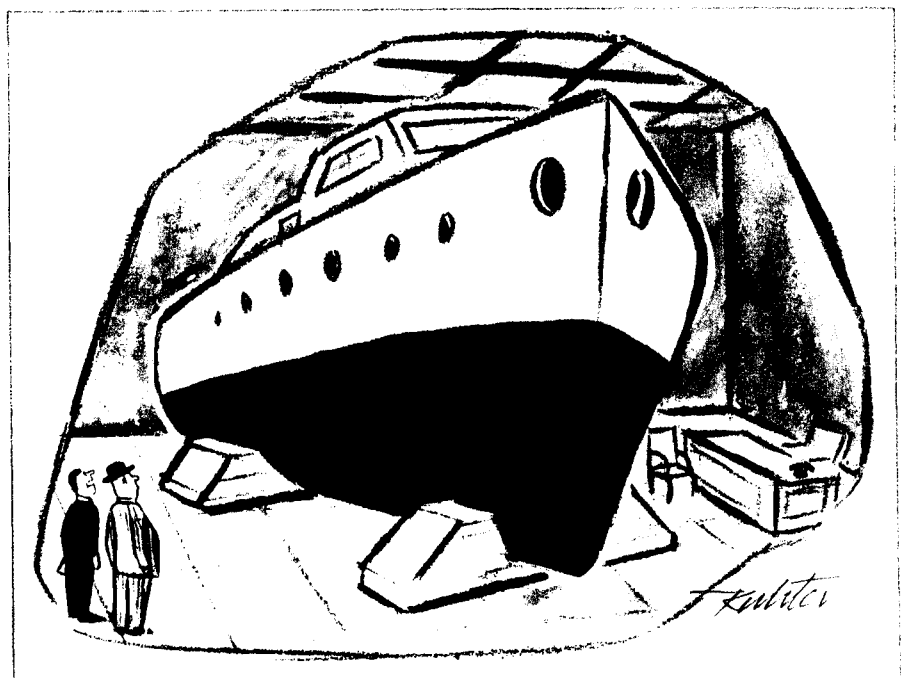
And with his coming a new era in Yankee history began, but not before we both suffered many heartaches.

Ruth was disappointed when, after Huggins died, I had offered the job to three men and then appointed Shawkey.

And when, in naming a successor to Shawkey, I selected Joe McCarthy, Ruth resented it—and resented McCarthy. There remained an undying feud between them.

But the fact is this: At no time during the years he was with the club, from 1920 until 1934, was Ruth ever considered a candidate for manager of the Yankees. After all, Babe Ruth couldn't manage himself.

Who are the players on Barrow's all-time dream team? Who were the greatest Yankees of them all? Be sure to read the final installment in this series. Order next week's copy of Collier's at your newsstand now



COLLIER'S "All you do is add water" MISCHA RICHTER

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WARNING ZONE | DANGER ZONE 1 | DANGER ZONE 2 | DANGER ZONE 3

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Replace piston rings. Align rods. Adjust rods or replace rod bearings. Reseat and reface valves.

Tune engine.

These repairs are comparatively inexpensive and put the engine back in peak condition for thousands of economical miles. Delay puts the engine in Danger Zone 2.

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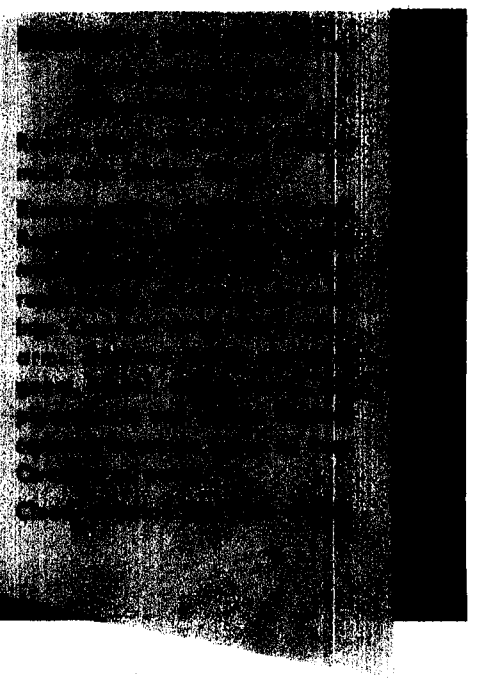
Replace piston rings. Replace piston pins. Adjust—probably replace—main bearings. Align rods. Adjust rods or replace rod bearings. Reseat and reface valves. Tune engine.

These repairs naturally cost more than those needed in Danger Zone 1, but they put the engine back in condition for thousands of additional miles of satisfactory service. Delay leads to costly Danger Zone 3.



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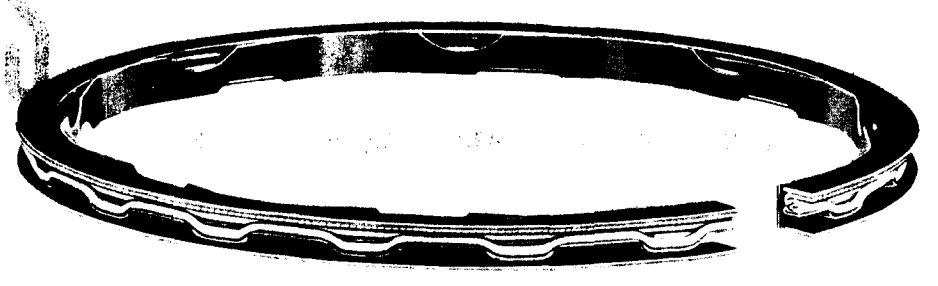

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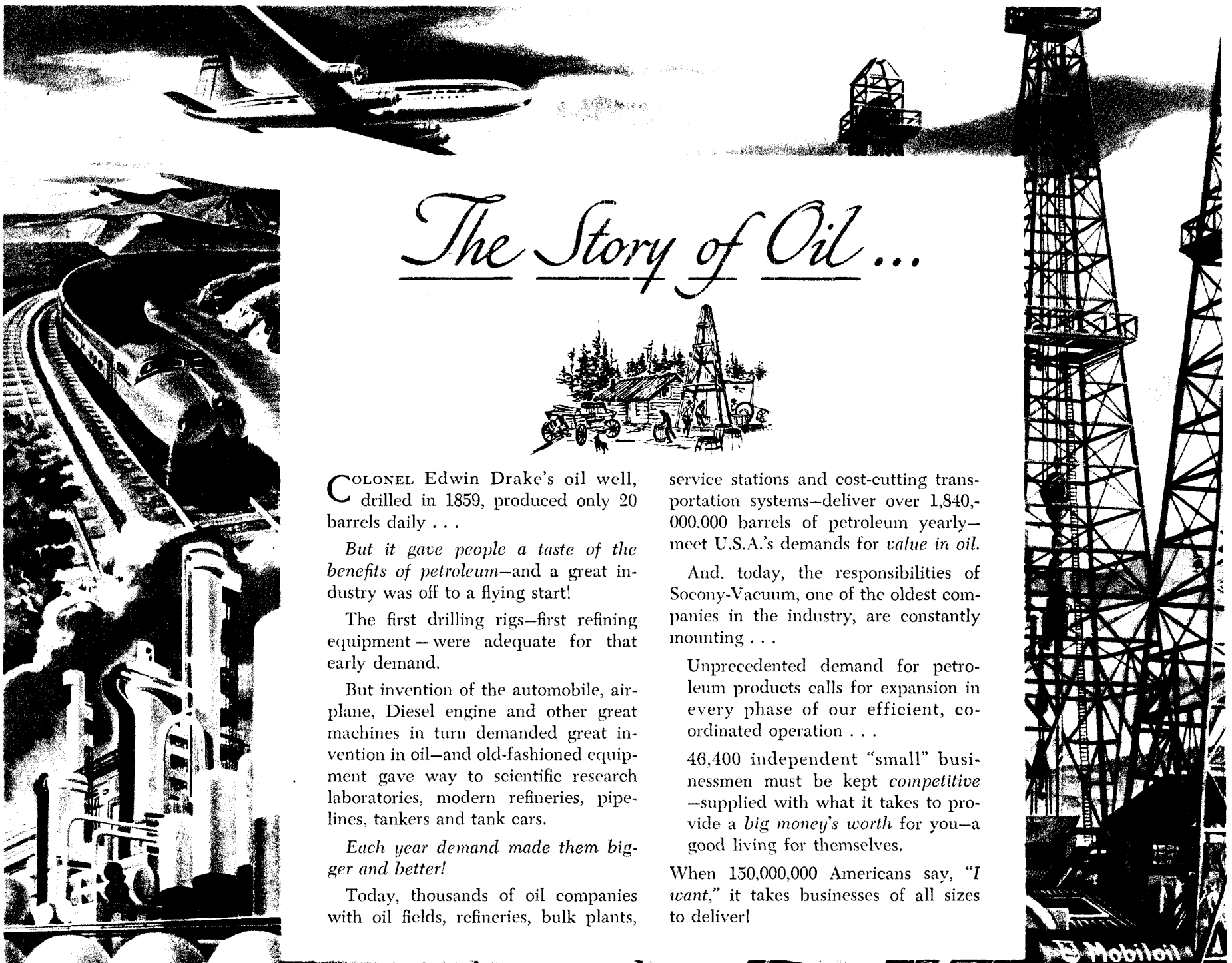

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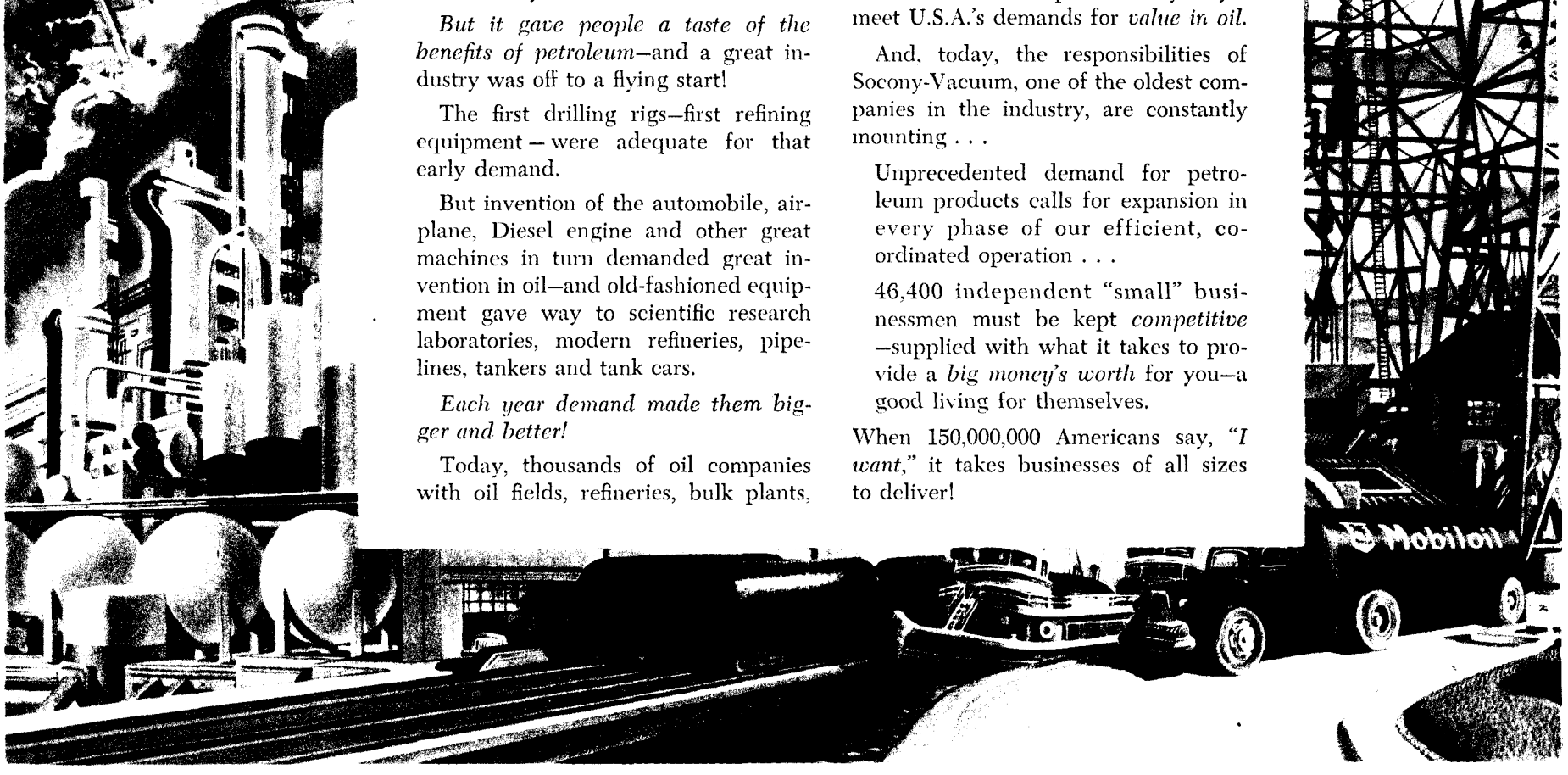

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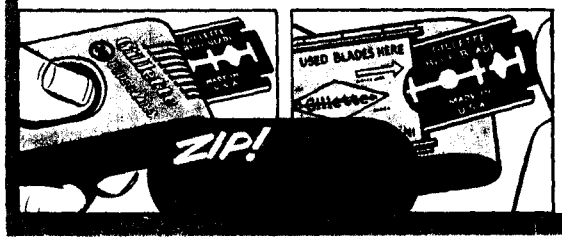

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The Kid Right-Hander

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

practically everywhere he went. He won two games while losing sixteen. And it wasn't all hard luck. Art lost some close decisions, but he was also belted freely in several others.

"Maybe it was inexperience," says Houtteman of that sorry season, "but more likely it was incompetence. I lost some tough ones, but I helped beat myself a lot, too. It seemed as though I never could get the one guy out that I had to get out, the guy who made the big inning possible for the other club."

It was a chastened Houtteman who visited the Tiger offices to talk contract after the 1948 season. He knew a salary cut loomed and would have settled for one, because he dreaded that he might even be sent out, perhaps to another club or maybe back to the bushes. He tried to assemble what excuses he could and was chagrined to discover that his alibis were almost as limited as his victories.

Surprisingly, there was no need for explanations. Evans offered him the same salary for 1949 that he had received in 1948.

"This is a vote of confidence in you," Billy explained. "Mr. Briggs (Walter O. Briggs, Detroit owner) feels that you're just as good a pitcher as you were a year ago, even though you had a poor season. He wants you to know we have just as much confidence in you as we ever had. We're willing to forget about 1948 and we want you to forget about it, too."

While Houtteman was murmuring his embarrassed thanks, Evans seized the opportunity to make like a Dutch uncle.

"Now, Arthur," Evans said, "I watched you pretty closely last season. You pitched well in the beginning and ran into a lot of hard luck. But, after you'd lost your eighth game or so, you sort of caved in. You pitched as if you expected to be beaten. You still can be a great pitcher, the best right-hander in this league, maybe in baseball. But you can't win if you expect to lose. It's up to you."

Doubtless Evans recalled his avuncular advice as he paced the corridor of the hospital in Lakeland in the early morning of March 11th last year. What price advice now? If young Houtteman could walk, let alone pitch, Evans would be satisfied.

Back in Uniform in a Month

The resilience of youth is a wonderful thing. Houtteman was walking in a month, the only tangible evidence of the accident being a scar over his left eye, almost obscured by his eyebrow. Artie was not only walking around but he was walking around in a Tiger uniform. He wasn't the glamor boy of the spring before, however, but a sort of curiosity—a fellow who was living on borrowed time.

Houtteman was eager to prove his recovery was complete, but Manager Rolfe advised him to take his time. Art pitched to the hitters, shagged flies and in general attempted to give the appearance of a sound and healthy American kid. He impressed Rolfe sufficiently to be called on for relief one day in Philadelphia and again, a week or so later, against the Boston Red Sox.

The big surprise was not that Houtteman was able to pitch again, but that he was able to pitch as he had been expected to pitch in 1948. In 1949 he won 15 games and lost 10, pitched a couple of shutouts, and beat the pennant-bound Yankees three times out of four. Detroit coach Ted Lyons, one of the all-time great right-handers of the American League, avers that Art's record, with a break here and there, could have been an astounding 20 and 5 instead of the commendable 15 and 10 with which he finished.

"I don't suppose I have anything in the way of pitching equipment that I didn't have a couple of years ago," Artie explains, "but I am getting the know-how of pitching —like if I'm trying for the outside corner and I'm going to miss it, I'm going to miss it big—not miss it by an inch or so and give the hitter a ball he can murder me with.

"It's like putting on a sloping green in golf. If you're going to miss the putt, you're going to miss it on the uphill side, not the downhill side where it might roll yards away from the cup."

Now that Houtteman has delivered for the Tigers, the raves for him are bigger and better than ever. Rolfe and his brain staff —coaches Lyons, Dick Bartell and Rick Ferrell—believe the kid is potentially the league's best right-hander, a pitcher who conceivably could have a dozen or more seasons of top-flight hurling before him.

He Has What a Pitcher Needs

"He's a picture-pitcher," Rolfe declares. "It's a pleasure to watch him in action. Artie has everything a pitcher needs—poise, rhythm and brains. He has a fast ball that's a natural sinker when thrown overhand, and that hops when he pitches three-quarters. His curve is good and breaks sharp, and he can control it."

Houtteman, when he pitches with a three-quarter motion—which is a compromise between straight overhand and sidearm—also has excellent control of a slider, but the powers that be at Detroit would just as soon he forgot about it. It is their opinion that a pitcher endowed with as much natural equipment as Arthur has needlessly endangers his arm by experimenting with freak deliveries.

That Art is so finished a performer at an age when most young players are trying to fight their way up from the sticks is due almost entirely to his dad, Arthur Houtteman, Sr. The elder Houtteman was a semi-pro pitcher around Detroit before young Artie was born, but never able to play professional ball. The salary he could have commanded in a minor league suited to his talents couldn't come close to the money he was able to earn by working at a steady job in Detroit and augmenting that income with Sunday pitching.

Art's dad wasn't exactly a pitching dub. In the fast competition around Detroit's semipro circles, he was rated one of the best. There is no question he could have made the grade with some minor league or other, except for the fact that he considered it somewhat more important for him and his family to eat regularly.

The elder Houtteman was pitching a ball game the day his son was born, August 7, 1927. He went directly to the hospital in his baseball uniform. And what was more natural than that the father, standing there in his grimy, sweaty semipro monkey-suit and gazing at his first-born, should make up his mind that someday the infant would realize the ambition which had been denied him—that of being a big-leaguer?

Young Art was brought up on baseball. When his father pitched on Sundays, Art was in the stands, blinking uncomprehendingly or dozing peacefully, to be sure. But he wasn't many years old before he realized how important baseball was to his dad —and how important his dad wanted it to be for him.

As a ballplayer, Houtteman was tailor-made. Your average hurler is more of a freak than an athlete. He can't run out a triple without puffing, assuming he is fortunate enough to hit one. He is awkward in his fielding, uncertain in everything but his pitching. There are exceptions, of course, but most pitchers are professional ballplayers only because of their skill on the mound.

Houtteman was different. When he was old enough to catch a ball and swing a bat, his father insisted that he practice all phases of baseball before he attempted to become a pitcher. "He made me learn to play the in-

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field and the outfield before he would let me pitch," Artie recalls. "And he insisted I practice batting, because that would permit me to become an outfielder if I couldn't make it as a pitcher or if I injured my arm."

When Art was ready to pitch, he also was ready to enter high school. He enrolled at Catholic Central High and came under the supervision of his second coach, the Rev. James E. Martin of the Basilian Order. Houtteman, like his teammate Hal Newhouser some years before him, was the sensation of scholastic baseball in Detroit. He also played basketball there and would have played football, too, except that his father, with his sights still set on a major-league contract for the boy, forbade it.

The drudgery of practice under the demanding eye of his father ended, Art began reaping its rewards. Or he thought he was. He wasn't just a pitching star at Catholic Central—he was the best ballplayer on the team, maybe the best high-school ballplayer in Detroit. He was a better hitter, and a better runner, than anybody on the team. The triumphs were heady and exhilarating and the kid was being carried away with a sense of his own importance.

Houtteman had won nine games in nine tries and was being told by all his pals that he was going to make suckers of the opposition in the final for the city scholastic title. Unhesitatingly, young Art agreed with them. The world was his oyster and there was no chance of indigestion.

At least, that's what Art thought. His coach, Father Martin, thought different. Houtteman had to be made a man as well as a pitcher, and it was all part of the good father's job. He passed Arthur by for the finals and called on a second-string pitcher. The sub pitched a two-hit shutout to bring Catholic Central the championship. And Art Houtteman learned at fifteen what some people never learn in a lifetime—that he wasn't indispensable.

Antidote for Swelled Head

"As I look back at it now," Houtteman grinned good-naturedly, "I see he was only trying to knock my ears back for my own good. But it took me a little while to realize it. I was too cocky—everything was coming my way—and coming my way easily, too.

"I remember the day my dad brought Wish Egan, the head scout of the Tigers, out to school to meet me. I just gave Mr. Egan the dead fish for a handshake and went on my way. I didn't even know who he was. I was only fourteen or so and I couldn't see what possible interest I could have in Mr. Egan. Or he in me."

Shortly after young Arthur was born, his dad had paid Egan a visit and told him all about the newly arrived youngster. Wish, of course, knew everything about the senior Houtteman, just as he knew everything about everybody in Detroit who ever drew on a pair of spiked shoes.

"I know I can't make it, Wish," said Art's father, "but someday this kid will. You'll be signing him to a Tiger contract before he's seventeen."

Actually, Wish didn't sign young Houtteman until two weeks after his seventeenth birthday. It wasn't hesitancy that caused the delay but sentiment. Egan was out of town when the boy was seventeen and his dad, not wanting anybody but Egan to handle the signing, waited until Wish returned.

Sentiment Pays Off in Cash

Although it had been his father's passionate ambition that Art sign with Detroit, and although the boy himself was eager to play ball with the big-league team in his native city, it wasn't all sentiment when the papers were drawn up. Young Houtteman reportedly received a bonus of $20,000 for his autograph on the Tiger contract. And this while a junior in high school! The present rule which forbids ball clubs to talk terms with a high-school player until his class has graduated was not then in the books.

Artie returned to his classes at Catholic Central for his senior year and joined the Tigers after graduation in 1945. It wasn't precisely the spot for a high-school kid, since Detroit was in a hurly-burly for the American League flag, which it had lost by a game the season before and had managed to win by a game that year. Houtteman was farmed out to Buffalo and except for two brief recalls, stayed there until he joined the Tigers for keeps toward the end of the 1947 season.

Houtteman, a good-looking kid, is about as eligible a young bachelor as you'll find in baseball. But there are no signs of a budding romance. The light of his love, at the moment, seems to be his slick, big automobile. He loves to drive and he's proud of his ability to handle a car—but careful to avoid being placed in the "hot-rod" category.

Houtteman's fondness for driving is well known to his teammates. A training-camp visitor went to the clubhouse after practice one day and asked George Kell, the American League batting champion, if Houtteman was still on the premises.

"He must be," said Kell, jerking his thumb in the direction of an automobile with Michigan tags. "That's Artie's car and it's a cinch he can't be far away."

Houtteman was found sunning himself in the bleachers, cheering for Florida Southern College in a ball game with the Quantico Marines. There wasn't any way in which he could be distinguished from the other col-

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FROM THE PAINTING BY CARL BLAAS, "ODYSSEUS AND THE SIRENS" —THE BETTMAN ARCHIVE.

The song the sirens sing

REMEMBER the story of the Sirens? They sang of their trouble-free paradise — but their alluring promises led unwary sailors straight onto the rocks.

There are Sirens around today, too — singing their soothing song: *"Unload your responsibilities on the government's shoulders. Give the government control of this industry — and that service — and your worries are over!"*

What they *don't* sing is the next verse: *"When your responsibilities go, your freedoms go with them — for that's how a government becomes socialistic."*

Don't think it can't happen in America. Right here, right now, some people are saying: "Let the government take over the doctors, the railroads, the electric light and power companies."

Oddly enough, many who say such things — like most Americans — don't really want a socialistic U. S. But the result is the same. When a government controls enough industries and services, it *is* socialistic — whether the people approve or not!

Each time government gains another control, people lose another freedom. As an American, you have more rights and freedoms to guard — or to lose — than anyone else. Remember that when you hear the sirens' song.

And talk it over with your friends and neighbors. The threat of a socialistic America is *everyone's* problem — because it is *everyone's danger!*

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legians in the stands, which was natural enough since Artie lives in a rooming house with four of the students during the training season.

"I wanted to go to Notre Dame in the winters, after I got out of high school and started playing ball," Art explained, "but it's hard to get a degree when you can go to college only part time. And I figured there was no sense going to college unless I could get a degree that I could use later on. As it is, down here I'm enjoying all the fun of college life with none of the studying."

Houtteman was riding with some students from Florida Southern a year ago when he was involved in the crash with the truck. "The fellow sitting on my right wasn't as lucky as me," Artie said somberly. "He still gets headaches as a result of the accident."

That Houtteman was allowed to live away from the headquarters hotel during the 1950 training season is a tribute to the confidence Rolfe has in the boy. Art is a valuable piece of property and in most training camps only married men and their families are allowed to live "outside." Unless a single player's family is with him, he is required to stay at the hotel which houses the main body.

Going into the current campaign, Houtteman had won 24 games for the Tigers while losing 31. The only full season he spent with the club was his horrendous year in 1948 when he lost 16 games. If Artie were to win 20 games or better this season, Rolfe would be agreeably surprised but not astounded. That's how highly the boy is rated.

An All-Around Ballplayer

"He has everything," Red insists. "He can hold runners on base—and without cheating. He's a good base runner, probably as good a slider as there is on the club, and he has a good eye at the plate. He fields his position not only skillfully but intelligently. You don't see him make any mistakes about throwing to the wrong base."

Although Houtteman was thoroughly schooled in the technique of pitching by his dad, the senior Arthur missed one bet. When the boy came to the Tigers, he had difficulty holding men on base. While he was being prepped at Buffalo, Dutch Reuther, the old southpaw, worked with him to correct this fault. Artie learned his lesson so well that in one game last summer he picked three Yankees off base, one off first and two off second. He would have made it four, too, because he picked catcher Yogi Berra off third but in the ensuing rundown Yogi was hit in the back with a throw and managed to score.

A press association story that Houtteman was holding out last winter caused him some concern. He was quoted as saying the raise offered him was scarcely enough to buy a couple of gallons of gas for his car. General Manager Evans countered with the remark that the pay boost would be sufficient to buy a couple of gallons of gas for every car in Detroit. It turned out both were guilty of some slight exaggeration.

How the News Story Started

"At a banquet one night, a fellow came up to me and asked me if I had signed for 1950," said Houtteman. "I told him that I hadn't and he asked me if the Tigers didn't offer me a raise. I said, 'Yeah, but it wasn't enough to keep my car in gas.' The guy blew it up and made a big thing of it, but actually there was nothing to it.

"When Mr. Evans called me down to the office and offered me a new contract, it wasn't as big as I thought it would be and I turned it down. Ball clubs sort of expect you to do that. The first contract is just a bid to find out what you'll settle for. We had no trouble getting together a couple of days later."

A reporter, checking with Evans, found the case to be substantially as Houtteman had related it. "There wasn't any real holdout siege. The boy just wanted a little more money. You might say," added Billy, who used to be a newspaperman himself, "that it was just a case of 'Art for Art's sake.' "

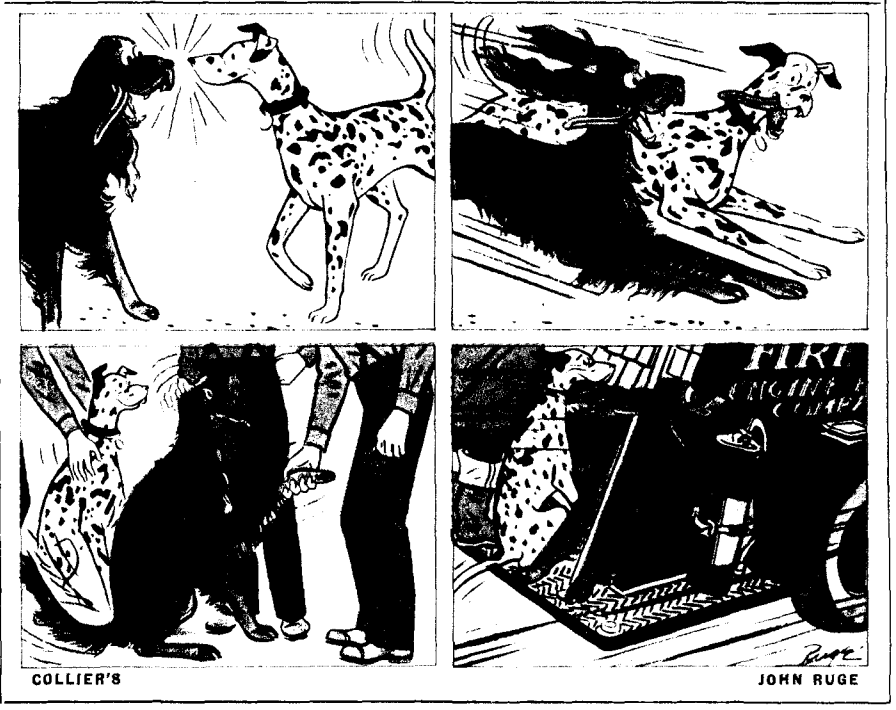
There have been worse puns before, of course, but hardly about a major-league pitcher. And Artie is all of that. Harry Heilmann, four-time batting champion of the American League and broadcaster of the ball games in Detroit, thinks Houtteman could become the best right-hander in the American League. And not in the distant future, but right this very season.

"This is the second time I've gone out on the limb for Artie and I don't think I'm going to be left out there this time," said Heilmann. "Back in 1948, I told Hal Salsinger of the Detroit News that I thought Houtteman was a better pitcher than Bob Feller and Bobby had just come off a 20-game season. Feller, of course, hasn't won 20 games in any season since. In fact, last year Artie's record of 15-10 was better than Bob's, which was 15-14."

Houtteman's pitching ideal is Bob Lemon, the Cleveland right-hander who threw a no-hitter at him in 1948. "I think Lemon is just about the best there is," Artie says.

There are others who share Houtteman's estimate of Lemon, but among the Tigers there are many who think it won't be long before people will be saying the same thing about Detroit's kid right-hander. THE END

CLANCY



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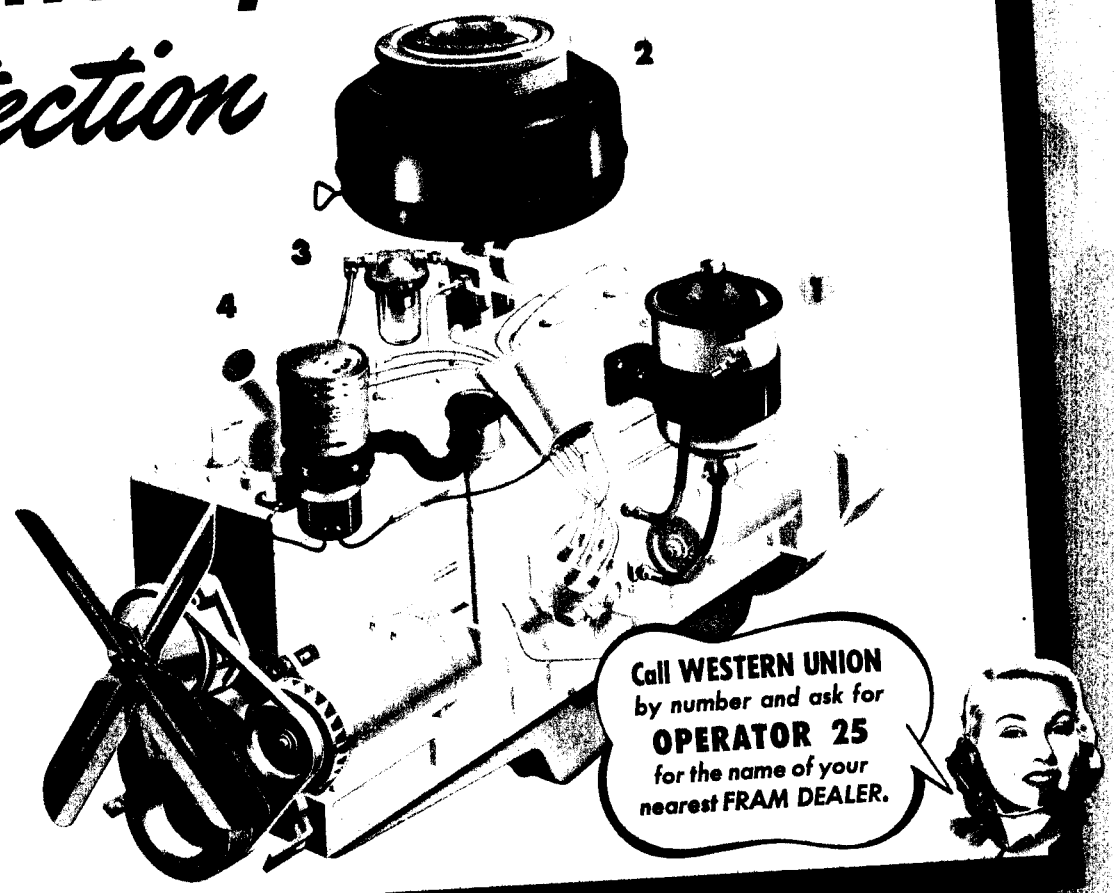

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Dr. Mary Sleeps Fast

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Phillipsburg should have the best of modern small hospitals—a community clinic and hospital—and started raising the necessary money. When donations were sluggish, she personally underwrote a fund-raising organization to speed things up. Her fire and enthusiasm for the project turned her into a one-woman cyclone. Then came the blow.

A group of four young Phillipsburg businessmen decided to take over the project. Dr. Mary, they agreed, was not going to run the proposed hospital the way she ran everything else in the town. What's more, they intended to revise the plans. From now on, they concluded, it would be the Phillips County Hospital, the word "clinic" would be dropped. The location of the hospital agreed upon earlier would be changed—perhaps because Dr. Mary's family had donated the landsite. All further decisions pertaining to the location and construction and regulations concerning the hospital would be made by a board of directors on which *no doctor was to be a member!*

Spent Her Own Money Freely

"No doctor," in Phillipsburg, meant just one thing: no Dr. Mary! After a personal expenditure of $11,500 on fund-raising services, clerical help, telephone bills, office space, brochures telling of hospital plans and the architect's fee, this proclamation sent the blazing lady sawbones to her typewriter to indite a jeremiad that scorched the town. How could she benefit, personally or financially, from a hospital in town? But she did have everything to lose. The hospital would need a staff of at least five doctors. Putting it more bluntly, it would mean the probable splitting of her practice five ways.

Dr. Mary's opinion of Phillipsburg was at an all-time low. She considered moving away, lock, stock and shingle. Instead, she called off her own fund raisers, turned over some $40,000 in pledges, along with files and indexes to the four businessmen who had decided to take the project away from her. She left her more than $11,000 investment in the proposed hospital and started making plans for a clinic of her own. When it is completed, she intends to make over her present office quarters into a medical guidance center.

The four leaders responsible for this great schism were inclined to shake their heads much as a man does when he runs into a low cellar beam. They backed off and considered. They were in a spot and they knew they had to deliver. They did—through a succession of dinners, raffles, speeches, drives and direct solicitation of funds. When Dr. Mary's followers asked if they should contribute to this new fund, she made a typical reply: "Certainly. The community's need for a hospital is beyond group animosities."

The community's need is Dr. Mary's chief preoccupation and she and her office staff take it in stride. All day long, Naida Smith, Dr. Mary's diminutive sister and office manager, hops about like an eager little wren, attending to phone calls and records. In the laboratory, adjoining the waiting room, Lorrayne Pritchard, a registered technician, who looks like a slim dark fashion model in a white coat, is busy with blood counts, microscopic examinations and similar scientific occupations. And in the two lying-in rooms, Nurses Helene Spiegel and Melinda Balls share 24-hour duty caring for new mothers who live in the country but want their babies born under the watchful eyes of Dr. Mary.

As the patients stream through Dr. Mary's office, there's a shift in psychology for each one and a shift in language. If it's a child, the heart is a "tick-tock." Examining the chest of an old farmer, Dr. Mary says, "Breathe big. Breathe with your mouth open." To a child, it's, "Breathe like a puppy. *Huh! Huh! Huh!*"

And the telephone. From morning to night it never stops ringing. "Dr. Mary's office," says sister Naida. Then, in a raised voice: "It's the sheriff's office, Doc. About that blood test. They want to know if the man is intoxicated."

The reply is crisp: "I do not interpret. That is for them to decide."

In a typical month, Dr. Mary sees 1,254 patients; makes 92 Sunday calls; travels 6,109 miles, mostly at night; delivers 54 babies. She has delivered as many as five babies within the span of 24 hours and once she delivered two of them just six miles and 10 minutes apart. That's par for the course and no reason to wonder why Dr. Mary's sister Eva (wife of Phillipsburg's mayor Glen Kinnick) accompanied her on all calls and meetings when she was expecting her own baby.

"It was the only way I could be sure she'd be there at the right time," says Mrs. Kinnick. "It's lucky for me that I went, because right in the middle of a state P.T.A. meeting in Concordia, Kansas, my baby decided the right time had arrived, a week early."

Sister Eva's baby was delivered between speeches, and Dr. Mary was back in her seat before anyone realized she was gone. Dr. Mary likes to deliver babies, likes to care for them as they grow up. Children! She's never too busy to prescribe for their dolls or treat their puppy dogs. And she runs a close second to Santa Claus with her writing of countless "prescriptions" to be redeemed at Rankin's Drug Store at her own expense.

"Dr. Mary's ice-cream bill alone," says pharmacist Rex Rankin, "runs between $300 and $500 a year."

Walking through the school lunchroom, Dr. Mary runs an experienced eye over the free hot lunches, another project originated by her and now supervised by her sister, Mrs. Martha McCoy. A small boy leans close to whisper, "Hey, Dr. Mary. Wanta see a couple of teeth?" He opens a scrunched-up wad of paper holding two gory stumps, which Dr. Mary examines with professional interest.

But the children's project closest to Dr. Mary's heart is born of her own tragedy. It's the Kansas Society for Exceptional Children. Present at its meeting and organization in April, 1947, and a member of its executive board, Dr. Mary knows from her own experience what it means to be the mother of an exceptional child. It's a tragedy she has faced through her first-born son, George Allan.

When the boy was fourteen, he fell, hitting his head on the pavement. For four days, he was unconscious. After that, there was a gradual personality change.

An Impetus to Help Others

With this change came an endless round of psychiatrists, days at the Menninger Clinic, this school, that school, this treatment, that treatment. Finally came the acceptance of the inevitable and Dr. Mary's determination to help others—particularly parents who had no money to pay for the treatments and schools their children needed.

What of the poor in mind, body and pocketbook? she asked herself. What about the children cut off from others of the same age or at odds with their environment because of deviations both mental and physical? What of the children with eye, ear and speech defects, with cerebral palsy, with epilepsy?

Dr. Mary threw herself into the work of rousing the public consciousness to the needs of such children. And in western Kansas, wherever a civic group gathers, her voice rings: "Accept the fact that all children are our children, and that there is great deviation in mental and physical ability. Open your eyes to the fact that Kansas alone

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has about 80,000 deviates from the normal. Open your hearts to the pain and frustration such deviation causes society as a whole." Kansas law provides that each school district decide whether it shall be taxed to provide the special education needed for these children, and Dr. Mary devotes much of her time persuading her fellow Kansans to the humane course.

How many fledglings Dr. Mary has helped and how many ambitious youngsters she's financed through school will never be known. But that her generosity is far-reaching is well known to her protégée, Catherine Doucas.

Catherine first came to Dr. Mary's attention as a "pen pal" of her daughter, Lydia Alice (called "Wixie") while she was a student at the Phillipsburg High School and Cathy attended one in Haifa, Palestine. The letters kept up after Cathy was sent to Egypt for safety during the Arab-Jewish war. And these letters to Wixie told of the refugee girl's loneliness.

Last January, Dr. Mary wrote to Cathy, inviting her to come to America and complete her education at Dr. Mary's expense. She's now a freshman at Park College just outside Kansas City. What's more, Cathy and Wixie are as close as any two sisters, although Wixie has chosen Kansas State as her college.

Yet, with all Dr. Mary's devotion to medicine, children and projects, she still manages to find time to cook, keep up with four book-selection clubs, her medical research and journals, and see her family and friends. Ask Dr. Mary how she does it and she answers with a laugh, or else makes her stock reply: "I sleep fast."

Mother Has Her Own Theory

Ask her mother, Mrs. George Townsend, a matriarch of infinite wisdom and relaxed girth, as she watches over a gaggle of grandchildren through gold-mounted harlequin glasses, and you'll hear a different explanation: "It's her pioneer background. When you moved out here you had to be able to stand it, or you went back."

While Dr. Mary was a student at College of Emporia, Kansas, she was elected Head Devil of the college's program for Hell Week. Her plans for the six-day program proved a characteristic mixture of thoroughness and ingenuity.

For Monday, Dr. Mary (plain Mary Townsend then) provided crayfish for all bathtubs. Tuesday found all dormitory doors roped. Wednesday brought sugar on the floors and mothballs everywhere, even in beds. Thursday found the unnerved members minus powder, rouge and the indispensable "rats" for their hair, plus the frustration of dining-room chairs tied together. Friday was a miasma of wet sponges and gloves in unexpected places, and for Saturday there was Limburger on all radiators to complete the week of relentless hell.

Yet this same Head Devil, Mary Townsend, graduated from College of Emporia *summa cum laude*. Folks back in Phillipsburg weren't surprised. They expected Mary Townsend, valedictorian of her high-school class, to cop honors. They weren't even surprised when the famous editor William Allen White commemorated her in an editorial, her first national release, saying, "Probably the highest grade ever received in a final examination at College of Emporia was secured recently by Miss Mary Townsend of Phillipsburg when she made a grade of 99½ in general biology. The average grades in the course were between 75–85 per cent."

Postgrad Work in Hospitals

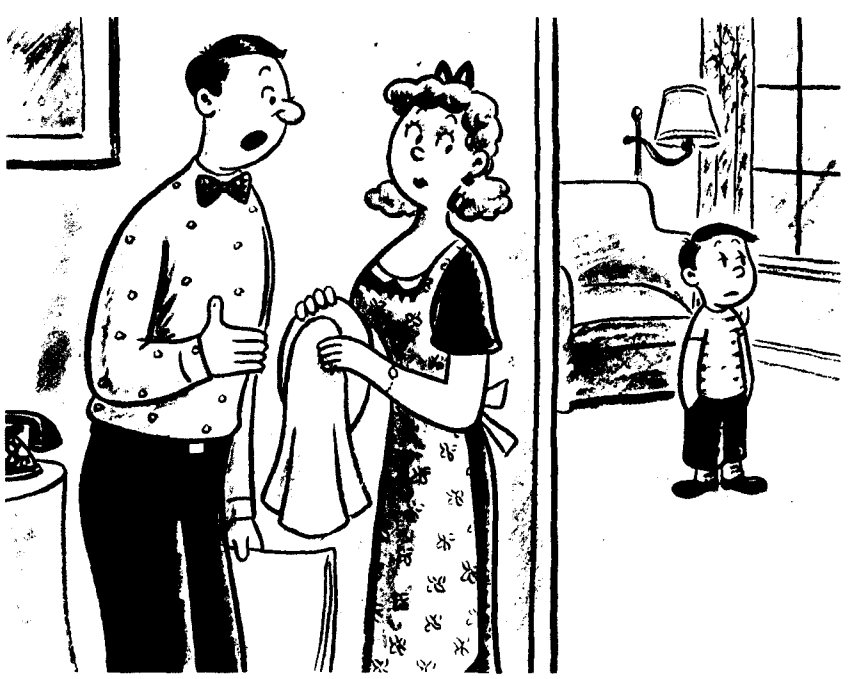
From Emporia, Mary Townsend went on to Washington University School of Medicine at St. Louis, and received her M.D. degree there in 1930, one of the 10 top students in her class. There followed a two-year fellowship at Charity Hospital, New Orleans, one year at the Children's Hospital, Buffalo, and two years at the Niemann Northcutt Clinic, Ponca City, Oklahoma, before she started practicing at Phillipsburg.

Last November another university singled out Dr. Mary. She was selected as one of the 45 physicians in the state to help train medical students of the University of Kansas in the general practice of medicine. Not long ago, another honor came her way when Governor Frank Carlson appointed her a member of the state planning committee for the 1950 White House Conference on Children and Youth.

Her tireless pace sometimes worries Phillipsburg's citizens. But Dr. Mary can take it. Not long ago, after going on an emergency call, she drove 20 miles out of the way to make a second call that day on a dying woman. Nothing could help the woman. But Dr. Mary made the extra visit. She arranged for forced feeding.

Driving back to town, Dr. Mary said, "She can't live another 12 hours. But it helps the family to think they're doing everything they can. It's worth a few extra minutes, don't you think?"

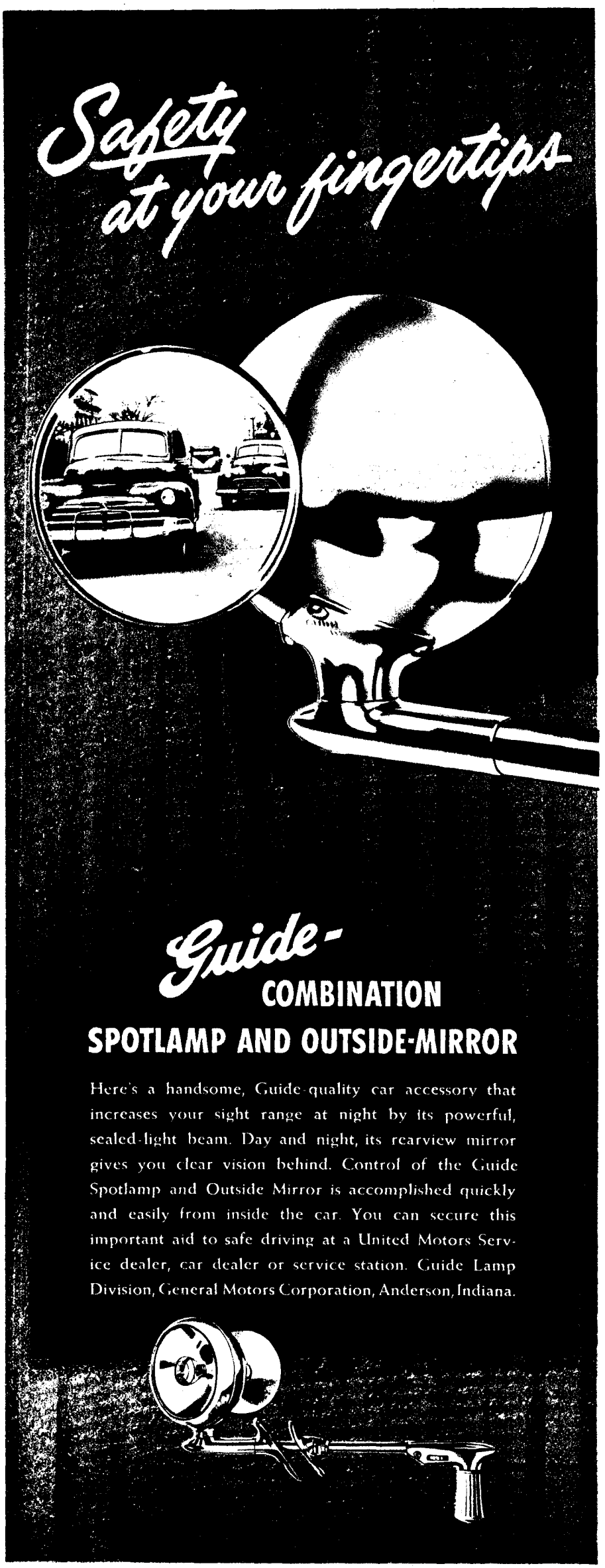
She stopped the car at the top of a hill. Looking over the rolling slopes, she said, "I wonder what more life can hold when you love what you're doing, where you're doing it, and the people you're doing it with?" THE END



COLLIER'S

"You tell him about the birds and bees. I never did quite understand it"

SIDNEY HOFF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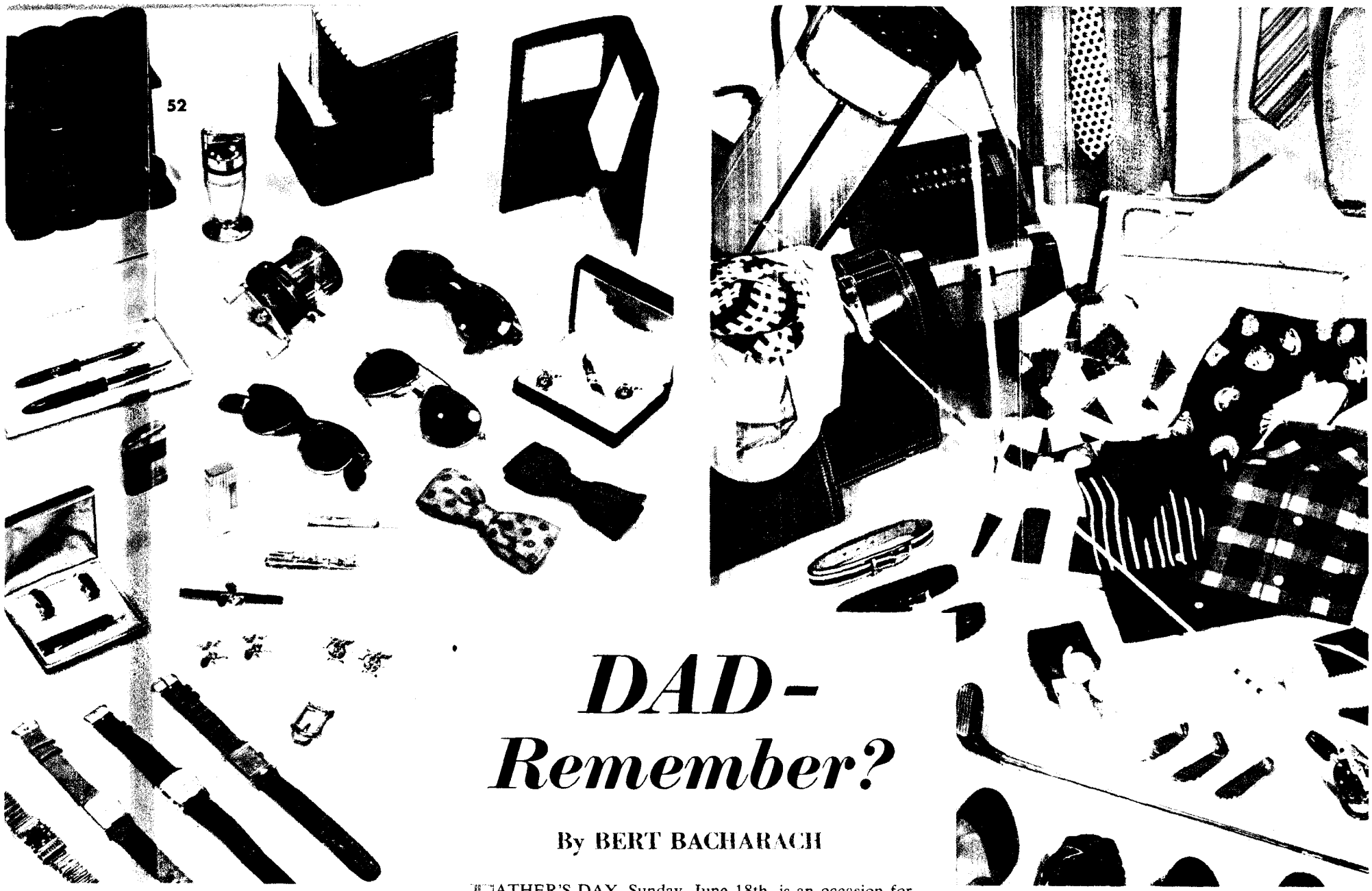

DAD—Remember?

By BERT BACHARACH

FATHER'S DAY, Sunday, June 18th, is an occasion for paying our respect to the "old boy" of the family. Since there are all too few such opportunities for showing our appreciation of him, we're for an enthusiastic observance of *his* day. That could be a phone call, a telegram, a nice letter, a visit—or a gift. If it's the latter, be extra sure to select something that he will like and use. Too often, the thoughtfulness of gift giving is nullified by the thoughtlessness of selection. Whether your budget is a buck or a "bundle," you can, with a little care, find something that will give him a real Father's Day. Here are a few suggestions that may help you

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HINDLEY—FROMM

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Into these white shirts will go the WORLD'S LUCKIEST DADS!

Allan's dad wants ARROW *Dart*—America's Most Popular White Shirt! The perfect-fitting collar is *non-wilt*—won't wrinkle—$3.65. (Same collar in a finer broadcloth is the MALL—$3.95.)

Jim's dad prefers the ARROW *Par*, with the smartest widespread soft collar made. (ARROW'S been making smart collars for 99 years.) Regular and French cuffs. $3.65

Nancy's dad likes ARROW *Hull*—the non-wilt collar. Low neckband, longer points make it the choice of men with larger necks. ARROW'S combed yarns deliver *long* wear! $3.65

Art's dad goes for ARROW *Drew!* A *non-wilt* collar with medium short points. See the perfect fit of that shirt? That's MITOGA—it curves to follow your body lines! $3.65

Mary's dad always expects the ARROW *Gordon Dover!* A button-down oxford with medium points. It's "Sanforized"-labeled, *like ALL Arrows* (fabric shrinkage less than 1%). $3.95

Pete's dad likes ARROW *Dale!* Just like *Dart*, but in *de luxe white broadcloth!* Non-wilt collar, regular or French cuffs. ARROW has made BILLIONS of collars! They *can't be copied!* $4.50

FOR FATHER'S DAY—JUNE 18

ARROW WHITE SHIRTS

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.
Makers of Shirts • Ties • Handkerchiefs • Underwear • Sports Shirts

A word to the wives of the World's Luckiest Dads: Arrow Shirts wash beautifully . . . iron in a jiffy . . . thanks to their fine-tailored construction! Those handsome ties are Arrow's "Stripe Story." $2.00. Look for the ARROW trade-mark!

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For a carefree vacation...

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Free the Atom

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

has multiplied the wealth of the land employing hundreds of thousands, causing the investment of billions of dollars of private funds?

Of course not. I need not argue the point; the fabulous record of nonmonopoly developments based on chemistry, aerodynamics and electronics has changed the whole of American life, has strengthened and improved it. A system of Government Monopoly of Ideas in those fields would never in the world have produced such magnificent results.

In saying these things I'm not "cussing out" government. The talk about the "dead hand of government" is nonsense. The men and women doing scientific and technical work throughout our government have very great achievements to their credit. Those working in the atomic field, for the Atomic Energy Commission or for one of the commission's many private contractors, I believe to be exceptionally talented and energetic. What is wrong is *not* the people, but the *system of monopoly* under which the work is done. Government Monopoly as a means of developing industrial ideas is what is wrong.

No one can tell in advance where great new ideas will come from, ideas that result in an electric motor or generator, or an automobile engine, ideas like those that created penicillin or the sulfa drugs, ideas that gave us the automobile self-starter or nylon or air conditioning and the refrigerator, or synthetic rubber. We've always tried to encourage people to have such ideas; never before have we turned over to anyone (much less to our government) the power to limit the circle from which ideas could come.

It takes the ideas of thousands and thousands of different people, armed with what knowledge and know-how has been previously accumulated, to make the kind of industrial progress that this country stands for. And no Government Commission, however wise and well-intentioned, no Inner Circle of private contractors for government, however well selected and diversified, can be counted on to develop these ideas, for they only grow well in the soil of competition—competition in spirit and in fact.

This is the lesson of our whole history. This is our message of productivity to the whole wide world.

The whole atmosphere has to be right, too, if ideas are to flourish. Otherwise people will not be attracted to a new subject, and will not be stimulated to new ideas. Certainly they will not put their own money and time and energy into developing new things unless the climate of work is favorable.

For this purpose, the atmosphere in the field of the industrial atom could hardly be worse. Men don't get excited about working on new ideas by having "available" a technical document, especially a carefully "distilled" one, or by being given a quick walk through an atomic factory or laboratory. They need to get their hands into the dirt, into the guts of the working facts. That's not possible today, and won't be without the changes I believe should be made.

A basic change, and one that is badly needed, is a change in this climate; an end to the absurd cloak-and-dagger air of mystery that still hangs over this monopoly; relief from hideous complexity and increasing centralization and red tape.

Can just any talented person, can a young Ford or Edison or Chrysler or Kettering work at the atom today? I mean work at it, not under a formal contract with a government "project" number, but just to see what he can find out? He certainly can't. Can he even walk into the Smithsonian museum and get inspiration by seeing the "first models" in the atomic field—ones now almost as obsolete as Otto Lilienthal's nineteenth-century glider or Samuel Langley's airplane or George Stephenson's locomotive steam engine?

No—not even that. Even our obsolete information is locked up, monopolized.

These things are wrong. They need correction, if we are not to miss out on what may be one of the greatest opportunities of modern times.

YOU may well ask: "Now look, mister, just what *is* this opportunity you say we are missing? Just what can industry do with the atom?" My answer would be that I don't know; that, today, no one knows. That's my point; we must permit industry itself to find out.

I don't know just what can come of the industrial atom, but I *do* know that we are dealing here with a series of very great discoveries about the fundamental nature of everything physical—whether it is made of metal or is a gas like the oxygen in the atmosphere, and whether it is living or inanimate.

We are dealing here with knowledge about the building blocks of which everything on this earth is made.

We don't know much yet, and we know very little about how to use what we do know, except, of course, as a revolutionary weapon of war. But what *else* atomic knowledge and its application can do of a creative and useful sort in raising living standards the world over no one really knows much.

To ask precisely what this fundamental knowledge can do for us, industrially, would be like asking Michael Faraday, a hundred years ago, when he demonstrated his crude little gadget for inducing a feeble electric current: "Tell us how a 60,000-horsepower electric generator will transform life in a great city."

But imagine what could happen to the industrial atom if tomorrow we turned over all we know thus far—the basic information—to the hundreds of thousands of minds in industry and in the universities who are capable of new ideas. Think of the creative men in the automotive industry or the pharmaceutical or glass industries, or the great army of men engaged in building a new world based upon the chemistry of petroleum or cellulose or gas. Just to contemplate the prospect of what they could do for us all stirs the blood.

Anyone familiar with American industrial capabilities could set down a list of a dozen or more concerns in almost every medium-sized city in this country that might well push the industrial atom along. I believe I could list offhand 50 such companies, large and small, in each of our dozen largest industrial cities from coast to coast.

Once this sort of development gets really rolling, the ramifications might be widespread. That was the way with the automobile. It had its effect on industries and businesses that in the days of the auto pioneers seemed a long, long way from any connection with the "horseless carriage," and created businesses that never did exist before the auto.

That is the kind of stimulus that we can bring all up and down the line, if we will get back on the beam by providing a basis for Competition in Ideas as to the most fundamental of all knowledge, the heart—or nucleus—of the atom itself.

As to how important to industry (and therefore to us all) atomic discoveries might be, a genuine analogy is provided by the industrial development of chemistry and chemical reactions, recently described as "the premier industry of the U.S."

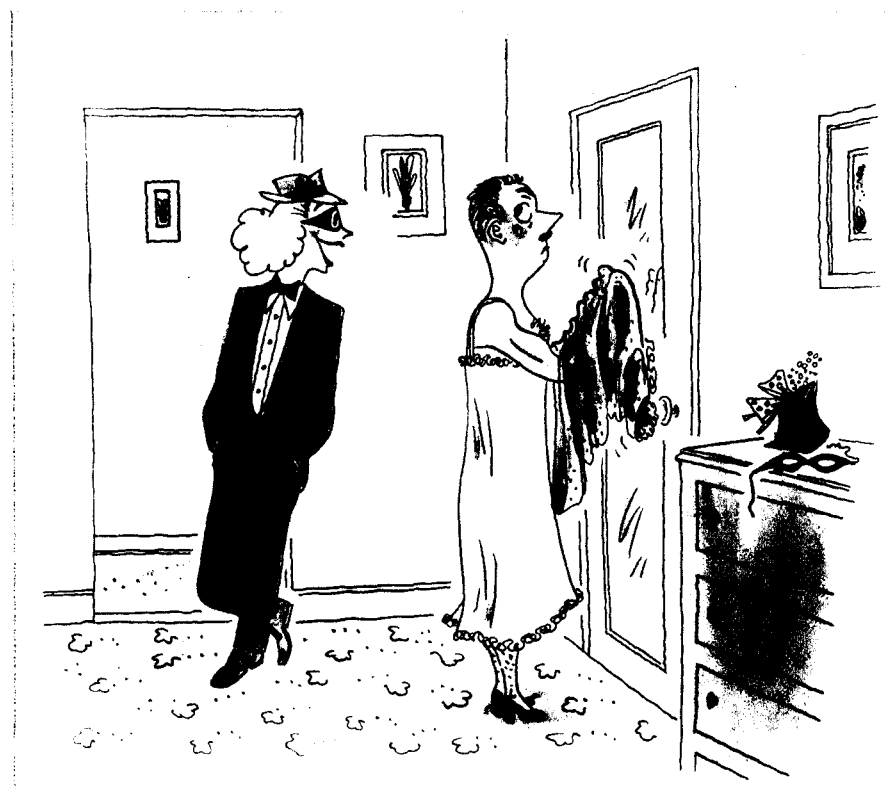
Chemistry and chemical engineering rearrange atoms, and clusters of atoms called molecules, into patterns that are different from their patterns in their original state. A synthetic rubber tire, for example, is petroleum atoms rearranged by industry into "rubber." Cellophane, high-octane gasoline, nylon, plastics—these are products in which atoms and molecules have been shuffled and tossed around and rearranged. Burning coal or igniting gasoline are other examples of a chemical change in which there results a rearrangement of atoms.

But in no chemical change is the heart of the atom itself changed.

In this new field of atomic energy and atomic radiation, however, *the atom itself* is changed!

When you "split" an atom, the heart of the atom—the nucleus, the core—changes. In that process of changing, atom radiation results. Great heat is created. Not just hundreds and thousands of degrees (as when the atoms are rearranged in burning coal, for example) but heat in the hundreds of thousands and millions of degrees.

These things happen today. Not just in laboratories on a very small and experimental scale. This process of changing the



COLLIER'S "Aren't you ready yet?" STANLEY STAMATY

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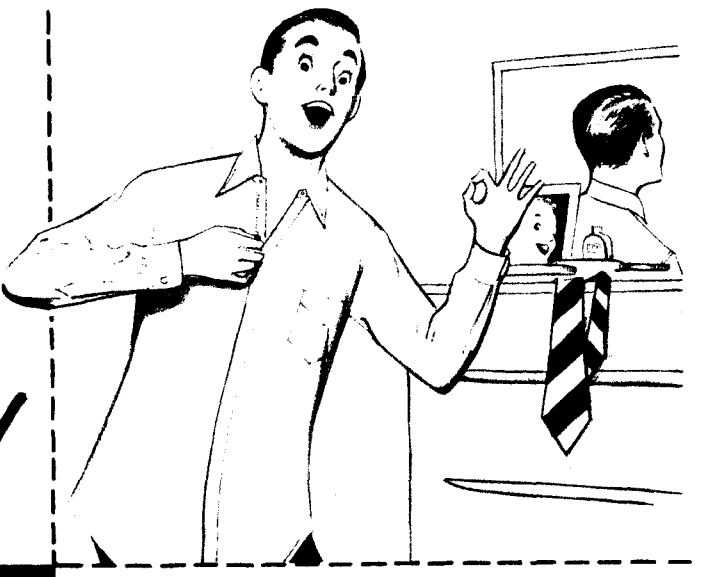
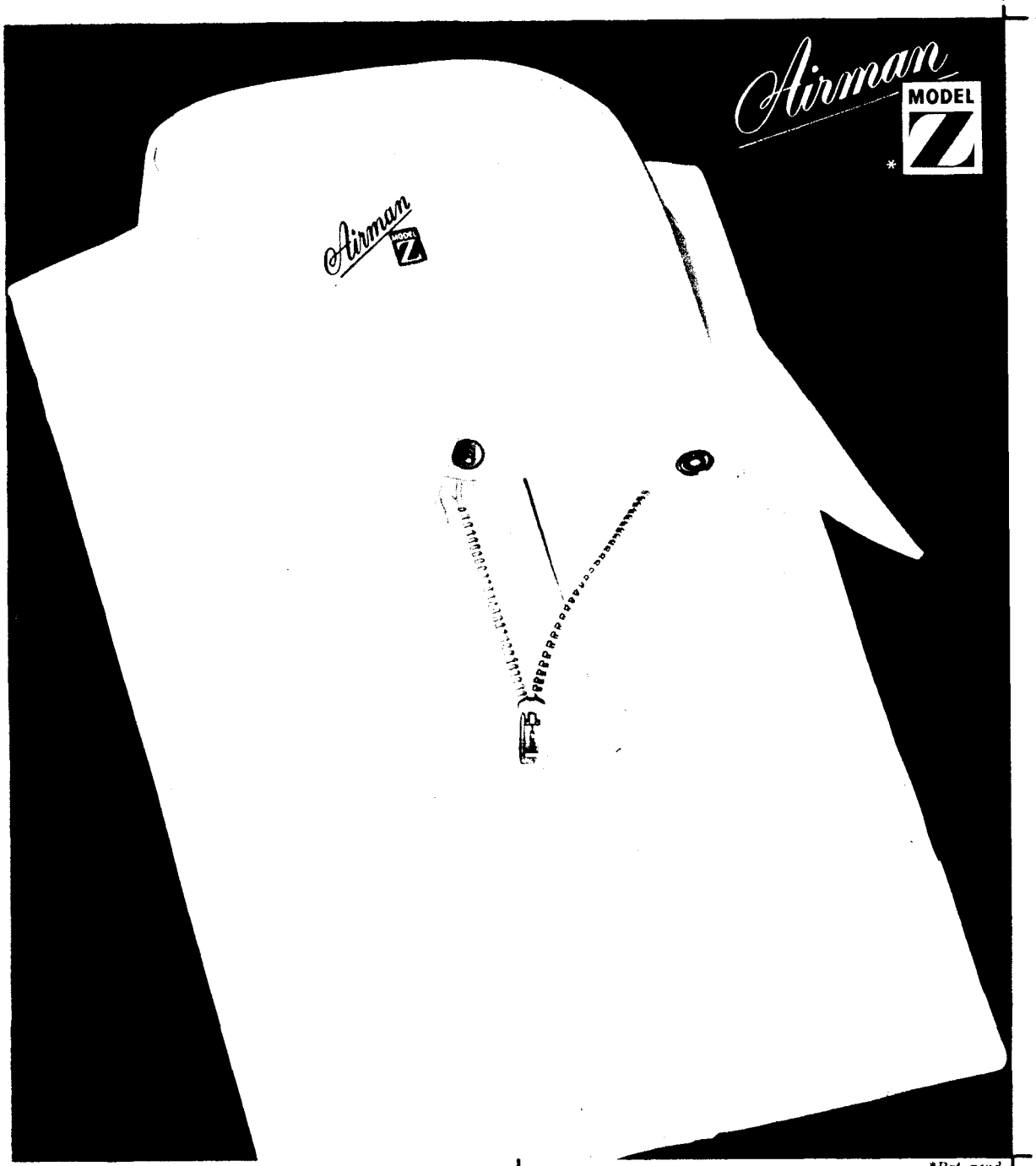
The U.S.A. is z-z-zipping its way into a great new shirt!





IT'S THE SUPER-SUCCESS BUSINESS SHIRT STREAMLINED WITH THE TALON ZIPPER CLOSING!

Here's the famous fashion that's made over a million men change their shirts . . . from the buttoned to the zipped! If you've never beamed over this breezy, buttonless marvel —introduce yourself to the best thing yet with the Airman Model Z by Shirtcraft. It's strictly business-like, and correct as all get-out; the *big* difference is the concealed Talon zipper that bids button troubles goodbye —lets you turn a streamlined shirt front to your admiring public! In white and pastels, at leading department and men's stores everywhere. Made by Shirtcraft Company, 350 Fifth Ave., New York City..... $3.95

. . . AND THE BEST FATHER'S DAY IDEA YOU EVER HIT UPON!

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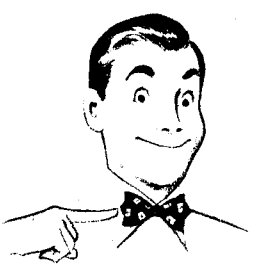
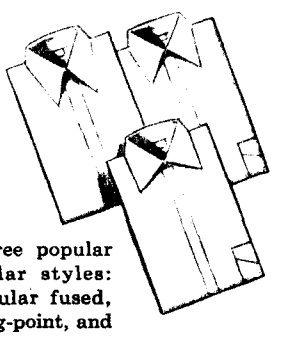
THE QUALITY ZIPPER

TALON, INC., MEADVILLE, PA.

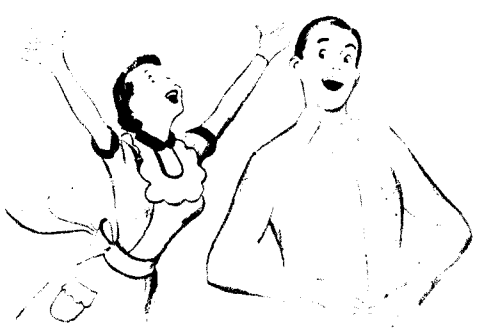


Takes bow tie or four-in-hand (smooth buttonless front has concealed slot for tie-clasp).



Three popular collar styles: regular fused, long-point, and wide-spread.

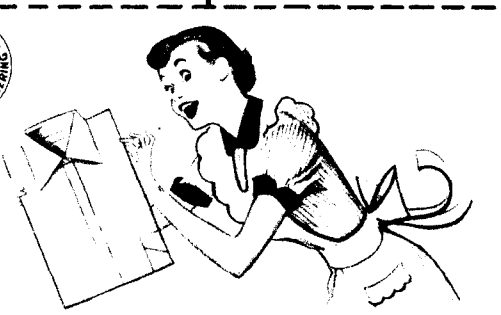
*Pat. pend.



The Airman Model Z is not a pullover—Talon separating zipper meshes smoothly at the bottom.

Collar snaps shut with secure, wafer-thin snap . . . cuffs, too.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE OF LAUNDERING CERTIFIED WASHABLE



In lustrous Sanforized† broadcloth. Airman Model Z certified washable by the American Institute of Laundering. Easier to iron—no rows of buttons to work around!

†*Less than 1% residual shrinkage*

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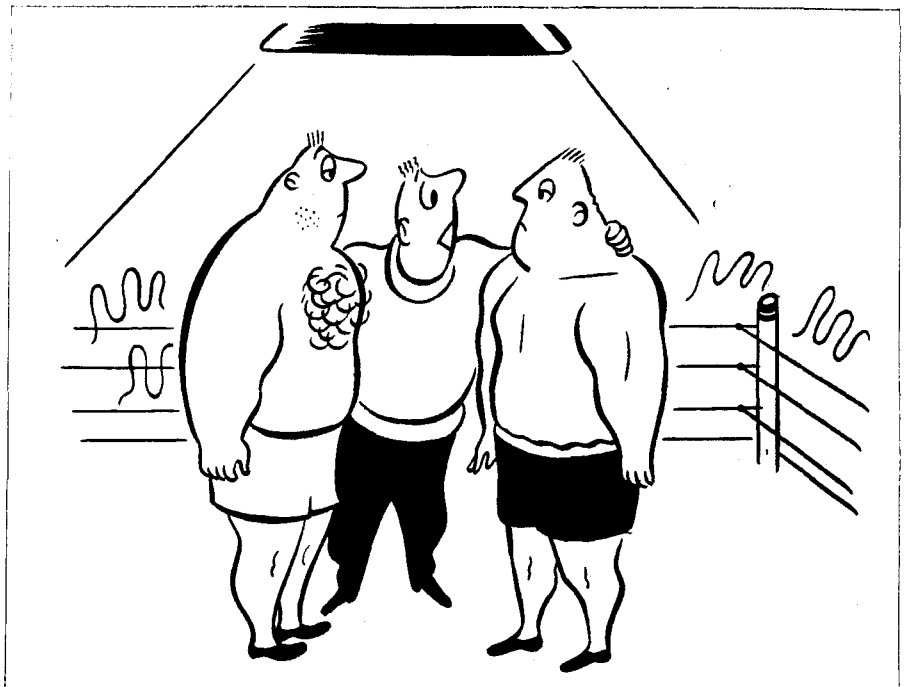

COLLIER'S "You know the rules of the state wrestling commission. Now get out there and act!" JACK MARKOW

heart of the atom is going on every day, around the clock, on a factory scale in several of this country's atomic plants.

In these government-owned factories one substance or element is changed, by atomic particles or by radiation, into quite a different one. Uranium into plutonium is the best-known example. But in splitting atoms of uranium, entirely different elements, by the dozens, are created out of uranium—such as barium, lithium, aluminum and so on.

This is transmutation of the elements. It is what the ancient alchemists tried to do when they sought the way to "transmute" mercury into gold. We can do that too, today, in atomic machines, though of course there seems little point in doing it except as a stunt. Occasionally, though, we do change gold into mercury.

When the heart of the atom is changed in this way, radiation, or energy rays, are set off. Rays from radium and from X-ray machines are instances of radiation with which men in industry are familiar. For industrial use, radium is scarce; X-ray machines are very costly. But just the "waste," or by-products, of a single month's operation of one of this country's atomic plants is the equivalent of *tons* of radium, and gives off far more radiation than all the X-ray machines in the country could produce in many years.

The technical and industrial uses to which intense beams and huge volumes of radiation can be put have not yet been carefully investigated; in fact it has barely been thought about seriously. Radiation does things to any material that is put in its path. It changes the structure and characteristics of common metals—iron, cobalt, steel, copper, zinc and so on. It changes the structure and nature of curious materials as yet little known to industry or to everyday life, such as those known as germanium and zirconium.

What has been learned thus far about what happens to industrial materials that are exposed to atomic radiation is chiefly what *damage* it does. Researchers are looking for metals that will "contain" radiation, or conduct or transfer the heat thereby created. Few materials can "take it" for these specialized uses. But this is an old story. More often than not, this is the negative process whereby new and useful things have been discovered. Effects that, to one man bent on a particular experiment, seem useless or harmful may, to another with a different goal in mind or no goal whatever or a livelier imagination, lay the foundation for a whole new edifice of technical knowledge and human welfare.

Just a few weeks ago at the University of California there occurred an illuminating and heartening example in the medical field of what I mean. This appears to be a *giant stride in the ability to detect hardening* of the arteries—high among killers of men—years before any recognizable symptoms appear. This boon, if fully confirmed, is the wholly unexpected, wholly "unplanned" result of experiments that had as their purpose finding some way to combat the harmful and usually deadly effects of overdoses of radiation on human beings!

I confess I take little stock in the offhand way some people say atomic energy and radiation will probably never amount to much, in the sense of practical industrial use and daily living. "A fine bomb, yes, but not anything else of consequence; certainly not for 50 years." I recall that in 1901, after he and his brother had failed in their stubborn effort to fly, Wilbur Wright concluded that it would be a thousand years before man would fly; seven years later he made a single flight of more than 77 miles. But Orville Wright's view of this early "failure" of the science of flying is worth repeating to the more dismal of today's atomic energy prophets. He said it was not that flight was impossible; it was just that he and his brother didn't yet know enough.

* * *

The possibilities of the industrial atom appear almost limitless. We do not know, for example, what chemical reactions in ordinary substances of industry may be caused by the kind of intense radiation we now have available to us for the first time in history. We cannot be sure, today, how we can make use of the fantastically high temperatures released by changing the heart of the atom. Will it ever be possible, as a result of atomic knowledge, to produce electricity directly—that is, without a boiler and turbine and generator? It doesn't now seem in the cards. But does anyone know enough to be sure?

By the application of temperature, pressure and catalysts modern chemists have rearranged the atoms of such common substances as sulphur, coal tar and chlorine, producing a string of more than 500,000 new compounds. Many of these materials have already found their application in industry. Who is there who can say that the process of changing the heart of the atom itself cannot produce comparable results?

The fabulous benefits that have flowed from chemistry would certainly never have been ours if there had been Government Monopoly of the dissemination of the information, the materials with which to carry on the work and of the financing. Indus-

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trialists and research directors and investigators, viewing the harassing difficulties and frustrations in the atomic field now subject to Government Monopoly, will choose other avenues of opportunity that are open to them, avenues across which there has not been thrown a monolithic roadblock. And America and Americans will be the losers. The time for the first industrial applications of atomic knowledge is overdue.

I HAVE said that it is the absence of Competition in Ideas that is holding back a vigorous and spirited and full development of the industrial atom; that the individuals and private corporations engaged in this undertaking—the Inner Circle—are able, talented, intent upon making progress. I have said that the Atomic Energy Commission tried conscientiously to make the Soviet-type system we had unwittingly adopted work in an American atmosphere.

It is important to emphasize and to expand on these points.

No one can shrug off his deep concern about this dangerous development in our industrial life by saying that the trouble does not go very deep, that minor adjustments would make unnecessary the complete course reversal that I am now proposing. A hard look at this picture shows that this illness is not a surface chill; it is deep in our vital organs.

The atomic bomb was developed under Government Monopoly; it was a great achievement. Many private corporations were "hired" by General Leslie R. Groves and his Manhattan District organization to do particular assigned tasks. The Manhattan District wartime goal was a single and clearly defined one: to make an atomic bomb and make it in time to help win the war. That kind of governmental objective, under wartime incentives (and without political interference in technical decisions which *total* wartime secrecy provided) is appropriate for Government Monopoly.

But when the civilian Atomic Energy Commission was created in August, 1946, it was not given the single objective of developing and making atomic munitions. A year's Congressional hearings had made it plain to the country and to Congress that far more than weaponmaking is involved in atomic knowledge. The very first words of the McMahon Act providing for a civilian commission state this conclusion in these words, words of great sweep and promise:

"Research and experimentation in the field of nuclear chain reaction have attained the stage at which the release of atomic energy on a large scale is practical. The significance of the atomic bomb for military purposes is evident. The effect of the use of atomic energy for civilian purposes upon the social, economic, and political structures of today cannot now be determined. It is a field in which unknown factors are involved. Therefore, any legislation will necessarily be subject to revision from time to time. It is *reasonable to anticipate, however, that tapping this new source of energy will cause profound changes in our present way of life.* Accordingly, it is hereby declared to be the policy of the people of the United States that, subject at all times to the paramount objective of assuring the common defense and security, the development and utilization of atomic energy shall, so far as practicable, be directed toward *improving the public welfare, increasing the standard of living, strengthening free competition in private enterprise, and promoting world peace.*" (My italics.)

But it takes more than mere words, however eloquent, in a statute that creates a Government Monopoly to cancel out the contradiction between monopoly and our competitive enterprise system.

Under our free system the purpose of government and the purpose of industry are quite dissimilar. They ought to be kept that way, if we want to continue that free society. This is especially important in the field of industrial development.

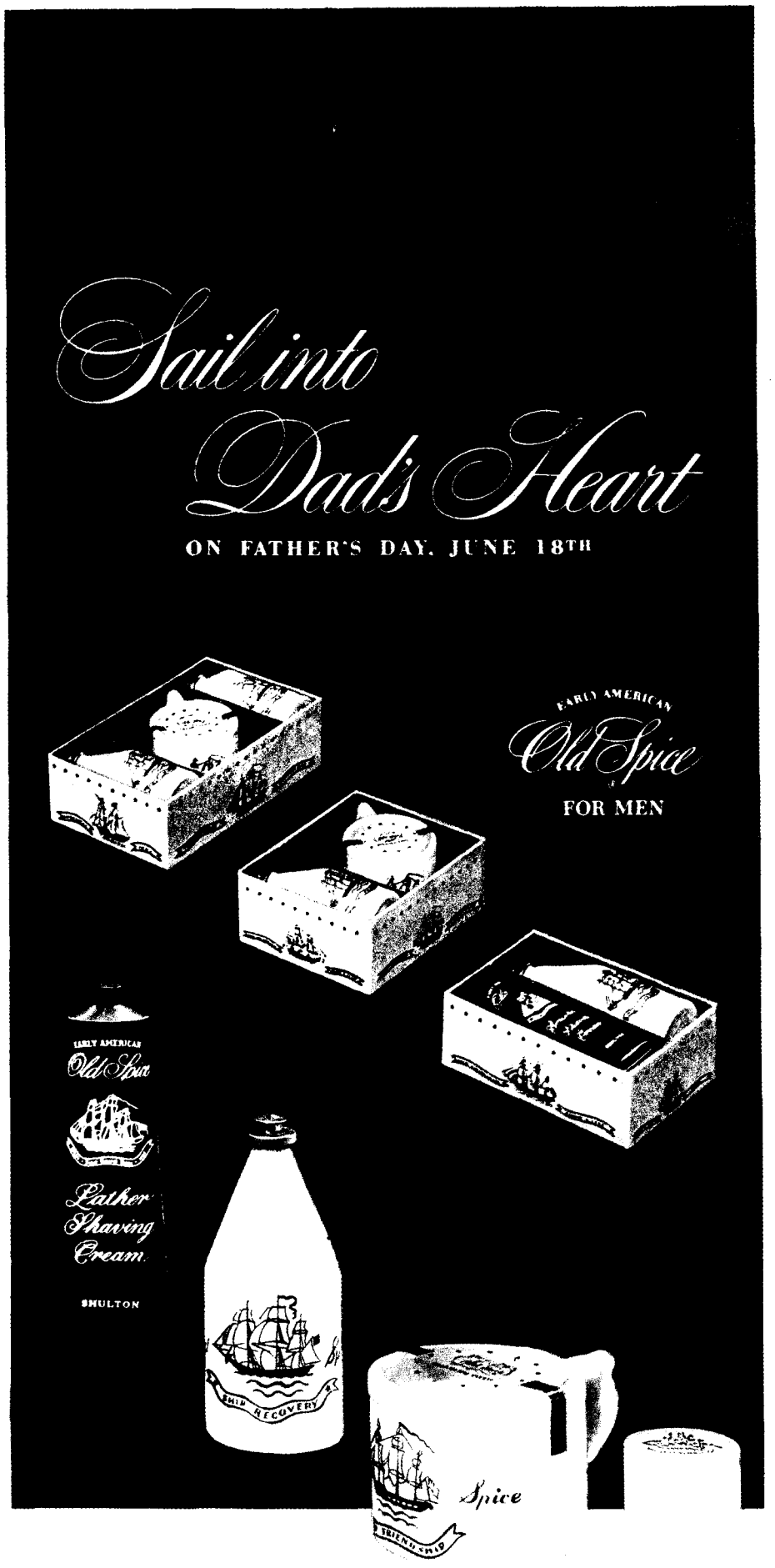
When government takes over a whole field of knowledge, and monopolizes it, as it has done under the McMahon Act, its purposes—*as government*—are not only "paramount," they tend to become exclusive. They tend to drive to lower and lower priority those purposes that are actually not the business of government, but of industry —that is, general industrial development.

It is of the deepest importance to us all that we face up to this inescapable fact; atomic knowledge in the hands of government will be intensively and successfully

DEBUNKING EXPEDITIONS

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Forester, American Forest Products	The Christmas-tree industry does not have to practice conservation—the supply is practically inexhaustible.
Naturalist, Ottawa Fish and Game Association	More wild ducks die from eating lead shot on marsh bottoms than from wounds from hunters' shotguns.
Physicist, Harvard University	Intense noise does not reduce human efficiency—noise annoys, that's all.
Ichthyologist, Encyclopaedia Britannica	Goldfish in the natural state are not gold in color—but greenish-brown.
Scientist, Cavendish Physics Laboratory	Homing pigeons on long-distance flights don't fly nonstop—they light when tired, and rest about two thirds of the time.
Parasitologist, Johns Hopkins University	Campaigns to trap and poison rats help very little—as competition is reduced, other rats quickly replace the slain.
Physician, United States Public Health Service	There's no such disease as "virus X," which so many patients believe they have.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



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you couldn't pay Dad a bigger compliment than to
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for quality and good shaving performance.

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SINGLE ITEMS . . . *Lather or Brushless Cream .60 After Shave Lotion 1.00 and 1.75 sizes* . . . Shave Mug 1.00 . . . Shave Stick .75. Not shown . . . Cologne 1.00* and 1.75* . . . Talcum .75**

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developed *only* for military purposes. Here is a simple way to demonstrate that this is true. Suppose that, overnight, atomic energy lost its importance as a weapon, let us say because of some remarkable new discovery. Would it not be recognized, almost without debate, that the whole field of peacetime industrial development of this knowledge would then be the exclusive province of competitive private industry?

The danger that Government Monopoly would choke industrial development was clear to me when I first became the commission's chairman. But as a practical matter, the only course for the commission was to try by actual administration somehow to make monopoly work.

Accordingly, private corporations rather than government employees were selected to do almost every bit of the actual work of production, process engineering and so on. New companies were brought in and added to the list of contractors. The roster of firms engaged by the commission to do portions of the work is a very impressive one, including, among others, such honored names of American industry as these: Carbide & Carbon Chemicals Corporation, The General Electric Company, Monsanto Chemical Company, The Kellex Corporation, The Air Reduction Company, Inc., Western Electric Company, Bell Telephone Laboratories, Inc., Bendix Aviation Corp., Standard Oil Development Company, Westinghouse Electric Corporation, Allis-Chalmers Manufacturing Company, Carrier Corporation and Mallinckrodt Chemical Works.

Wide latitude and discretion were given these concerns in the management of their part of development and production work. (Later, in the Hickenlooper hearings and the resulting legislative "riders," Congress knocked this principle in the head.)

The commission, at the very outset, launched an effort to broaden knowledge of what was at stake in the industrial atom. We tried, within the law, to increase the information and know-how at the disposal of industrial men, those outside the Inner Circle. This effort continues today. At the commission's urgent invitation, able industrialists gave months of their time studying this problem of making monopoly work in a land of industrial competition.

What have been the results?

The effort to bring a large segment of the industrial minds of the country actively to bear on this whole new possibility failed. Most American business activities do not have and cannot have any access whatever to genuinely workable and hands-in-the-earth contact with the production of atomic materials or with the industrial atom's potentialities.

The act's process of "declassifying" (i. e., making nonsecret) information having industrial value has proved hopelessly academic and unworkable. It resembles nothing so much as trying to cut down the redwood tree of secrecy with a penknife: the tree grows faster than the whittler can cut.

As to production: Only *one* corporation in the country is making or is permitted to know how to make by the method now in use the basic atomic material known as uranium 235.

Only *one* industrial concern in the country is making, and only two know how to make, the basic atomic end product, plutonium.

As to intermediate "feed" materials, there is only one company making each of these materials; there is no intra-industry competition as to quality, price or (most important) basic improvement in process.

Quite aside from the monetary spur, there is in the atomic enterprise almost no chance for men in industry to have the satisfaction (often quite as important as the profit incentive) of trying to beat the other fellow's methods, his costs, his consumer acceptance.

The estimate of costs of the great new experimental machines for production of atomic power are very high; they are constantly rising, by increments of millions of dollars. Nothing is ever attempted on a small, modest or limited scale.

There is not a dime of private investment in any of the experimental machines, no financial risk to the corporations doing the work, no cost to them if estimates continue to go zooming up while completion schedules stretch out longer and longer. There is no loss of prestige for mediocre work inasmuch as "secrecy" makes it difficult or impossible for other industry to judge the performance.

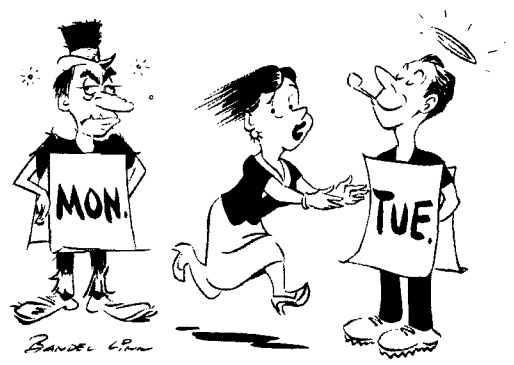
But the men and the corporations at work are excellent. The management personnel of the AEC rank very high. I would say that Carroll Wilson, general manager, is one of the very ablest industrial and technical executives of this generation, an opinion with which many industrial men would agree.

The people and corporations are good, but the results are not. They are not up to American par because the job is not being done the American way.

In an early Collier's issue, Mr. Lilienthal will present his specific proposals for enlisting the use of the atom in industrial development

Bright and Surly

BANDEL LINN



A Monday morning's drear and bleak—
A grim and mournful blues day;
I move we vote to start the week
At half past ten on Tuesday.

—FRANK R. CANNING

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Don't be tardy due to tire trouble! Get there on time—get there safely—on worry-free Kelly Tires.

The Kelly name on the sidewall of a tire tells you you're getting the utmost in driving safety, comfort, and economy. That's the logical outgrowth of 56 years of superior tire-building.

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Next Week

TERROR IN WASHINGTON

Howard Whitman Reports on Crime in Our Capital

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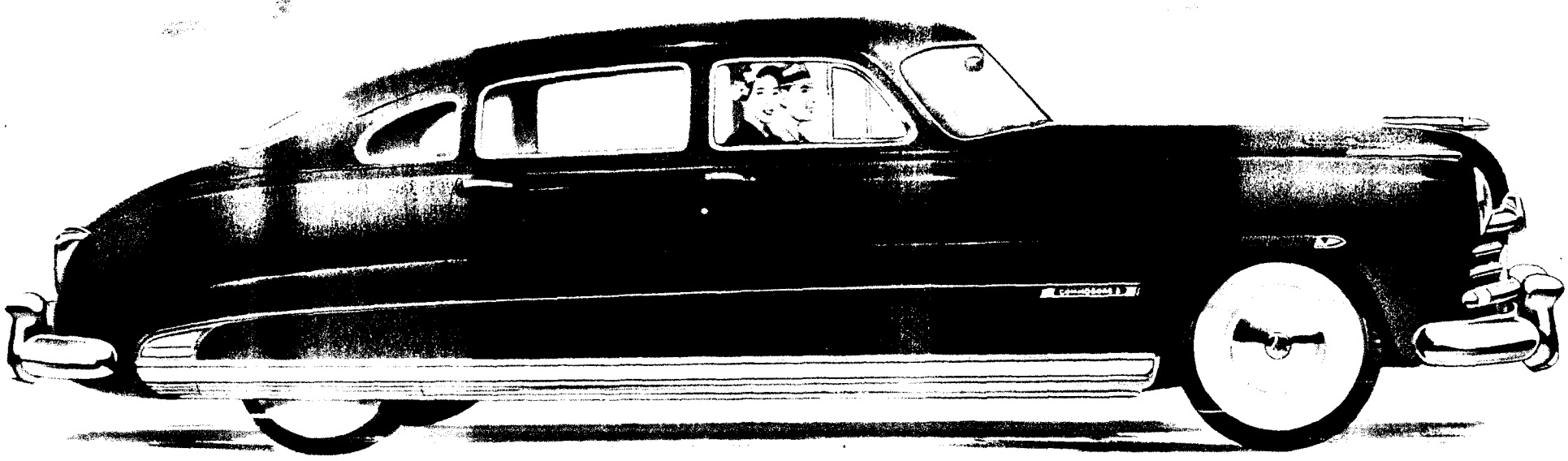
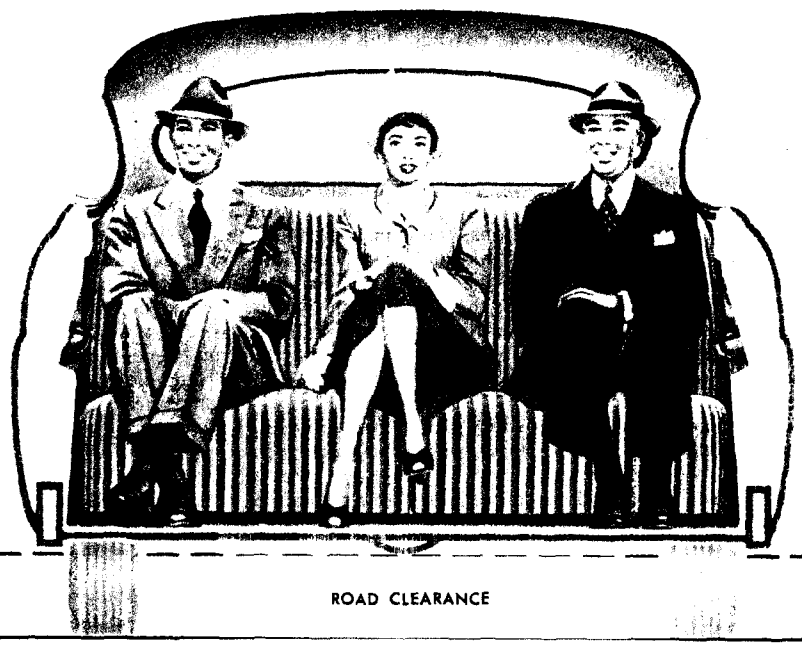
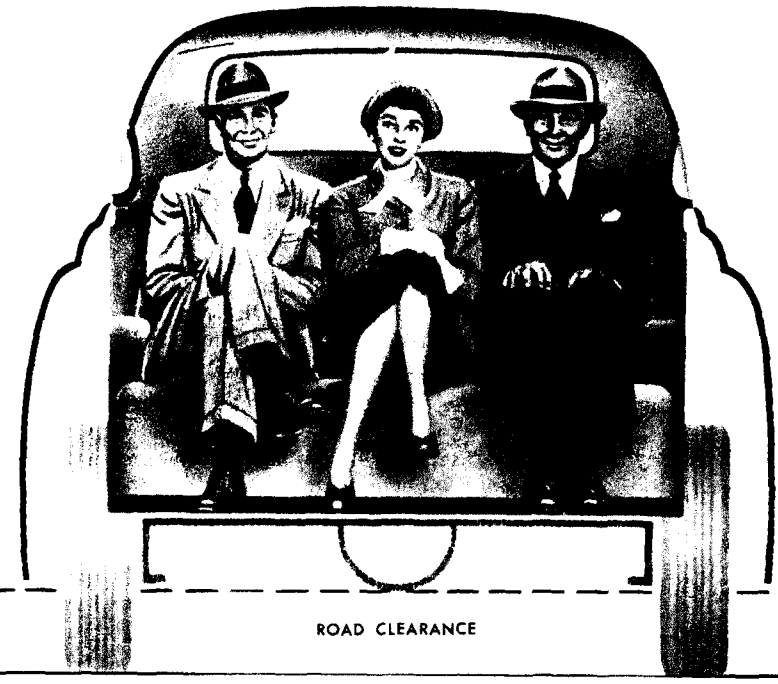


Why the lowest-built car is best for you

Through the development of the RECESSED FLOOR, Hudson engineers have brought to you the priceless advantages of lowness which the industry has been striving for since the beginning of the automobile!



IN HUDSON, the recessed floor ("step-down" design) brings the space between frame members, which is wasted in other cars, into the passenger compartment. This results in America's lowest center of gravity (and full road clearance), while providing more head room and seating room than any other car.



IN OTHER CARS, the floor is on top of the frame, so the vital space between frame members is not available for passenger use. The result is a higher center of gravity and either a high roof line or insufficient head room. Seats are narrower; passenger space is reduced.

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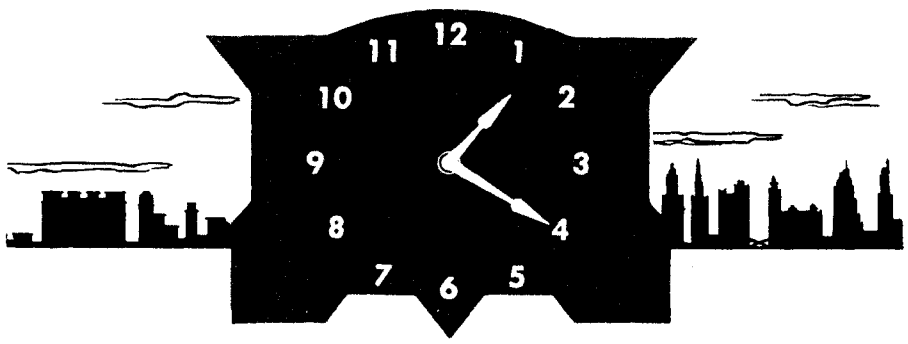

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THE ROAD OF PLANNED PROGRESS

Romance at 20 Paces

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

two easy transition roles, one of them in a yet-to-be-released film. And she *still* is unknown to most American movie-goers.

Yet she has stirred more talk in Hollywood than any new foreign film star since Ingrid Bergman.

Director Jean Negulescu analyzed this phenomenon recently in a long rhapsodic soliloquy. "This Micheline attracts so much attention," he said, "because she is a woman in a city of girls. In Hollywood, most actresses still are girls when they are fifty years old. But not this one. You look into her face and you see she is pure woman all the way through. She has the same thing for men that Ezio Pinza has for women. We have had no actress like that since Pola Negri and Marlene Dietrich.

"So far as I am concerned, there are two kinds of women—the kind you take, and the kind you give yourself to. This Micheline Prelle belongs in a separate category—the kind you abandon yourself for." Mr. Negulescu looked about warily, then added, "All this is purely objective, professional opinion, of course. I am a man happily married to a beautiful, charming woman."

Actor Pays Glowing Tribute

Another cautious authority on the magnetism exuded by Miss Prelle is the equally happily married John Garfield, with whom she co-starred in her first American picture, Under My Skin, an opus remotely based on the Ernest Hemingway short story, My Old Man. Said Mr. Garfield: "What an actress! In one scene in the picture I'm drunk and I've just beat up my kid. I come roaring into her café while she is singing a song for the customers. She doesn't stop singing and she just looks at me and makes motions with her hands. But what looks and what motions!" Mr. Garfield paused to mop his brow. "This dame knows how to play a love scene from 20 feet away!"

There have been other indications, too, that Miss Prelle is an extremely unusual personality for Hollywood. When the cast of Under My Skin first assembled, she got into a discussion with producer Casey Robinson about the Hemingway philosophy and how he would have conceived the part of the girl she was playing. In the course of the conversation she revealed a good working knowledge of modern French art, modern French poetry, classical music and the European boar hunt. Production manager Charlie Hall observed this profound intellectual exercise for a while and shrugged his shoulders helplessly. He asked, "What kind of an actress is this, anyway?"

Mr. Hall's question was answered by the American movie critics when Miss Prelle's 1947 French film Devil in the Flesh opened and began playing to overflow audiences in small "art" theaters around the country. A typical comment came from the oft-caustic Howard Barnes of the New York Herald Tribune. Mr. Barnes wrote: "Miss Prelle is a magnificent actress. She is beautiful to look at and accomplished in every aspect of screen make-believe. She is tender, appealing and truly tragic."

This is the principal reason why Micheline Prelle is conversational topic number one for Hollywood's heavy thinkers.

Meanwhile, however, the five-foot-three-inch, brown-haired girl with the wide gray eyes continues to impress Hollywood with her sex-and-brains combination. During the shooting of Under My Skin, she easily memorized 10 pages of dialogue a night (some actresses go to pieces with three pages). She drove writer-producer Casey Robinson to distraction by locating and rejecting all clichés in her lines.

For the first few days on the set, director Jean Negulescu, who still speaks English with a heavy Rumanian accent, decided to talk with her exclusively in French. But after a series of snafus in which the rest of the company tried in vain to figure out what was going on, production manager Charlie Hall exhorted Negulescu to switch to the local tongue. "You're lousing up the proceedings," he complained, "and you're lousing up the kid's English, which she is supposed to be practicing all the time." Whereupon Miss Prelle won the company over with a now-classic line.

"Also," she added, "he is lousing up my French. Our director's Rumanian accent in French is far worse than his Rumanian accent in English."

Soon after her first picture was released, Micheline went to the Philippines to play opposite Tyrone Power in a 20th Century-Fox opus entitled American Guerrilla in the Philippines, which will be shown in the autumn. In this film, Mr. Power is a heroic U.S. Navy officer who is left behind and leads guerrillas during the Japanese occupation; while Miss Prelle is the sarong-clad French wife of a Spanish planter.

There is no guarantee that she will win an Academy Award for this role, but she already has left her imprint on the Philippines. In a Manila hotel which had a sign reading "Deposit Firearms Here" over the desk, she shocked the clerk by forking over a snub-nosed .38. When the company was on location, she provided the table with fresh fish by diving into the water and spearing them, like the natives (a skill she picked up on the French Riviera).

She soon outdid many Filipino women in the native craft of embroidering blouses; and one day she disappeared for an afternoon and came back with a fabulous black pearl. When she was questioned about this, she said, "I got it on the Island of Sulu. Why, every student of gems knows that some of the finest black pearls come from the Island of Sulu."

La Belle Prelle, as she is called by studio publicists, was born in the Left Bank section of Paris. Her family name was Chassagne, and she was brought up comfortably in a pleasant house near the Luxembourg Gardens, living a normal middle-class existence on the substantial income of her father, Robert Chassagne, a stockbroker. Her mother is an artist who did portrait sketches and marine scenes when Micheline was a child. Of late, however, Madame Chassagne is devoting herself to sculpture and ceramics, and Micheline reports that her apartment is so filled with clay and granite that she is forced to sleep in the one remaining room, the kitchen.

Micheline began pointing for the theater at an early age. When five years old, she discovered a bright red French tooth paste in the family bathroom. She experimented with this substance as lipstick, then as blood, and finally staggered downstairs made up to look as if she had just gone 10 rounds with Georges Carpentier. A cook and a gardener quit as a result of this startling performance, and, as Micheline puts it, "I receive a good spank."

A Convent School Butterfly

When she was twelve, her parents separated. Micheline was sent to the convent boarding school of Notre Dame de Sion. There she was known as the Butterfly, a distinction she commemorated by writing a 98-verse poem, still remembered in the convent for the lines: "I am the butterfly with the light wings, flying from flower to flower, frivolous in the garden."

It was at this stage, too, that she became attached to a rangy American nun from Kansas City named Sister Alphonsine, and the child teetered on the verge of becoming a female basketball player instead of an actress. Sister Alphonsine, a 20-point-a-game center in her college days back in the United States, made a fair-to-middling guard out of young Micheline—an activity which La Prelle describes today as follows: "I was at the basket trying to push the others and get the balloon."

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The balloon chasing ended during the summer vacation of 1938. It was then, at sixteen, that Micheline began her active acting career in perhaps one of the most undistinguished openings on record. One day, her godfather, Jean Knoertzer, met an old war comrade named Christian Stengel on the street. The two old soldiers celebrated the meeting with a few *apéritifs,* and several hours later, Knoertzer asked, "What are you doing these days, *mon vieux?*"

"Oh," answered Stengel, "I'm in the motion-picture business now. I'm producing a film called Je Chante, with Charles Trenet."

"Well, well, well," said Knoertzer, "if that isn't the greatest of coincidences. It just so happens that I have a goddaughter who wants to be a motion-picture actress. Maybe you can use her?"

"Sure, sure," said Stengel, "anything for an old war pal. Send her over to see me." Stengel gave her a job as an extra.

Drunk with this initial success, Micheline next decided to put in a full workday by getting a second job in the chorus of a stage review at the R.I.P. Theater. She arrived in bobby sox and short skirt, sang a sophisticated Edith Piaf torch song, and immediately was taken on as a comedienne to impersonate the seventy-five-year-old French dancer, Mistinguett. But the rigorous routine of movie making in the morning and stage rehearsals all afternoon was too much. After a week she collapsed and was rushed to the hospital, where she was found to be suffering with jaundice.

When she recovered, her mother—who up to the collapse hadn't known about the stage and screen activity—said, "If you want to be an actress, I can't stop you. But at least you're going to do it right. I am enrolling you at the dramatics school of Raymond Rouleau."

Rouleau, a noted French actor, soon realized that he had a rare natural talent on his hands. He devoted most of his time to Micheline, to the occasional neglect of his other students, and when she put on an acting performance with him as part of her final examinations, he called in a Monsieur Joseph, an assistant to the noted Austrian movie director G. W. Pabst. Joseph took one look and told Micheline to come to Pabst's office for an audition.

Micheline remembers this audition with overtones of nightmare: "I was a chubby little girl with a round face, and on that particular day I had a formidable pimple on my nose. Also, I was suffering from a heavy cold, and my mother had wrapped an immense woolen scarf around my neck. On my feet I had thick woolen socks and on my head I wore a Tyrolean hat with a limp feather. I remember that I walked into Pabst's office and they stared at me and burst into laughter. I began to cry and turned around to leave. But Pabst called me back. He said, 'Don't go. It's just that you look so perfect for the leading part. If you can act as well as Mr. Joseph says you can, you've got the job.' It took them a half hour to make me stop crying so I could read the lines."

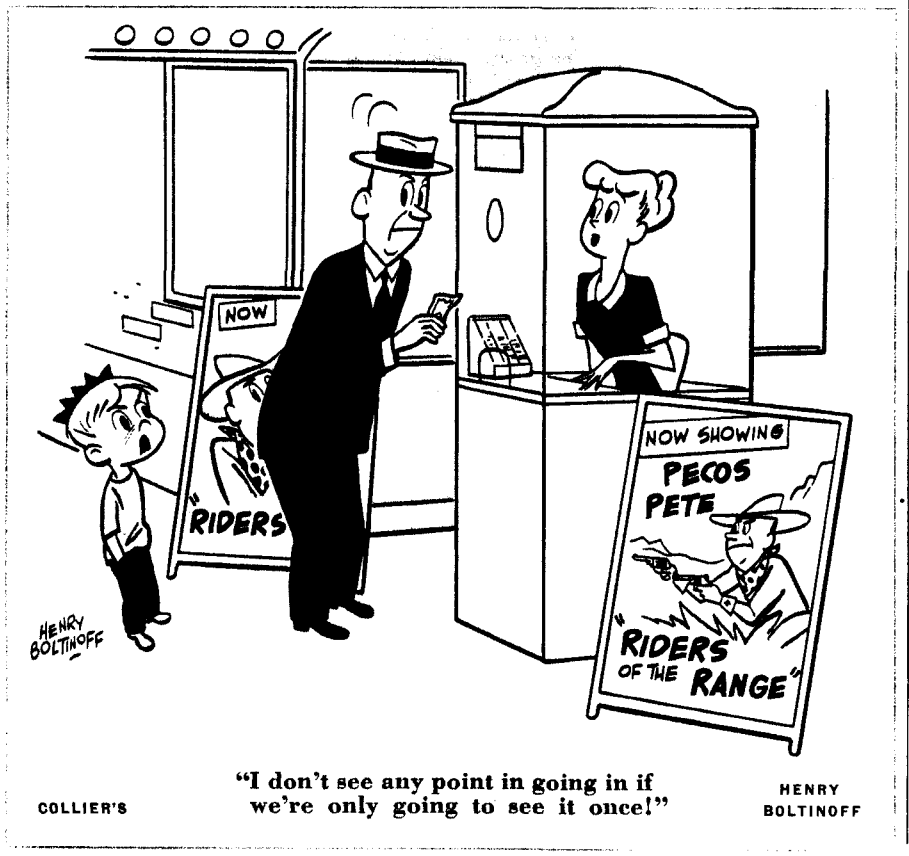
From the time she stepped before Pabst's cameras, Micheline was a sensation. In this picture, Girls in Distress, she played the part of a young boarding-school girl named Jacqueline Presle, who goes to the Minister of the Interior to prevent her father and mother from getting a divorce. It was a typical Deanna Durbin-type role, and Micheline was inevitably hailed as "the Deanna Durbin of France."

Plays Many Types of Women

In rapid succession, she played Fernand Gravet's wife in Lost Paradise; an extremely ugly girl with whom Louis Jourdan falls in love in The Comedy of Happiness; a belligerent thirty-year-old who spits at Francoise Rosay in Twelve Women; and a romantic foil to Josephine Baker in An Evening of Air Raid Alerts. With each picture, another director almost automatically joined the list of notables proclaiming her the finest young actress in France; and in 1940—at the ripe old age of eighteen—she actually beat out Françoise Rosay, Arletty, Michele Morgan and all the other great female French stars for the title Best Actress of the Year, conferred by the French cinema critics for her performance opposite Fernand Gravet in The Fantastic Night.

In 1940, Micheline was in Rome to do Tosca with Louis Jourdan for the French director, Jean Renoir, when she noticed posters going up on the walls saying, "England and France missed the bus. Germans only 150 kilometers from Paris." Later that day, she saw black-shirted students in the streets carrying an effigy labeled "France" in a coffin. Micheline rushed to the railroad station just in time. By the time the train reached Paris, the Germans had broken through the Maginot line and Italy had entered the war on Hitler's side.

Micheline paused just long enough in Paris to read the headlines and gather up her mother and her thirteen-year-old brother Claude. They piled into a friend's



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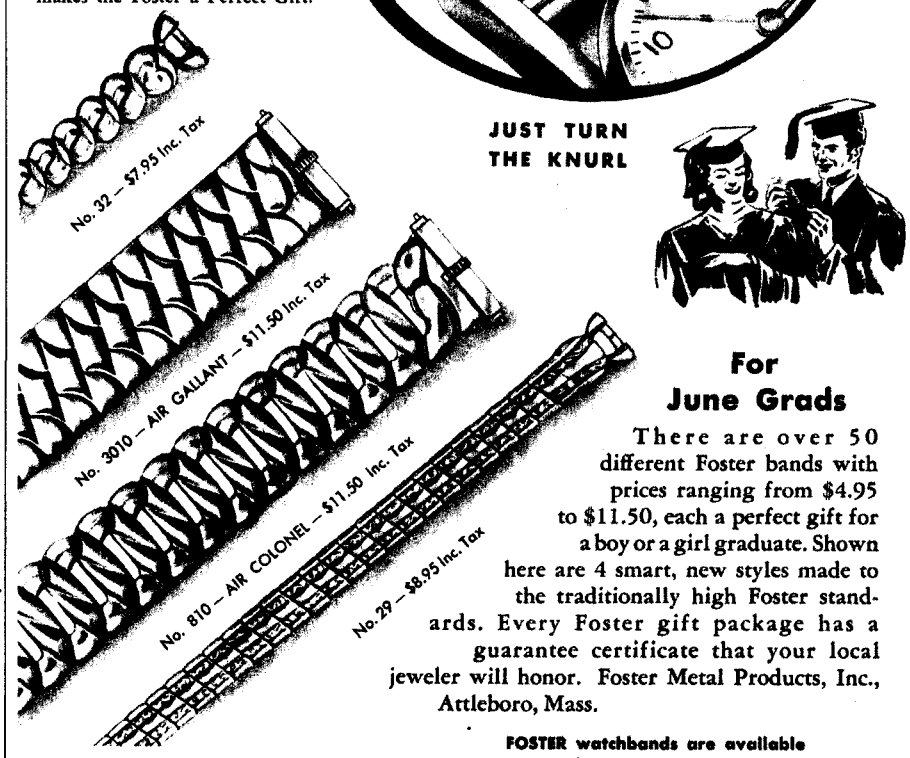
"I don't see any point in going in if we're only going to see it once!"

HENRY BOLTINOFF

The end pieces of famous Foster watchbands for men are adjustable, so you know that any one you select will fit Dad's watch. And you can attach a Foster band yourself, quickly and securely. This exclusive feature makes the Foster a Perfect Gift.



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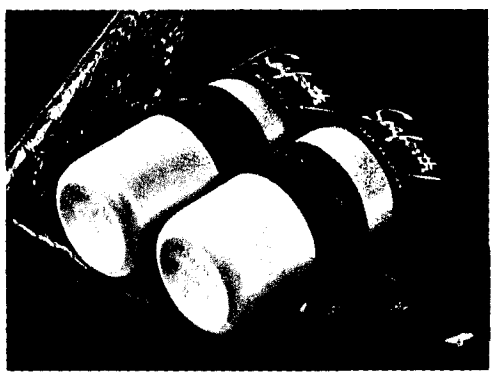

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car, and for three days she and Claude rode in a rumble seat past lines of refugees moving toward the Spanish border. At night the women slept in the fields beside the road, and the men slept in the car to prevent it from being stolen. Finally they arrived in St. Jean de Luz, Micheline with no clothes but those she was wearing. But the stay there was short-lived. They got out of St. Jean de Luz on the last train before the Germans arrived. The family lived in Cannes, in the unoccupied zone, for a while, but when the Germans moved in there, too, they went back to Paris for the duration.

Of that period Micheline says, "All around me were so terrible things that I was privileged. I had no one killed, no one in concentration camps. We were very cold and hungry, but at least we were together." Aside from hunger (no meat, butter or eggs for over a year), her biggest problem was fighting off the German movie executives who wanted her to act in their Continental Films. To avoid this, she had to keep as busy as possible making movies in the French film industry, which had been reduced to a ragtag existence by German restrictions. She managed to keep body and soul together—and one step ahead of the Germans—by doing three films which were not released until after the war.

When the British and Americans landed in Normandy, all film making stopped, and Micheline, with the rest of Paris, eagerly awaited liberation. When the Allies entered the city, she was part of the throng that welcomed them. She took part in theatrical performances staged in honor of the Allied armies, and then the movie producers began to arrive to sign her up. One was an old friend who wanted her for the Guy de Maupassant story Ball of Fat. He took one look at her and sent her off for a 15-day vacation in the Pyrenees to get fattened up. The plump little-girl actress of 1940 had wasted away to a haggard 98 pounds.

After Ball of Fat came the American movie companies. Universal's Paul Graetz sold her by coming up with a contract under which she could select her own script for one French picture for Graetz, and then he would finance trips to England and the United States so she could learn to speak English and make American films for him.

Role Needed Gallic Delicacy

The French picture turned out to be Devil in the Flesh. One day Graetz came to her with a short novel by that name written by a Frenchman named Raymond Radiguet before he died at the age of twenty in 1922. During the war, the French poet Jean Cocteau had given Micheline this book to read as a movie possibility. She immediately agreed with Graetz that it could be great. It had to be handled delicately, however; it was the story of a newly married French woman who falls in love with a seventeen-year-old schoolboy while her soldier-husband is away at the front in World War I.

Few pictures have kicked up the fuss caused by Devil in the Flesh. The French Ambassador to Belgium walked out on it while it was being shown as France's number one entry at the Brussels World Film Festival. It was banned in Canada, and it set off riots in Bordeaux, where it was picketed by French war veterans. The New York State Motion Picture Division refused it a license because of overenthusiastic love scenes, and it was seized by U.S. customs officials when Graetz arrived with it in the United States. But it smashed attendance records in Antwerp, Milan, London, Marseille, Buenos Aires and Mexico City, and set precedent by opening simultaneously in three first-run movie houses in Paris.

In the United States, finally, a U.S. Treasury Department board found the film to be "of the highest order," and the Attorney General refused to take action against it. On one thing just about everyone agreed: Micheline Prelle had turned in one of the great female acting performances of the decade. The French critics rewarded her with the La Victoire trophy (the French Oscar) as best actress of the year.

While American producers were descending on the hapless Mr. Graetz to buy Micheline's contract away from him, Micheline set about learning to speak English. First, she went to Sussex in England and lived for ten weeks in the home of an elderly, non-French-speaking couple who were friends of her family. Then she came to New York and hit on the idea of picking up various American accents across the country.

Perusing a newspaper one day, she noticed an ad stating that a New York policeman would drive anyone's car to California, in exchange for the free transportation. Micheline had Graetz's car. She hired the cop. It turned out, however, that the cop had just been married, so Micheline traveled across the country sitting in on the back seat of a honeymoon.

How to Lose a French Accent

In California, she avoided Hollywood's French colony, and wandered around downtown Los Angeles alone, forcing herself to speak English with shop girls and streetcar conductors. By the time her contract finally was taken over by 20th Century-Fox, she had whipped her English into such shape that she spoke with only the faintest trace of an accent.

Today Micheline gets constant practice at speaking English, because she has acquired an American husband, producer William Marshall. Marshall is a blond, Kansas-born ex-actor and band leader who once was married to another French actress, Michele Morgan. He first met Micheline in France, and then again, by coincidence, on the Queen Mary when she first came to the United States.

They own a charming two-room apartment in Paris, on the banks of the Seine, and a medium-sized house in Beverly Hills, hard by the 20th Century-Fox lot. The Beverly Hills house is crammed with goat heads and other trophies of the hunt acquired by Marshall, and with original paintings and first editions acquired by Micheline.

At home in Hollywood, Micheline does little else but go to movies (to improve her English) and study her roles. Her husband says: "When she is working in a movie, we live with a third person in the house—the woman she is playing in the film. Micheline puts this woman under observation, and for weeks she builds up the previous life of the woman in long conversations with me. She says, 'What was this girl doing when she was fourteen? Was she having affairs with men? Was she stealing bread? What was her life like during the occupation of France?' She drives me crazy.

"But by the time she is finished she has constructed a whole novel in her imagination about the life of the woman in the picture. She has the motivation in the girl's past for everything the girl does in the film—and, accordingly, she never plays a scene in which the character is even the slightest bit phony." Marshall adds ominously, "Barring bad scripts, of course."

This problem of bad scripts is one thing that might wreck the Prelle career in Hollywood, as it has wrecked the careers of other fine actresses. And Micheline still has not got used to Hollywood life, which she considers shallow. She runs off to cities like New Orleans and New York whenever she can, to browse through art exhibits and antique shops, and once her husband caught her shaking her fist at the southern California architecture. "I am for the old stones," she was saying.

But as one producer put it, "Even if these things should cause Micheline to leave Hollywood, the American public is going to see a lot of her for years to come. She is the favorite actress of too many top-flight British and European producers whose pictures are shown here.

"Besides," the producer continued, "her boss at 20th Century-Fox is Mr. Darryl Zanuck. And Mr. Darryl Zanuck is too good a polo player to buy one of the best polo ponies in the world and then let it get hitched up to a beer wagon." THE END

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I Was Poor Once Myself

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

back door. "I'll see to this," he says. "Look, young man, if you want to work, not just pass the hat for some doubtful charity," he says, as he drops some silver into Famine's box, "how about cutting the grass for me and cleaning the garage? If we don't find a man to do the outside work pretty soon, I'll have to give up appearing on the radio and do it myself. There are four other houses on this street that will pay top wages to any man who wants to work, no matter how feebly."

"Lemme cut the grass," I says. "Gimme the job."

"Don't say gimme and lemme—no, De Lucie—or I'll be mad. Your job is to take care of Cherry and knock out some simple meals worthy of a palace."

"I wouldn't be caught dead cutting grass," says Famine haughtily. "There are more important things in life than cutting grass."

"What for instance?" barks the Mister, who is smoking his first cigarette and coughing his head off.

"High ideals, for one thing," replies Famine, passing the Mister a tract entitled Can a Smoker Be a Good Man? Yes, a Dirty Good Man.

"I don't smoke or drink," says Famine. "I don't think it does you any good."

"I don't too," says the Mister whooping away. "You are so noble, and I am so unworthy. Good-by, girls," and he goes barking into the garage for his car. I was so relieved that he didn't find out what I am up to.

Then Mrs. Iredale came downstairs and slid into the breakfast nook beside Cherry. Your mother looked as pretty as a peach in her slim golf dress and flat shoes. Famine walked in and held the box out to her, and tears welled into his soft brown eyes. The Missis is not the woman to be pushed over by tears, however.

"What percentage do you keep out of what you collect?" she inquires, putting her handbag behind her back.

"A certain amount. The laborer's tithe."

"Have you ever met De Lucie's friend Rocky?" the Missis went on. "He's a policeman."

"He's at a school out West for smart cops," says I, thinking of my guy's black eyes.

"Shlurp," says Cherry, eating toast.

"No. I disapprove of armed force," says Famine. "Policemen carry guns."

"I ought to take time to ask at the police station if one must have a license to collect at back doors," says the Missis, and went to get her car out of the garage. And found she had a flat tire.

She was so mad, knowing her foursome was waiting for her at the golf club. She stood in the driveway back of the kitchen and muttered something under her breath.

"A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive," I says. Famine says sweetly, "May I change the tire for you, Mrs. Iredale?"

He did, and she gave him two dollars, and said nothing more about licenses.

Then Cherry went around the living room feeling with her tiny hand around the edges of chairs under the sofa cushions, and found eighty-three cents in all and put it in Famine's collection box.

Oh, I do wish Rocky could come, if just for an evening.

I can't wait.

Your true friend,
De Lucie

July 2d

Dear Stuart:

Don't faint dead away! I am going to see my mother tonight!

I've been getting a little tired of Famine, always getting all the loose change around the house for the starving, and besides that, charging me almost my whole pay to finance his search for my mother. I just barely had enough money this week to buy Cherry the sweetest little goat four inches high, with silky white fur and the dearest little gold horns. She wants a real live goat, but the Missis says no, they don't smell like perfume, and Cherry keeps spraying it with my atomizer.

I sort of wondered if Famine really wanted me to find my mother, because one day last week I showed him the presents I had bought for her, three pairs of beautiful evening stockings (because no woman, if she is a washwoman or a movie star, ever has too many), a little bottle of champagne so we can celebrate our reunion, and an ounce of perfume that cost me twelve dollars, plus tax.

Famine was scandalized. "Stop wasting your money," he says sharply, exactly like the Mister. "Better if you contribute it to Famine Relief and rescue the perishing. If I was your husband I wouldn't trust you with a dime. I want you to get hold of all the dough you can and keep it ready. It may cost more to find your mother, or we may have to pay her train fare, or get her

COLLIER'S

"How long before I'll develop a style of my own?"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

DUBOUCHETT SLOE GIN 60 PROOF

For Memorable Moments!

So Cooling! Delectable! This DuBouchett Sloe Gin Fizz. Place 3 or 4 ice cubes in a shaker. Add juice of ½ lemon, 1 teaspoon of sugar, 1 jigger DuBouchett Sloe Gin. Shake well, strain into a glass and add carbonated water. And now you have it—a sloe gin fizz at its very best!

Cordials by DuBOUCHETT Many, Blanc

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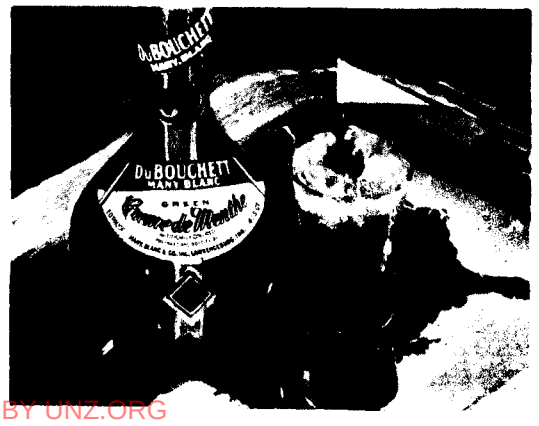
DUBOUCHETT BLACKBERRY FLAVORED BRANDY 70 PROOF

DUBOUCHETT CREME DE MENTHE 60 PROOF



For something really novel try this delicious DuBouchett Cooler. Pour over a glassful of fine ice 1 jigger DuBouchett Green Creme de Menthe. Now fill your glass with carbonated water, stir gently and garnish with cherry. Serve with pride. Prepare for compliments.

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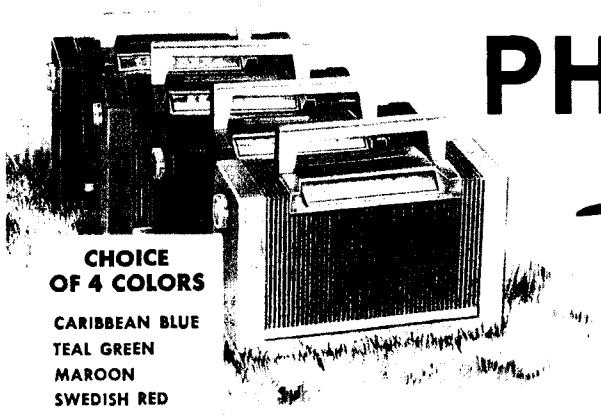

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CARIBBEAN BLUE
TEAL GREEN
MAROON
SWEDISH RED

PHILCO

—The Finest for '50

out of jail. She may be an old tramp in need of a daughter's tender care."

"Don't bother getting her for me if she is," I says, but he says sternly, "A mother is a mother still, the holiest thing alive."

This morning, when the doorbell rang, Jinkie, who was washing the kitchen windows, peeked out between the scallops of stuff she had smeared on the windows, and whispers, "It's Famine. But I got my insurance to meet and nothing to give the perishing today."

"I'm not going to give him a cent more either," I said. "I feel poor. The Mister says he isn't going to pay me money to toss out of the window."

"Don't pay any attention and maybe he'll go away," whispers Cherry. So we tiptoed into the living room and emptied all the wastebaskets into the fireplace, and Jinkie soaped all the windows.

"Are those your own limbs you're burning?" says a voice, and I whirled around to see Famine calmly walking in the front door.

"Certainly not. Oh, you mean from our trees. No, it's just papers. But the trees need pruning and then we would have plenty of small limbs to burn. How would you like to do the yard work for the Mister?"

"Not yet. That's hard work. As a last resort I might come to manual labor someday. A fellow has to keep getting money that has a wife like Gloria and a baby like Midgie."

So then he told me he had a line on my mother! A lady had written to the railroad and asked what became of the baby girl she left in the Port Change railroad station nineteen years ago on the second of July!

I screamed and clapped my hand to my heart, anyway to the bib of my apron. Jinkie came racing in, leaving the iron on a sheet. We got the scorch out later. "De Lucie's mother!" Cherry yelled. "Who is she?"

"I can't tell you her name just yet. I promised not to, because she could be arrested for child abandonment. But she is a beautiful actress! However, her last play flopped and she has been out of work for a year."

"De Lucie tells Rocky everything," says Jinkie. "You can't trust her not to tell."

"I don't," replies Famine. "I'll keep the name a secret."

"I'm sorry she is an actress," I admit. "She will look down on me. I wanted her to be a tired, gentle soul that stands on her feet in a store all day, and needs a daughter's love and care."

"Oh, but she is really like that," says he. "My detective agency has discovered that every year on the second of July a lovely woman clad in filmy black comes late at night and sits in the Port Change station for an hour, weeping while she gazes at the bench where she abandoned her infant child. Oh, the pity of it all!"

It seems that this lady left her home in California a few weeks ago, and he cannot find her. He thinks she is hitchhiking her way across the continent, so she can arrive at Port Change on July second.

Do you know what date today is? July the second!

Tonight I am going to Port Change to sit and wait in the station until my mother comes, in filmy black, to weep for her lost child. I won't bring her to the Iredale house, because the Missis is not one to approve of lady hitchhikers. I'll rent a room for her at Rocky's mother's. What a neat excuse for me to visit there evenings!

Famine says, "You won't see me from now on, because I am leaving town. Secret business, of course."

"That's goo—I mean, too bad."

"So I want to be paid now. Five hundred dollars."

"That's too steep! I don't have that much money. Three fifty is all I have in the world."

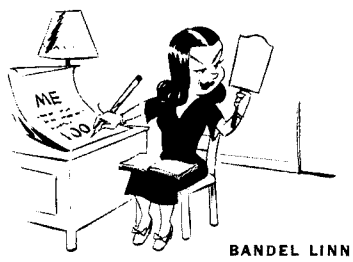
"I'll settle for three fifty cash, although it isn't much for a mother, the holiest thing alive."

"Wait a minute. What am I paying for? I'm not a child, I'm nineteen years old. Maybe my mother won't come. Maybe I'll sit in that station from nine o'clock until August and no one will show up." And I firmly refused to give him the dough.

"Well," Famine finally decides, "I guess I can put off leaving on my trip for a few hours more. You take all your money to the station with you and wait until your mother comes. I'll come there and you can hand my fee over to me."

What could be fairer than that? "Don't carry the three fifty in your handbag," Famine warns me. "You'll be alone in that station that has a big empty parking lot on three sides and the tracks on the fourth, and a kleptomaniac might drift in and steal your dough."

You can see how honest Famine is, to be so anxious for me not to meet a kleptomaniac. So I took the whole wad of crumpled bills out of the six-button white kid glove that I used to keep in my rag bag, and put it inside the perfume box, which has a tight little snapper locking it, and I showed it to Famine and says, "This is safe with me, and I'll spend no more of it for stockings or champagne. I'll give it to you when you produce the goods."



BANDEL LINN

Answers on Page 90

There's nothing I enjoy so much
As tests for popularity.
I score one hundred every time.
That is, when I am testing ME!

—BETTY ISLER

You can see how careful I am.

I can't wait, I can't wait!

Your true friend,
De Lucie

July 3d

Dear Stuart:

The big night was last night, and I am all in today. It didn't turn out exactly as I thought it would. I kept worrying if the Mister would take my head off when he got home from his out-of-town guest shot, and I hoped that my mother would charm him by looking poor but brave. I never dressed so carefully before. I wore my new peach-colored dress and shoes, and first I put on the new make-up with black circles around my eyes, but Cherry laughed so hard I washed it off and just wore lipstick and my hair brushed back wavy and young.

"Where are you going?" Cherry asked me. "I want to come along. I can't find my little goat. Stay with me."

"No, darling," said I. "Jinkie will look for your little goat, and she's a good finder. Jinkie will stay with you until I come home no matter how late it is." I rocked her, and we sang together:

Be kind to your web-footed friends
For a duck may be somebody's mother!
Be kind to your friends in the swamp—

"What will I tell Rocky if he calls up?" asked Jinkie.

"He won't call up. It costs too much to call up from way out West. He hardly writes either, but I know he is true to me."

When I got to the station at Port Change, there was a crowd on the platform, all piling into the 10:47 to New York. When the train pulled out, I was the only one left. There wasn't another train for two hours, and the station was deserted. I bought tomorrow's newspaper, and then the newsboy left, and the ticket agent slammed down his window and went home. The

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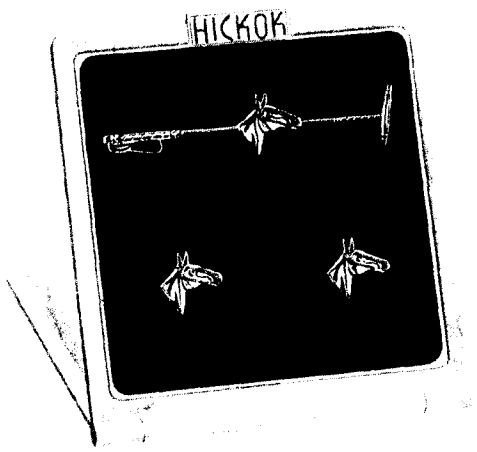

Polo Mallet Tie Bar, $2.50;
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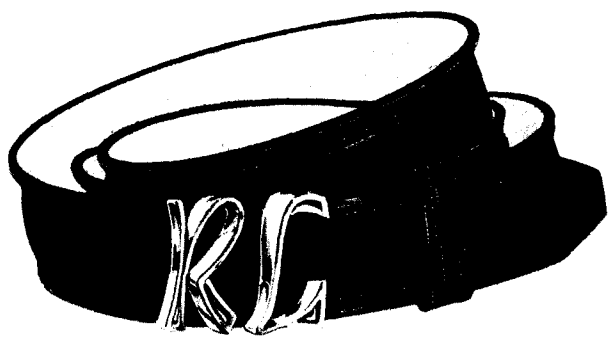
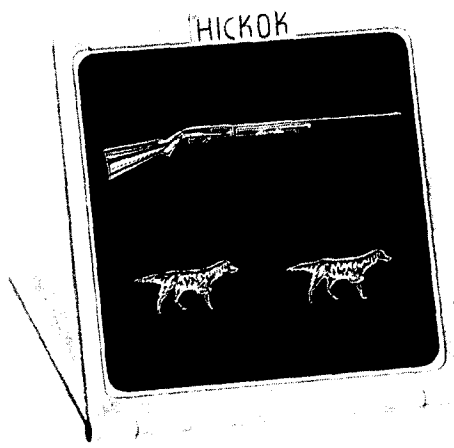
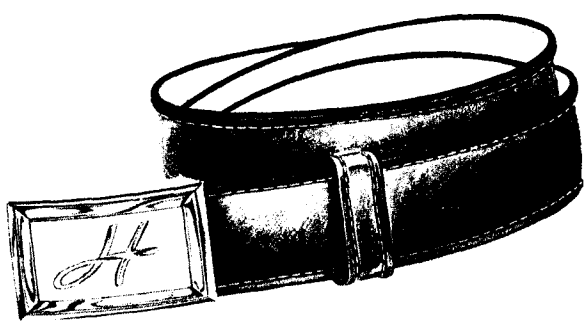


New! Twin-Profile Initial Buckle
on Sculptured Leather Belt.
Set, $4.50



Shotgun Tie Bar, $2.50; Bird Dog
Cuff Links, $2.50. Set, $5.



Cowhide Belt with two tone
Ribbon Initial Buckle, set, $3.50

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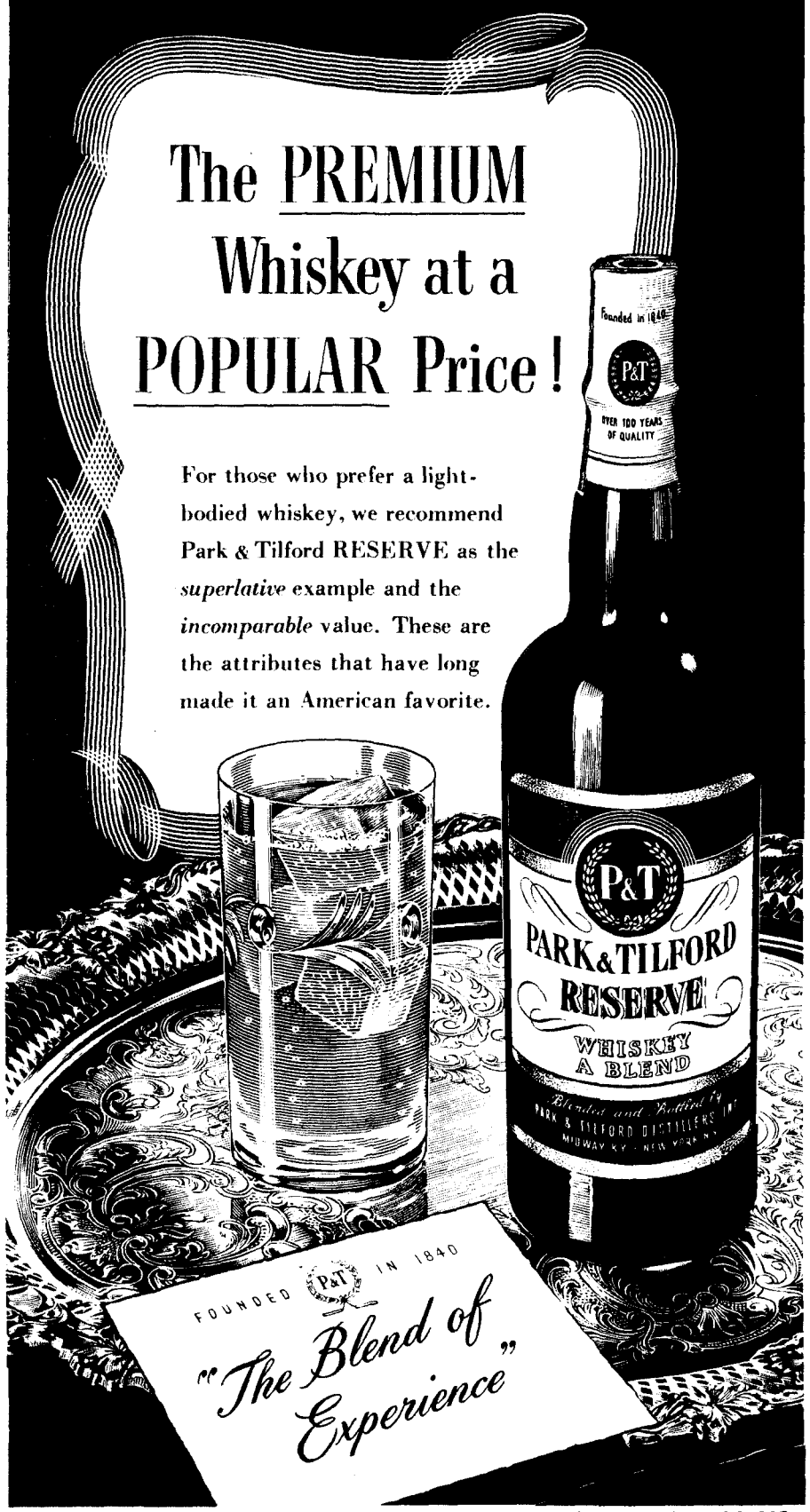

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lights were turned low. I walked all over the place, feeling as if I ought to tiptoe, looked into the ladies' room, which was dirty and deserted, peeked behind doors, tried the empty candy and gum machines, and peered into the trash can. The night was warm, but I felt clammy. I kept feeling for the perfume box in my deep dress pocket, wondering if my mother would come, and if she would be disappointed in me. I sat down on a bench. My heart was beating heavy and slow, and the queer station smell of dust and tobacco made me feel rather sick.

Two men came in and looked at the clock above the ticket agent's window. "Dammit, we missed the train by ten minutes," one said, and looked over toward me smiling. I wondered if he was a kleptomaniac. "We'll have to find a taxi to New York. Where do you want to go, Miss? Share a taxi?"

"No thanks, waiting for my mother," I croaked. They looked at me thoughtfully a few minutes, and I kept my hand on the perfume box in my pocket, and then they left. An old man with a mop came in and made a few swipes at the floor. No wonder stations smell funny.

"No train for an hour and forty-six minutes, lady," he says.

"I know. I'm meeting someone."

"If you was my daughter, you'd go home. Nice girls ain't out so late."

He left too, and I began to read my newspaper in the wretched light, moving from one bench to another, trying to find a spot where I could see. I was poring over the sports page when I heard a curious small sound, and looked up.

On the bench across from me, leaning against the curved wooden back of the bench, was a paper shopping bag. It hadn't been there when the man was cleaning. I threw down my paper and walked stiffly to the bench, with my throat constricted. I heard the soft sound again.

The bag was a big one, with cord handles, and the top was a little open. I looked in and saw something blue. I put my hand in cautiously. Warm. Soft. I had touched a piece of blue silk. I sat down and took the bag on my lap and carefully felt inside. Then I pulled out a very little baby, wearing a blue silk cap on its tiny, warm, hairless head, a blue silk coat and a soft blue blanket. Its eyes were closed, but it was making little snuffy breathing noises, trying to wake itself up. I loved it, I held it close, I felt all broken up.

"It isn't me, I didn't have a stitch on. Am I nuts? Am I dreaming?"

I sat holding the tiny living creature and was too stunned to think. Then I saw that a note was pinned to the blanket with a safety pin. *"Please take care of my baby. We are starving. I cannot get a job and take care of Baby too. I love my baby but we have no money at all."* And I knew my perfume box was in my pocket with plenty of money in it, and I felt so thankful. This little one need not starve.

I heard a sound in the corner, back of the tall metal trash basket. A moan. A stifled sob.

"Come out, come out, wherever you are!" I shouted. And a young girl in a black linen dress came out from behind the basket, crying into a small white handkerchief. She couldn't be my mother. She looked younger than I do, quite tall, with golden hair and grape-colored lipstick on a big mouth that always stayed open.

"Don't hold my baby like that!" she implored me. "Dear, kind lady! He hates to be held flat in your arms. Hold him upright over your shoulder and protect his back. He's only four weeks old. Oh, help me, help me, we are starving!"

"You poor, poor girl," I said, with my own eyes getting wet. "It's the darnedest coincidence—I was left in this very station myself. It's terrible that you can't keep your own baby."

"I was betrayed," she whispered. "I have no husband. Oh, the pity of it all! I owe a hundred dollars rent for my room, so the landlady threw us out. I owe the doctor, and the drugstore, and the grocer. I can't keep my child with me unless I can get three or four hundred dollars from somewhere, until my relief check comes in."

"I can let you have that much," I said slowly. "I can't let a girl down who is in the same fix that my mother was in, probably. I was keeping my savings for my mother, but I guess she isn't coming. I'm ashamed to be a piker, but if three hundred and fifty dollars will tide you over until your check comes in, you are welcome to it."

I took my perfume box out of my pocket and handed it to her. She put it unopened into her handbag, and thanked me over and over. "Give back my baby!" I handed her the baby, which was still sleeping peacefully, with little snorty breaths. It certainly was a darling little dollface. "Oh, you are so good, so noble! You have kept a mother and child together."

There was a little sore place in my selfish heart, to have my life savings gone so fast to a stranger, still I was happy enough.

"I'll help you carry the baby back to your rooming house," I said. "Maybe we can be friends, and I'll walk the baby for you every Thursday. I like babies, and Cherry is getting so grown-up."

"My place is too far to walk. I will take a taxi," she replied hastily, and hustled out of that station like lightning. Strangely enough, there was a small, shiny car standing right there beside the deserted platform, of all things.

"Say, wait a minute!" I says, and with my strong right arm I reached over and whipped the baby right out of her arms. "That baby is too young to be held upright. They didn't hold them that way at the Industrial Home!"

"I'm his mother, I know what he likes!" the girl says.

"A fine kind of mother, to abandon such a cute baby."

"Give him to me!" she screeches.

I held fast to the little, warm, blue bundle, and I was really thinking, for the first time in a couple of months, I'm afraid.

"Listen! This child of yours would be better off in the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls where I was brought up. They were awfully good to me there. A girl like you, who's willing to desert her child once, might do it again."

"You can't do this to me, you kidnaper! Ritchie! Ritchie!"

She was screaming with rage, and I was boiling with anger. What a pill, what a prune, to desert a baby. And my mother must have been a pill too, and a prune, and I would be a fool to want to see her. If she had glided in that minute in her filmy black draperies, I would have put out my foot and tripped her on her nose.

The driver of the shiny little car hopped out and made a dive for the baby, but I held on.

"Give her the baby!" he yelled.

"Famine Relief!" I stammered. "Why, it's you!" I kicked him on the shins, and held on to the child. "Was this all an act? Is this your baby? And your wife? Did you dope this out to get my little speck of money?"

"See, she knows you, Ritchie," said the girl with the grape-colored mouth. "Now you can't work that street no more, and you'll have to get a job yet. Gimme my baby, you big clod!"

"Don't say gimme and lemme," I says breathing hard, because I was having trouble side-stepping both of them lunging for the child.

"Yes, don't say gimme and lemme," said Rocky with a laugh.

Rocky said that! Yes, it was really Rocky standing there on the platform, grinning like a Chessy cat. My big, handsome, black-eyed cop. My steady. Shlurp, shlurp. He appeared out of nowhere, like a clothes moth fluttering out of a bathing suit.

"Hello, honey," he says to me. "Where is the mother you came to meet?"

I was so happy to see him. I knew all my troubles were over. Rocky would take my side against the whole world. "My mother was just a fig leaf of his imagination," I

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says, holding fast to the baby. "How did you get here in the very niche of time?"

"The Iredale boy telephoned me last night from his camp," replied Rocky. "Stuart Iredale. Seems he wasn't convinced from your letters that you could handle your affairs without me. So I flew East after my examinations and went straight to the Iredales, and Jinkie told me to come here. Now, my boy," he says in a fatherly tone to Famine, who is rather small, "what goes on here?"

"Arrest that big, dumb, stupid De Lucie!" shrieks Famine unexpectedly. I thought the little guy would slither away when he saw a cop, but he pressed right up to me, full of fight. "She has our baby! The girl is a kidnaper, and I can prove it. This is my wife, Gloria. That's my baby, Midgie. We want to prefer charges of kidnaping against De Lucie Weed."

"Look, honey," says Rocky in a patient, reasonable tone. "You are putting yourself in the wrong. You can't keep that baby."

"I don't intend to. I'm going to put it in the Industrial Home for Orphan Girls."

"He isn't an orphan!" screamed Gloria.

"You can't," snarled Famine, "because he isn't a girl. He's a boy."

"This is a fine thing," said Rocky, looking at me in the most puzzled way. "Stu asked me to protect you from a petty swindler. But you persist in doing something much worse."

The baby suddenly chimed in with a real bawl, the cutest thing, and the girl Gloria burst into genuine tears. "I want my baby," she sniffled. "De Lucie holds him all wrong."

"DE LUCIE!" roared Rocky in a terrible voice.

"Oh, all right." I gave in, but I still think I had a good idea. I handed Gloria the baby, and he cried loud and strong. So cute. And Famine and his wife ran and jumped into the little shiny car without one more word, and it chuffed away.

Rocky thinks we will never see them again. I think we may. Famine really likes that baby Midgie. He stopped being a kleptomaniac because he likes Gloria, and maybe they will both stop being swindlers because they like Midgie. It wouldn't surprise me a bit if he showed up someday and asked Mr. Iredale for that job in the yard. I can't wait.

For one thing, that perfume box didn't have any money in it. I found a little pile of crumpled dollars in back of the radiator in my room this morning, all my savings. Cherry told me she threw them there when she cleared out my perfume box to put her little silk goat in, so he would smell like perfume.

She's only four.

It's only money.

Famine must have been surprised that all they got for their acting was a tiny goat.

Mr. Iredale made me buy bonds with the money.

Rocky was very sweet about the whole thing. He had to go back to his school out West tonight, and he stopped at the house to say good-by on his way to the airport. It was pretty hard to let him go again.

"I'm sorry I haven't as many ancestors as your mother's cat," I told him, when we were saying good night in the moonlight on the back porch. We could hear a soft crooning from upstairs where Jinkie was singing Cherry to sleep.

Which was the son of Enos
Which was the son of Seth
Which was the son of Adam
Which was the son of God

"You're in there somewhere," says Rocky quietly. "You and me both."

"I'd like to have found my mother. But I'm not worried about it."

"I'm not worried too," says Rocky, putting his arm around me. "We have my mother. One is enough for us both. De Lucie, and my mom likes you. There's many a guy thinks I'm lucky not to be faced with a mother-in-law."

I'm glad I will have a mother-in-law though. I can't wait.

Your true friend,
De Lucie

THE END

COLLIER'S

"His idea of flattery is to tell me I'm not half bad"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

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The Big Build-up

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

drinks for them in the bathroom, in a couple of dime-store glasses, before they went out to dinner at the Automat. Or, if it was after payday, to a place in the Village. She behaved like a hellion. They quarreled nearly all the time in the sultry barren heat of a New York September.

The worst part of it for her, he now guessed sadly, was that he hadn't had enough faith in her ability. He had never said this. Even in their most violent quarrels he had tried not to show it, this lackluster view of his wife's too-fierce belief in herself and her future. Too fierce. Maybe that told him now, too late, of a pitiful need.

But at the time, so tired and so young, he would have liked coming home to a nice contented wife, instead of to a temperamental and unemployed actress. When he could not conceal his impatience, Clare had looked at him and seemed to see her own failure in his unhappiness.

So one day she walked out on him, after one of those looks. He guessed now that it was her pride which drove her out. She had stalked out before to cool off a bit, and then she would come home, and once or twice she had cried a little in his arms. But this time she just telephoned to say that she was going to share the apartment of a girl she had known in summer stock, and he wasn't to bother her any more, please. He never did. Sick with anger, he quit his job and headed for the Coast.

HARRY said, "Your job is to glamorize her and to sell her to the whole world. But with dignity, because we think she's going to be important."

"Mmm . . . I have a low opinion of the world anyway," Mark said. Times were tough in Hollywood, and besides, what difference did it make? He tossed the picture back. "All right," he said.

"Her name is Clare Conroy," Harry said. "She's been in a couple of New York plays. Secondary parts, but her work has set the critics' teacups rattling. Mildly." That was news to Mark. He didn't follow the New York theater any more; he had heard enough about it to last him for a lifetime. "She's just finished her screen tests here," Harry said, "and they're swell. Nobody off Broadway knows anything about her. That's where you pick up and start beating the loud hired drum."

He unplugged his shaver, wrapped the cord around it, put it away in an untidy desk drawer on top of professional pictures of many beautiful women, and picked up his telephone and asked for Mr. Sidman's secretary. Bob Sidman was currently one of the top producers on the lot.

"Hello, Marta? 'S Harry. Look, my sweet, I have just assigned one of my very best men to the Conroy business, as per request. Mark O'Neil . . . Yes, yes, dear, I know, but Mr. O'Neil is very dignified, too. . . . No, dear, one of my young women would *not* be better. The Conroy does not look to me like a woman's woman, if you know what I mean. . . . Yes, beautiful, I do understand, and I'm sure that when the glory stands revealed Mr. O'Neil will understand too. What time will Bob want him for the conference? . . . Yes, dear heart, I will personally supervise all copy. That is why I live in a commodious, airy California home, largely unpaid for. When is the conference? . . . Three o'clock? Okay. . . . Sure, I know all that, and I'll see that he realizes what she is. G'by." Harry shoved the phone away and said: "There you are, Mark. Bob is going to use this dame in his new picture, Night of the City."

"Three o'clock," Mark said. Lighting another cigarette, he wandered back toward his own small cluttered office.

In the narrow hallway he met Kathi hurrying along with a handful of still photos from the musical. "Hello, Mark," she said with her shy politeness.

"Hello," he said absent-mindedly, but stopped. Somehow you always smiled a little when you looked at Kathi, as even the most worried person will smile when he sees something young and awkward and trusting. She was no more than seventeen, and she was a sort of apprentice in the publicity department. Her dark hair was cropped to close curls and she wore a black velvet dress with a wide white lace collar. The effect was quaint, but with her pale clear skin she would be a very beautiful woman someday. Now she looked at you from the shadowless land of childhood.

"Is it a bad day?" she asked timidly.

"Not too bad. Not yet," Mark said, and went on into his office. . . .

He had a glimpse of his wife sooner than he expected. A few minutes before two he was walking across the entrance lobby of the administration building when he saw her getting out of a yellow convertible. The young man at the wheel wore a matching yellow ascot under his sport jacket, and he was wearing dark sunglasses. Well, I wonder who *that* is, Mark thought.

As she came up the wide stone steps and the convertible slipped away from the curb, he faded into the dimness of the left-hand hallway, leading to the Writers' Wing, and slouched at the drinking fountain, watching. He considered that his curiosity was pardonable.

She walked with the proud stride he remembered so well. She walked like that even in her stocking feet. This afternoon she had on a gray pin-striped suit, severe and expensive. She walked straight to the modernistic oval counter which enclosed the reception clerk. Even at this distance, Mark could hear her low, carrying voice, the voice of an actress: "I have an appointment with Mr. Sidman. Clare Conroy."

The boy phoned to the regions above, and then touched a button. At a click, the great oak doors leading to the Executives' Wing swung open.

Mark stared in distaste at the drinking fountain. So it looked like he was going to have to meet her. That was his bad luck. Often you never saw the people you were writing publicity about, and that made it easier.

He went up to Sidman's office at three o'clock. Harry's friend Marta, a broad-browed girl fiercely convinced of the sacredness of Sidman, murmured into a telephone and then told him to sit down. He did, and waited. It was a long time before a buzzer sounded under Marta's desk and she said, "You can go in, now."

IN THE rich intimate distances of Sidman's office, Clare was at ease and beautiful in a pale leather armchair beside the desk. Mark walked the whole length of the room and stood in front of the desk, looking at Sidman, before she turned her head to glance up carelessly. Her eyes widened, their blue darkening suddenly.

"Miss Conroy," Sidman said, "this is one of our highest-class publicity men. Mr.—?"

"O'Neil," Mark said.

"Mr. O'Neil," Sidman said.

A little faintly, Clare said, "How do you do?" but for an instant she looked at him as if she were whispering his name. He wasn't sure afterward whether or not her hand had wavered toward him. Mark, who had not been taken by surprise as she had, made no move. All the loneliness welled up in him, and the proud bitterness . . . Remembering the guy in the yellow convertible, he gave her a private look of cold dislike. She returned the look with indifferent contempt.

"Now," Sidman said, "I guess Harry Sears has told you what our problem is. I sent him a very careful memo. Confidentially, O'Neil, our problem is dignity."

"Okay," Mark said.

"We're going to give her the big build-up. The entire facilities of the studio are going to be devoted to that one word in this connection. Dignity. Allure—naturally. Sex—let the public think it out for themselves. The publicity pictures will take care of that. What I want to do is wake up the public with a sockful of dignity."

"You can count on the publicity department, Mr. Sidman," Mark said.

"Now I'm thinking creatively. For this campaign, that's going to be the secret of our success. Not to think along regular lines. No bathing suits, no elephants," Sidman said. "I want you to forget all that technique. Miss Conroy here is different from lots of other girls. She's a very, very distinguished young American actress—at least she's going to be when our publicity gets rolling, and I'm giving her a feature part in Night of the City. Distinguished. We mustn't forget that word." He bent forward to make a note on his desk pad. "Just look at her creatively, O'Neil, and you'll see what I mean."

Innocently, Mark really turned, and gazed upon her. In disdain, she turned her head away.

He remembered how she used to stride back and forth across the bedroom in a worn white corduroy wrapper. Then, with an actress's sure instinct, she would abruptly change the pace and timing of their loud quarreling voices. She would stop, bring that exquisitely modeled face close to his, and whisper some line that she had been saving up for him, hurting him and herself, too.

"Now let's get down to business," Sidman said. "Make some notes, O'Neil. You aren't making any notes. Are you married, Miss Conroy?"

There was pause. "Well, I *was* married at one time," she said, very low. "To a—newspaperman. I was very young then." Her voice was stronger as she added: "I've never taken the trouble to locate him for a divorce. He just disappeared."

Mark smiled at her with the detachment of a stranger. She knew that a divorce just now would be very bad medicine for her career in pictures.

Sidman said hastily, "We don't mention any marriage angle, O'Neil. In the publicity, we'll just omit all reference to marriage. Or romance, either. That would be immoral, for the time being. Now what I ask you is, what is left? Make a note."

WITH a pencil and a folded wad of copy paper, Mark pretended to make a note. And all the time he was remembering little intimate things about her. The way she would wake up in the morning, having lost her troubles in her sleep. The way she would sit with one stocking dangling from a thin hand, her eyes trying to keep a dream—maybe remembering the sleepy whispers in the dark—until she saw the ugly green walls of that room again. The way she once had used to hurry toward him in a crowd, when they were meeting somewhere at the end of a day, and slip her hand into his overcoat pocket with his hand—and both their sleeves threadbare at the cuffs. And at night the way she brushed her hair in lamplight, smiling at him mysteriously.

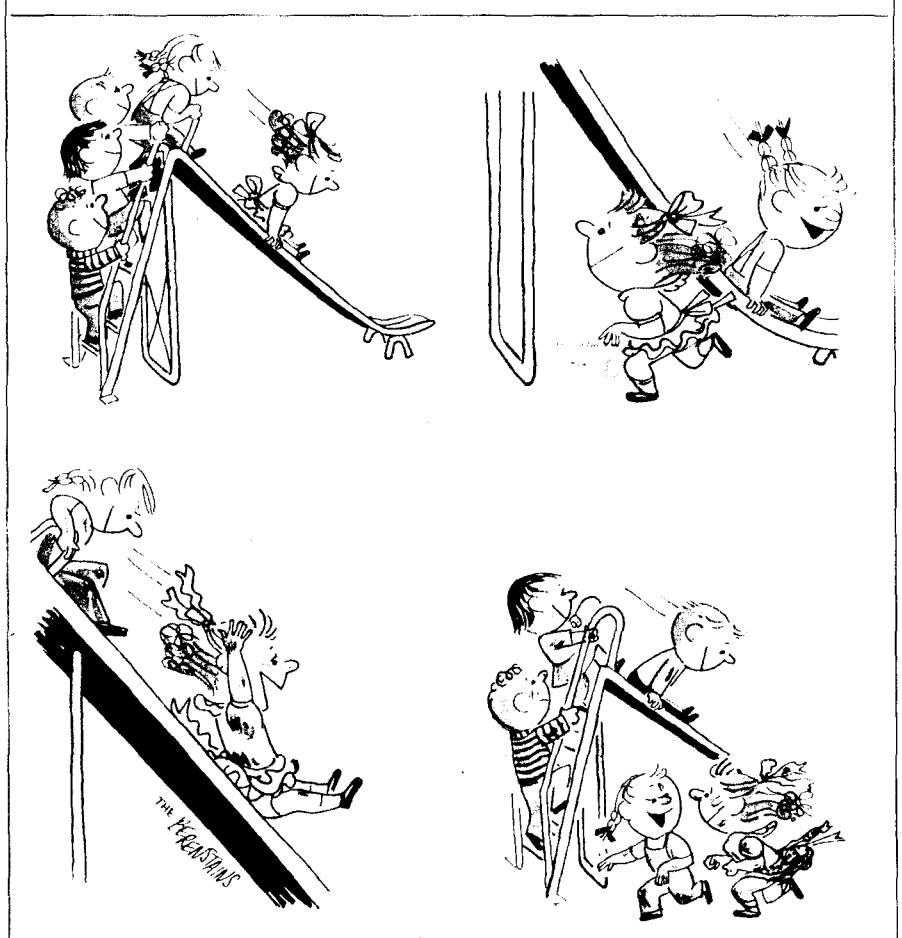
And maybe she knew he was remembering things like that, because unexpectedly she looked blankly at him, just once, for a second, before she coolly turned her head away again.

"O'Neil," Sidman said with deep solemnity, "you have a selling job ahead of you. To every man, woman and child in the civilized world. What is there more wonderful than selling something you believe in, heart and soul? That's why I arranged it carefully so as you could see this girl for yourself. All right, you're impressed. Like I was, like anybody would be. Already maybe she stands for something in your mind. What is it?"

"Dignity," Mark said.

Sidman's face, sick with years of forced belief in things, was old for perhaps fifty-odd, and very kind. Its California tan could

SISTER



"What time's this party you're going to?"

COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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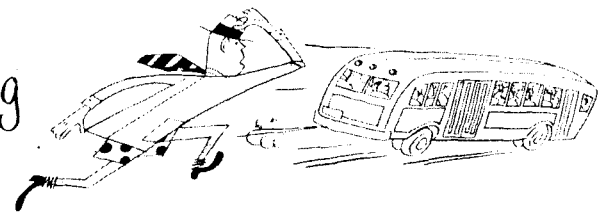
Maybe you're missing something



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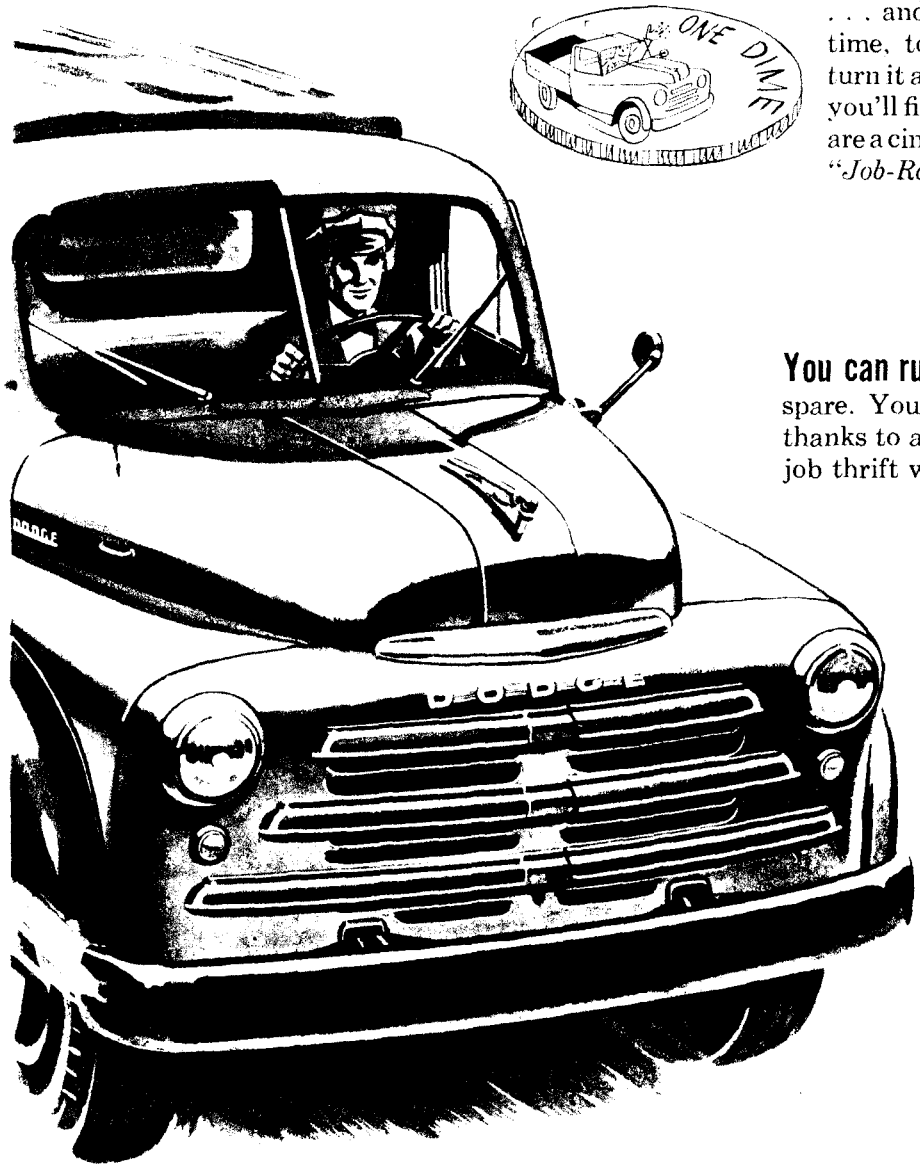

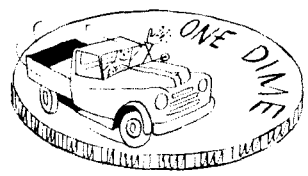

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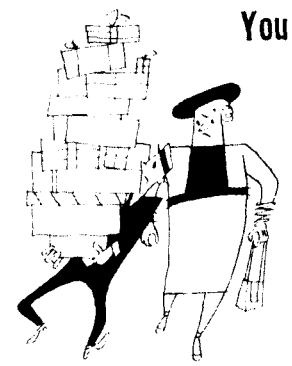

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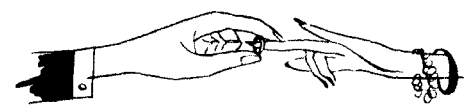

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I WEAR FALSE TEETH

yet my mouth feels fresh, clean and cool No "DENTURE BREATH" for me*

***"I know that dental plates that feel hot and sticky are a warning sign . . . so I soak my plate in Polident to avoid Denture Breath."**
Mrs. C. W. A., Dayton, Ohio

When plates taste bad—feel hot and heavy in your mouth, watch out for Denture Breath. False teeth need the special care of a special denture cleanser—Polident. For a smile that sparkles . . . for a mouth that feels cool, clean and fresh . . . for freedom from worry about Denture Breath . . . soak your plates in Polident every day. Costs only about a cent a day to use.

NO BRUSHING
Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.

POLIDENT
RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS THAN ANY OTHER DENTURE CLEANSER

LOOSE FALSE TEETH?

Amazing New Cream Holds Tighter, Longer than anything you've ever tried or double your money back
POLI-GRIP
Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

not conceal that it was gray from the long fight upward. He sat looking at them, thinking of something else to say.

His phone rang. He picked it up, listened, and said with obvious relief, "All right. Tell him wait just a minute."

He stood up. Uncertainly, so did Clare. He walked with her toward a door at the far end of the room, Mark trailing along behind. That door opened into a back corridor, and Sidman said, "This has been a very, very creative conference."

For a minute he stood there, and you could see him organizing his mind for the next man who was waiting, for the next high-pressure bout of talk. Perhaps unconsciously, he sighed. . . .

Mark and Clare walked along the corridor together. She said, in a bitter toneless voice, "It would have to be you!"

"But just think how sort of sweetly wistful it is. Again we struggle toward success together. You don't think I like it, do you?"

"I'm going to see that you're taken off this assignment," she said. "I'm going to tell Mr. Sidman I don't want you doing my publicity and I'm going to tell him why."

He shook his head gently. "I don't think so. It wouldn't do you any good around here if it were known that you're married to a publicity hack. That would detract from your New York mystery. They would look at you again, and maybe not see how distinguished you are any more."

"I'm going to divorce you!" she said with a hint of hysteria. "To hell with the consequences!"

"Oh, no, you won't," he said comfortably. "Not for quite a while. Not until you've made good in several pictures. If you can."

"You're even worse than you used to be," she said. "So you're cynically world-weary now." But in spite of herself, her voice sounded frightened.

She still has awful feelings of insecurity, he thought. She's been through so much, such hard and shaking times, and she still doesn't know whether she's really a good actress or not. She's smart, and this is the big hurdle. And she's afraid. I'm the final touch of horror, because I can't help being cynical about her. I know her too well. I've seen her as a failure.

WALKING along, he lighted a cigarette. "Who was that guy you drove up with?" he asked.

"It's none of your business, but I'll tell you," she said. "That was Don Airlie, and he's my—"

An executive in country tweeds turned a far corner and came toward them along the corridor. They stopped talking until he had passed them.

"Airlie is your what?" Mark said.

"He's my idea of what a man should be. Courteous, polished, successful but not spoiled, and deeply, deeply understanding of a woman's feelings."

"Well, a hint of a romance with Airlie would be a big help in your publicity buildup. Just what I need," he said thoughtfully. "But we can't use it. You're married, and it would be immoral. Sidman said so. You'd better watch your step, my girl. The gossip columnists, you know. They don't know you, but they do watch him."

"So nothing, nothing means anything to you any more!"

"So maybe I have interests of my own," he said with desperate calmness. "Would that ever occur to anybody?"

They had reached the main corridor and at the corner they stood staring at each other rudely. Slowly, she brought her face close to his and spoke in a dreadful strangled whisper:

"You—you wife deserter!"

He blinked. It dawned on him that maybe—that last awful time in New York—she had wanted him to come after her, and bring her home, and tell her that he believed in her. And make her believe, too. But it was too late, now.

She walked away from him, her high heels clicking down the hall.

Mark strolled back to his office, and Kathi was there, sitting beside his desk.

"Harry said I could help you on this assignment." She couldn't keep from being a little breathless when she was earnest, and that was nearly always. "He said maybe a woman's touch . . ."

He did have to smile again; that sounded so odd, coming from this child—as odd as that black velvet dress which you knew she had bought because she thought it made her look older. Kathi lived with her mother somewhere in Los Angeles, and had a long hard bus trip twice a day.

"Kathi," he said, "you're my idea of what a woman should be. Quiet, submissive, not yet spoiled by some fond bewildered sap, and respectful of a man's deeper feelings."

He was standing at the window with his back toward her, but now, at her silence, he looked around. Her head was bent low, because she knew that he was joking her.

"Well, here's Marta's memo to Harry about the girl's New York record and about her contract," he said brusquely, taking it out of his pocket. "It will give you an idea of what we have to go on." . . .

A couple of days later they were really at work. The mill was running full blast. All the columnists and radio people had been taken care of and straight news releases about the contract had been offered the wire services. Through Sidman's office, dates had been arranged for Clare to be seen lunching at the right places with the right people on the right days. And the first publicity pictures were coming through.

They were shiny and expert. Clare with a borrowed sport roadster, with somebody's golf clubs on a Beverly Hills course, with a deep-sea fishing rod—wearing shorts to show her long perfect legs. That took care of the California sports angle. Clare chatting informally with established stars in various settings. Clare in a dozen different kinds of the most expensive clothes. And one extremely daring shot of Clare reading the script of Night of the City with horn-rimmed glasses, like a Wellesley graduate. Dignity.

Mark had kept out of it as much as he could while the photographs were being made. When he and Clare did have to meet, they both behaved perfectly, detached and courteous. Now he was writing the captions, mechanically. It was his job.

. . . *Distinguished young American actress,* he wrote over and over again. *Acclaimed by New York critics as* . . . Once, in the middle of the sticky afternoon, he hit a new slant. *Beautiful and tempestuous Clare Conroy,* he wrote, *who has come fresh from Broadway successes to* . . . Well, that's one word for it, he thought. Tempestuous.

He tossed this one across the desk to Kathi. "Here's a pattern we can plug along on for a while," he said. It was the first word he had written from his personal knowledge of Clare.

Kathi had trundled in a typewriter on a rickety, wheeled stand, and most of the time she sat silent watching him. With hurried fingers, she started typing some captions on her own.

Harry called him in, next morning. "Where'd you get this 'tempestuous' line?" he asked.

"Oh, it just occurred to me. Watching her," Mark said.

Harry hesitated. "Well," he finally said, "I guess it's dignified enough. It's got a little action in it, anyway. We'll pass it."

THAT afternoon there was a date in Clare's hotel suite with a fan magazine writer whom Mark had snared. This might be a tricky one. He knew he ought to be there to make the introductions and get the interview slanted right from the beginning. He took Kathi along because he didn't want to be alone with Clare.

The living room of Clare's suite was in gray and soft greens, and she was wearing a gray hostess gown, embroidered with pearls. These suave neutral colors made her blond hair startling, as if it gathered all the light in the room. Mark managed a fair imitation of a business acquaintance's smile. Maybe a little surprised to see a girl with him, she looked little Kathi over with remote eyes. He explained that Kathi was one of the girls in the publicity department; and after that she was perfectly charming to the child, ignoring Mark.

The fan writer was a tall awkward woman in an astonishing black picture hat, and when Mark let her in and she swept across the room with both hands outstretched to greet the young newcomer to Hollywood, she made Mark think of lipstick on a skull. Her name was Miss Glockler. In worried haste, Mark set the tone for the interview by a rapid—and not quite truthful—summary of Clare's cultural background in the New York theater.

"At the studio we know how awfully fortunate we are to be getting this type of intelligent serious young actress, these days," he said. "The Industry needs serious cultured women."

He had Miss Glockler nodding solemnly. "Deep and sensitive natures are so often cruelly misunderstood," he said to her gently. "This girl you are going to interview—she knows."

It was pretty thick, all right, but it was necessary with this dangerous old cat. Miss Glockler was going to just love Clare, for the time being.

"My dear— May I call you Clare?" Miss

COLLIER'S — **"Sorry to be late, men, but you know how it is—busy season at the plant and all"** — LEE PURCELL

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OBVIOUSLY . . . AT HOME

Known by the Company it Keeps

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND . . . OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES • THIS WHISKY IS SIX YEARS OLD
86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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Everybody LOVES 'Our Very Own'

BOB CONSIDINE *says:*

"'Our Very Own' is one of the most warming, most touching and inherently American films I've ever seen."

OUR VERY OWN

A MOTION PICTURE FOR THE MILLIONS WITH THE Samuel Goldwyn TOUCH!

Glockler said, impulsively reaching out both her hands again. "We have so much, so much to talk about, you and I!"

A minute or two more and Mark eased to the telephone at the far end of the room. In low tones he ordered two dry Martinis sent up. Then, remembering, he looked around for Kathi.

She was standing in the dim background, an isolated and faithful little figure by the tall curtains of a window. Maybe nobody had thought to ask her to sit down. He signaled her, and she came and stood beside him as they said their good-bys to the two women. From the door he looked back and winked at Clare, who nodded briefly. It was up to her from there on.

On the way back to the studio in Mark's secondhand car, Kathi was silent beside him for a long time.

"You know," she said miserably, "that woman's in love with you, Mark."

"Who, Glockler?" he said uneasily.

Kathi sniffed.

He didn't see Clare again for ten days.

MARK was turning out reams of copy, and to do it, he was thinking about her nearly all the time. Sometimes this made him nervously angry. He was off his feed, and, for the first time in his life, he would take a short drink now and then while he worked; but because he knew Clare so well he was beginning to get all sorts of little intimate touches in the publicity, and the copy was getting better and better. It was even getting sincere.

Highlighted in the world's most glamorous profession, he wrote, *she is still the kind of girl a man would like to meet after the weariness of a day's work. Intelligent, hard-working herself, here is a young American actress who represents . . .*

Kathi told him in a small voice that he looked pale, and asked him if he were feeling all right. She tried to sound companionable, like a tough old newspaper girl.

By this time they were mostly through with the first landslide of pictures and captions, and were faking up feature stories. Dreaming over his typewriter, Mark kept thinking about Clare in her hotel suite; his imagination kept giving him the most upsetting secret pictures of her in those beautiful quiet surroundings. And he kept remembering when she was younger and poor and fierce with determination. So he wrote a feature story about the hard road of a young actress in New York. It was some story, and even while he was writing it he knew that he was arguing with himself.

Youth and poverty and the doors of the world that wouldn't open, he wrote. *Across the pages of her present Hollywood contract lies the shadow of a lonely young girl whose courage . . .*

Maybe that is true, he thought, at least partly. Maybe I didn't look deep enough. Maybe I didn't understand her.

At least it explains our quarrels.

After lunch, though, he looked at that page pretty sourly. The odd part of it was, he still didn't know whether she was a better-than-average actress or not, and he didn't think anybody else around here knew, either. So he began worrying for her sake. Suppose she couldn't live up to this publicity campaign?

Absently he tossed this story across the desk to Kathi as a guide to help her in her work. He got up and was prowling around restlessly when Kathi said, "And you're in love with that woman, too."

He stopped, and had his mouth open to answer derisively, and again uneasily, as when they had been coming back from Clare's hotel. But the way Kathi had said it this time made him look at her suddenly. Her face was half turned away. Obscurely shocked, he realized that he had better tell her now, before she— Well, he had better tell her now.

"Listen, Kathi," he said gently, "there is something that nobody else must know. Clare is my wife."

Kathi sat utterly motionless. Quietly, he told her the story, beginning with the shabby hotel room off Times Square.

"You've hated her," Kathi said dully. "She left you when the job was hard. As it is for everybody."

"Yes," Mark said. "But you don't understand. She—"

"But you don't hate her any more," Kathi said. "It's funny. Your job has been to sell her to the whole world, and you've sold her again to yourself."

Mark tried to laugh, but it didn't come off very well. For the first time, Kathi turned her head slowly and looked at him. Not from the land of childhood any longer. She had arrived, she was here now, and her eyes found it desolate indeed.

"Poor Mark," she said softly. "It *is* a kind of joke, isn't it? And you don't know what to do about it, do you, Mark?"

He had to get out of here. Dimly, he knew that this was Kathi's first love. And he couldn't bear to look at her eyes any more.

"Men are so helpless," Kathi whispered. "I'll help you, Mark. I'll try to."

He muttered something about having to see Harry Sears. From the corridor, he glanced back hurriedly. Kathi's hands were lying empty in her lap. The white lace collar on her shoulders still looked childish.

That evening, driving aimlessly along the Sunset Strip because he was too restless to stay in his apartment, he saw Clare and Donald Airlie in evening clothes going into a restaurant. Mark stopped his car for a minute in the blue California twilight. Airlie was laughing and saying something, and Clare was laughing and looking up at his face, and the doorman was swinging wide the door for their entrance.

Mark was late for work the next morning. Hopelessly, but still worrying about how good an actress Clare was, he told Harry that at this point he thought maybe he ought to see her screen tests. Might get some new ideas, he mumbled. Harry looked at Mark's drawn and sleepless face and put in a request for a projection room.

Kathi stayed away from Mark's office all morning, pretending she had important business in the mimeographing room; and when he did see her, she looked as if she hadn't slept much either. Clumsy with embarrassment, he explained about the screen tests and asked her if she'd like to see them. Her shadowed eyes asked: To sit alone in the dark with you, but watching *her* on the screen and listening to her voice? Kathi's lips said, "Yes, Mark, if you want me to."

BY THREE o'clock, though, when they started for the projection room, there was a difference in Kathi. She walked beside him with a white resolute face. And then, as they walked down a long corridor, they saw Clare and Donald Airlie coming toward them from the direction of the front lobby.

Kathi faltered badly, but only said in an astonished whisper, "The man with her, is that—?" Mark answered with a brief growl. The request for the showing of the tests had to be okayed by Sidman's office, so Clare could have heard about it, and he thought bitterly: She wants Airlie to see her on the screen—she wants to impress him.

Kathi, at his side, drew a deep breath, and then she had taken his arm and was laughing up at his face. Even at that distance, Mark saw Clare stiffen. "Oh, hello, Miss Conroy," Kathi called. "I'm so glad you could come."

They all met at the door of the Projection Room C. Clare's eyes were big again, but turning very frosty, as she looked Kathi up and down. "Nice of you to call me," she said.

"Not at all," Kathi said, with the graciousness of a woman who had got what she wanted and is willing for everybody else to be happy too. "Mark and I just happened to think that perhaps you might help us get some fresh ideas." She steered him through the door of the projection room, almost hugging his arm and walking so close that they kept bumping awkwardly together. Poor Kathi hadn't ever had any practice at this sort of thing; she didn't know how to do it. But she kept talking to him. And he realized how sweet Kathi's voice would be if she were the one you loved.

They all sat down on the big leather chairs, and Airlie, with open amusement, was watching Kathi's play. Clare wasn't; she was staring at the blank screen.

And then Mark glanced at Clare again, and saw that Kathi's act was working. "Kathi, listen, Kathi . . ." he whispered helplessly.

The operator in the projection booth called down from on high, "Ready, folks?" Mark waved his hand. The lights went out, and suddenly somebody else was there. A woman who stood on the screen, looking out, far out beyond them. In a low voice, the woman began to speak.

FOR her first test, Bob Sidman—a kind man, wearily shrewd, who hid his great compassion for the young and still earnest—had ordered a three-minute scene out of one of her Broadway plays. To warm up on, to feel at home. The camera panned to the left and there was one of Hollywood's best-loved character actors reading a part for her—and Clare was playing him off the boards. You could see the old-timer's surprise. He forgot that this girl was young and nobody, and started playing back, to an actress.

She was magnificent and powerful. The woman on the screen and her haunting voice utterly dominated the four people who sat in a row beneath her in the projection room. It was Clare, but with a quality greater than Clare. To Mark, it was someone he had never known; maybe someone he could never know.

Mark turned his head and stole a curious look at his wife. She looked small, somehow huddled, sitting there under the tremendous image of herself on the screen.

For the second test Sidman had ordered a love scene out of Night of the City. There was a young actor playing opposite her. Then came Clare's voice again, muted now, a little husky, quiet, shaking the darkness with passion.

Little Kathi sat in stunned realization. "Oh," she whispered, and her hand slipped from Mark's sleeve and humbly fell away.

Clare, the small real Clare, was standing up abruptly, her thin-edged voice cutting into the deep voice from the screen. "Stop this. I've had enough," she said. When the film wavered and blinked out and the lights went on, Clare said with a viciousness that would have been sandpaper on a sound track: "Go away. All of you. I want to speak to my husband."

Airlie's handsome face was becoming ugly with anger. "Your husband?" he said urbanely.

"Yes. This one," Clare said, nodding toward Mark. "Go way, Don. And you, too, Miss—Miss—whoever you are."

Mark didn't pay much attention to Airlie's ironical bow. He was watching Kathi as she walked away. Once she looked back. What she had done had made her a woman, smiling a little sadly. To help someone she loved, she had been willing to take this humiliation. Slowly she walked out of the projection room; toward maybe a clearer future than any of them, Mark thought.

After Airlie was gone too, Clare said, "Now what have you got to say for yourself, Mark? You—you libertine! You're married, you know. To me."

The guy up in the projection booth wasn't paying any attention, packing up his cans of film. He had seen lots funnier things than this, in the room below.

And suddenly Clare had softened; unbelievably, she was crying. "Oh, Mark, do you really believe all those things you've been writing about me? You never used to think anything like that about me—before."

"I'm afraid I do," Mark said. "My tough luck."

"They've been so beautiful," Clare sobbed. And then she stopped crying. Her eyes narrowing, she brought her face close to his again. Then she kissed him. "You liar," she said. "But I can make you *really* believe them. Forever." THE END

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All the Birds of the Air

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

confess I paid little attention to this talk of threats and violence." He mopped his face with a handkerchief. "Such heat!" he complained.

"You miss Cairo?" Chafik asked.

Surprised and pleased that somebody should understand him, Sadir became confidential. "This place destroys me," he said. "There is no beauty here. Life is so crude, so lacking in urbanity—"

Romani interrupted, "Do not take our time with your foolish problems, Sadir. I know you wish to return to Cairo. It matters little to me personally, but the legal aspect of your case must be carefully considered. You were made my uncle's ward for two years. But we will discuss this later."

THE young man flushed and moved away up the terrace. Romani shook his head and said sternly, "He has no sense of responsibility. Have you any more questions, Inspector?"

"I was going to ask if you entirely rule out the possibility of an intruder."

The Hadji's nephew looked down at the river, at a fisherman who stood in the shallows, his brown arm lifted to throw a weighted casting net. "I rule out nothing," he said finally. "But how could an intruder pass the police guard? Observe, for example, the height of the wall on the river side. The Tigris is at its lowest, there is a drop of thirty feet to where that fisherman stands. The door at the top of the steps that lead down to the water is always locked."

Chafik interrupted, "What do you know about Murad, your uncle's watchman?"

"I believe he is able and trustworthy."

"He has a Kurdish name. The Shafiites are a Kurdish sect—"

Romani said, "I close my ears. What you say is slanderous, even defaming, and as a lawyer I advise you to be more cautious."

The Inspector permitted himself the thought that this man probably tested the temperature of his bath water before he put a toe in it. Venturing another question, he asked, "Did you know your uncle was nursing a dead bird when he was found?"

Romani was startled. "A dead bird? No."

"It may have fallen down the air shaft or against the door. Your uncle loved birds. Something disturbed him in the *surdab*. If it was the bird he would have jumped up to succor it, and then—"

"In his haste he slipped, struck something—"

"Conjecture," Chafik said, smiling at his mild triumph. "But you may be right." He stopped, almost deafened by a shrill outcry from the many birds perched on the roof. "How noisy they are!" the Inspector said.

"I do not share my uncle's affection for birds. He would not allow a single nest to be destroyed." The thin voice trailed and Chafik looked at the man curiously.

Meeting the Inspector's eyes, the lawyer explained, "I had a thought. I reprimanded you for an unjust suspicion; now I find I have one myself."

"Concerning whom?"

"Murad. On previous visits I noted his sober habits. He rarely left my uncle's side. But lately I have seen him in cafés frequented by people of his class. I thought it odd because he is careful with money."

"What do you suggest?"

"I suggest nothing. I merely present facts." The lawyer turned away as a solemn procession began to file through the house gate. "The corpse washers and mourners are here," he said. "Excuse me, Inspector, I have my sad duties."

He went away, carefully choosing the middle of the tiles that flagged the terrace. The Inspector shrugged and turned to Sergeant Abdullah, who stood at his elbow.

"You wish to interrogate the watchman, sir?" asked Abdullah.

He indicated Murad, who stood in the background at attention and holding a heavy brassbound staff at his side in the position of a grounded rifle. The man had a soldier's straight carriage. His hair and mustache were grizzled; he was quite old.

Chafik said, "Sometimes discreet inquiries are more fruitful than interrogation. I am told this man has changed his habits and become a frequenter of cafés. You will check this information."

"At once, sir."

WHEN Abdullah left, Chafik completed his inspection of the house. He climbed high steps to the gallery surrounding the upper floor. Here had been the quarters of the harem women, but it was many years since bright eyes had peeped through the iron latticework of the windows.

One door was open. The Inspector glanced inside and nodded approval of the neatness. This must be Romani's room, he thought.

More steps led to the flat roof which had served as a promenade for the women in the cool of the day. At this hour it was exposed to the glare of the sun and Chafik covered the nape of his neck before venturing out.

He was greeted by a scolding chorus from the gathering of birds and was puzzled by their behavior until he looked up and saw a hawk poised in the sky. The birds were swifts, a gregarious species that banded together against an enemy. They commonly nested in old buildings.

Chafik loitered to watch a pair perched on an air shaft. The cock picked up a wisp of straw and offered it to the hen, who chirped plaintively and ruffled her feathers. Such obvious dejection roused the Inspector's sympathy and he said, "The fledgling that fell, was it yours?" He heard himself and was embarrassed because it was an old habit, this talking to himself.

Briefly he looked at the air shaft which rose a few feet above the parapet of the roof. The small vent in the side faced upriver to catch the prevailing summer breeze. Possibly this was the shaft which fed the *surdab*. There were traces of a nest in the vent, and Chafik wondered who had destroyed it. The Hadji would not have sanctioned it, but a servant might have taken unauthorized action.

"Was it your nest?" Chafik asked the unhappy pair, who had made shrill complaint at his approach.

He was again embarrassed by the sound of his voice making foolish conversation with birds. Walking to the far side of the roof, which overlooked the river, he glanced over the parapet. The fisherman he had noticed earlier was still standing motionless in the shallows.

The Inspector watched idly and then called down, "What fortune?"

The man looked up. "Fortune will come if Allah wills," he answered.

"Do you expect fish to rise in this heat?"

"Who can be certain of the ways of fish and men?" the man said, shrugging. "But I know there is a fish. It jumped and roused me when I was sleeping after the noon prayer. A very big fish, it made a big splash. I will get half a dinar for it in the bazaar."

"You are patient. It is three hours since the noon prayer."

The man said stubbornly, "He will rise when the sun goes down."

"May you be rewarded," Chafik said.

He went down the steps and passed the ground-floor room where the Hadji lay on the funeral bier, surrounded by chanting mourners. In the garden Chafik found Abdullah, who announced, "Sir, I have made the inquiries you requested. It is true about Murad."

"He frequents cafés?"

"Yes, sir. And I am informed he chooses places that have a Kurdish clientele. The Shafiites are a Kurdish—"

"Yes," said Chafik, twisting the signet ring on the little finger of his left hand. "I trust you made your inquiries discreetly?"

"I am your disciple, sir. I picked one of the lesser servants as a likely informant. When he talked, I arrested him on suspicion of theft so that no gossip of what I asked might reach Murad."

"You are as cautious as Mr. Romani. And now it would be tactful to remove ourselves from this house of mourning," the Inspector said. "My head whirls and I am going home to rest."

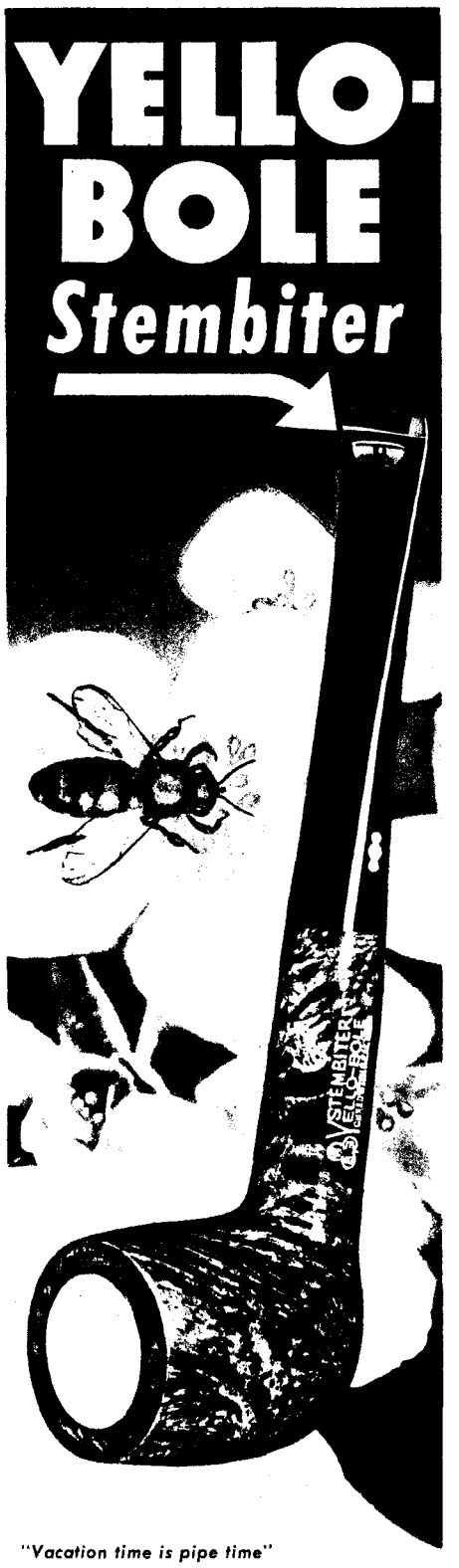
ENTERING his home on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings, Inspector Chafik removed his jacket, loosened his tie, and announced to Leila, his wife, "I shall forgo food. Food causes a body to perspire. A perspiring body is as unpleasant as a dead one." He dropped into a chair under the ceiling fan.

There was an illusion of coolness; shutters had been closed at an early hour and the tiled floor was sprinkled with water to sweeten the air. The fan, rapidly drying Chafik's dank hair, chilled him, and he said irritably, "Wife, cover my head. You know I am susceptible to colds." He looked at the small boy who waited to greet him and added on a severe note, "A son should help his mother. Remove my shoes, Faisal."

The boy squatted on his heels. Then, looking up at the tired man in the chair, he asked, "Was it a very bloody murder? Was his throat cut?"

Chafik forgot the heat. He said, "Such

COLLIER'S "You've been begging again, I see" VIRGIL PARTCH



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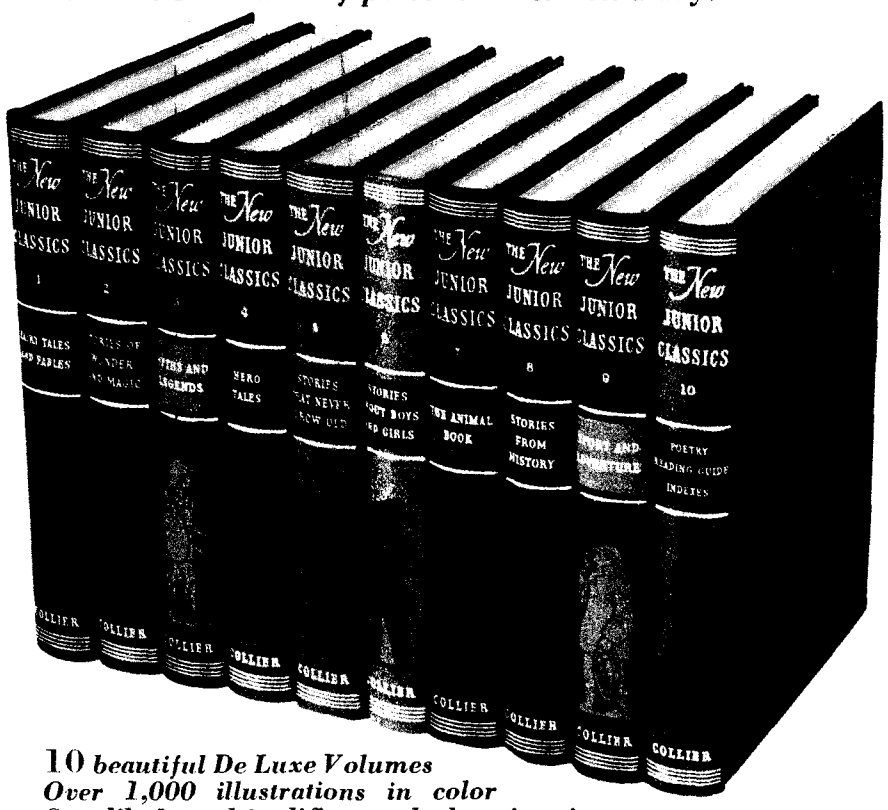

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words from such tender lips! But the error is mine; I forgot you had ears."

The ears of the eight-year-old boy who had been a waif in the bazaars of Baghdad, and adopted as the son of a childless marriage, were small and pointed, and he had enormous eyes. The father tweaked an ear and smiled, then looked at his wife who took Faisal away.

She returned to cover her husband's head with a shawl and when he took her hand and held it to his cheek, she knew he was troubled. "Let me share the burden," she said softly.

"Did I speak? Voice a thought? It is such a disturbing habit, this talking to myself."

"You were silent, but a wife reads her man's thoughts," said the small dark woman.

Chafik sat up and lighted a cigarette. "Yes, I am troubled," he admitted, and told her of the death of Hadji Hussain.

Leila exclaimed, "Oh, the poor old man! He was so saintly, so beloved."

"His death is a reflection upon my department."

"So it was murder?"

"An accident," Chafik said shortly.

"Then, my man, there can be no blame!"

"Women and ostriches," said her husband, "both seek sand piles for their heads when faced by an unwelcome fact. The Hadji died surrounded by men. Therefore I am responsible, accident or not."

"But it was an accident," Leila insisted.

He said impatiently, "Yes, yes, an accident. It could not be otherwise since the house was so carefully guarded. I do not believe an enemy entered invisibly, struck him and vanished. But—" Chafik looked for an ash tray for his cigarette and Leila hurried to bring one. "The watchman, Murad, changed his habits," he finished.

"That worries you?" She did not understand, but let him talk to ease his mind.

"Everything would seem to indicate that Hadji Hussain's death was accidental. But the behavior of Murad is not clear. And then there is the dead bird. Did it fall inside or outside the *surdab?* And the open door. Did the Hadji open it? Before or after his fatal fall? I must satisfy myself on these points before I make my report," Chafik added as he settled back to rest.

Leila left him and presently he was lulled by the swish of the ceiling fan. He slept perhaps for half an hour, restlessly, muttering to himself. Then something disturbed him and he was abruptly wide awake.

A RHYTHMIC tapping came from the hall adjoining the room and a voice timed to it chanted in a whisper, "Wunna two, abbookel my shoe, three, four, shutter door—"

Inspector Chafik rose and drew back the bead curtain from the doorway. His small son was bouncing a hard ball against the floor; the ball was attached to an elastic looped to Faisal's finger, which made it snap back into his hand.

"Fwife six, piccup six—"

Chafik said, "Macbeth murdered sleep; you murder sleep and the English language. They do not teach you well at school. Say, 'Five, six, pick up sticks.'" The father instructed with the precision that characterized his second tongue. "Six is a numeral. Sticks are instruments of chastisement. I am tempted to use one on you."

He took the ball, looped the elastic over a finger, and idly bounced it. "When you can clearly say, 'One, two, buckle my shoe,' you may have this back," he told Faisal.

Chafik turned away so that he should not see the tears in the boy's eyes; the man who had brought punishment to so many found it hard to punish his own child.

"But, my Father, already I speak English well," Faisal pleaded for approval. "Today I learned, 'Hookilt cockerobbin.'"

"You learned what?"

"Hookilt—"

Chafik put his hands to his ears. "The word is neither Arabic nor English. Surely you mean, 'Who killed—' and it goes on about a bird. A pity I cannot remember the rhyme exactly, to school you in it. I believe there is something about a sparrow."

The boy interrupted eagerly, "I sedder sparrow wit' my bowen narrow."

"Then," said Chafik, still trying to remember, "there was a fly. And Cock Robin's funeral was quite a social affair. All the birds of the air gathered—"

He stopped and looked blankly at his son and repeated, "All the birds gathered because one died. Yes, they do. Particularly gregarious birds such as swifts and sparrows." He opened his hands in a groping gesture and Faisal's ball fell and dangled unnoticed on its elastic. "I had assumed the hawk had alarmed them." Chafik went on. "A wrong assumption; they gathered to keen the end of the fledgling. And the dead bird in the Hadji's lap, when was it killed, how long before?"

FAISAL was bewildered, angry and tearful. "A bird, Father? Who has murdered a bird?"

"Who has murdered, and how?" Chafik repeated softly. Absently he began pulling up the dangling ball by its elastic, then suddenly let it fall and once more pulled it up, watching with growing excitement.

He announced, "There was a fish. It jumped. And a fisherman, a fisherman with his net."

"A net, Father?" Faisal repeated.

"The threads weave a pattern. But who was Death? Who—"

Chafik ran from the house, hatless, into the sun of late afternoon. He was halfway up the road when the wail of his son's voice penetrated the fog of his thoughts.

"Father, my Father, you have forgotten your shoes!" . . .

The Inspector hired a boat at the top of his street and dropped downstream to the river house of Hadji Hussain. He urged the boatman to make speed; he was afraid the fisherman might have gone away.

But the man was still there and looked up reproachfully as the boat floated under the high wall. "You scare my fish," he grumbled.

Chafik said, "It has not risen? Then cast your net. Here is a dinar; let me see your skill. Cast where you saw the splash."

The fisherman whirled the circular net and released it. Opening in mid-air, skimming the water like a giant bat, it struck the spot where he had seen the splash five hours earlier. Weights carried it down and with a leap the man was on it, feeling with his toes for what he had caught.

"There is something, but not a fish," he said with disappointment.

He ducked under and gathered the net around his prize. Shaking out the sand and gravel, he untangled an object from the mesh and brought it to the boat.

"A stone wrapped in a cloth," he said with disgust. "My fish!"

Chafik silenced him and examined the catch. Double folds of cloth were fashioned into a small stout bag. Inside was a smooth rock or lump of metal; the weight was about three kilos, the Inspector judged. The neck of the bag was tied by strong twine which had been cut short and left a dangling end.

When Chafik looked up he had the face of a hanging judge and he said to the fisherman, "This day you have netted a man's head." Then he ordered his boat to the shore.

He was admitted to the Hadji's house by the watchman.

Chafik said, "Oh, man of the hills, why did you change your habits and go to cafés? To places frequented by Shafiites?"

Murad answered directly, "I have eaten my master's salt these many years. I went to look for his enemies among those who had threatened him. I would have killed them. Was that not proper?"

The Inspector looked at the man and saw tears in his eyes. He patted Murad's arm and said, "Forgive me, my mind follows tortuous paths. I did not perceive such a simple explanation. Go with God, faithful servant."

He ran up the steps to the roof. Swifts

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were darting to and fro in the golden light of early evening, but the disconsolate pair he had noticed on his previous visit were still perched on the *surdab* air shaft.

Chafik said, "Be comforted, you who witnessed this thing. Your evidence is now very clear."

He put the weighted bag by the shaft and went down to the gallery on the second floor. The mourners were still chanting below and there was an odor of incense.

The Inspector entered Romani's room and made a careful search of closets and drawers. His task was simplified by the lawyer's tidiness and he was soon finished. Empty-handed and troubled, Chafik announced in a flat voice, "Of course, one so cautious might have destroyed it."

He went out and tried several of the other rooms. Left of the steps leading to the roof he found another that was tenanted and when he saw the clothing scattered around, the cluttered drawers, he had censorious thoughts for youth. But he searched methodically and disregarded the impulse to tidy the shambles.

"I don't know *who* lives here. Wait a sec and I'll ask someone"
COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

With long, sensitive fingers he probed the confusion in the drawers of the dressing table. Then, from the jumble of odds and ends, he took out a tangled ball of strong cord. He put it in his pocket and continued the search.

There were letters with Cairo postmarks. He skimmed through them unaware that the chanting below had stopped, that the ceremony of preparing the corpse of Hadji Hussain was over. He was still reading, oblivious to his surroundings, when instinct warned him and he looked up.

SADIR stood in the doorway, and behind him was the gaunt figure of Romani. Sadir said petulantly, "What are you doing in my room reading my letters?"

"You will explain, Inspector," interposed Romani sternly. "I strongly disapprove of this irregular action. As a lawyer—"

"The hyena," said Chafik, "normally follows in the wake of the lion. I have not yet made the kill."

"I shall complain—"

"Complainants, some of them, await on the roof. Let us join them." The Inspector made his little bow.

He escorted the two men from the room and up the steps. Sadir had a dazed look and he stumbled. Romani's thin body was stooped. No one spoke.

When they were on the roof, Chafik said, "The open door of the *surdab* led me astray, but now I know who opened it. The Hadji received a fatal blow, and when he was able, he stumbled to the door for help. But already it was too late, and he collapsed after he opened it."

"An accident," insisted Romani. "My uncle tripped and fell."

"It was murder."

"He was alone in the room."

"Yes," said Chafik. "He was alone, yet he was attacked. I will show you how it was done. But we lack a dead bird, a fledgling. There was one in a nest here." The Inspector pointed to the vent of the air shaft. "Your uncle did not permit nests to be destroyed, but it was necessary to remove this one to clear the shaft. The marks on the stone prove it was done recently. Even more conclusive is the agitation of the birds. Have you noticed how many swifts have gathered, a whole community rallying to a bereaved family?"

Romani said, "Come to the point. I know nothing about birds."

CHAFIK said, "Fortunately I have a son who remembered an English nursery rhyme. But to continue. The nest was destroyed, the neck of the fledgling was twisted, and as bait for the old man who loved birds it was dropped down the shaft."

He looked from one man to the other. The lawyer was tense, his forehead furrowed as though he concentrated on a difficult brief. Sadir's dazed eyes stared and he chewed his underlip.

"The Hadji was reading," continued Inspector Chafik. "He was disturbed by the fall of the bird and rose to succor it. He picked it up, wondered what had caused the fatality, and naturally looked up the air shaft. Then this happened."

Chafik produced the weighted bag found in the river and knotted to the neck the ball of twine from Sadir's drawer. He said conversationally, "This is how a man was killed," and dropped the weight down the shaft, retaining the end of the line in one hand.

Nothing in forty feet of smooth brickwork impeded the fall. When the bag struck the floor of the *surdab* the sound echoed back.

"Not a perfect test," Chafik apologized. "It was not so noisy when it struck the Hadji's head. The force of a three-kilo weight falling forty feet can be calculated. It was not necessary to practice marksmanship—the opening is small and the target was large. Even a glancing blow would have been fatal to a frail old man."

He stopped and for the first time looked directly at Sadir. The young man's mouth opened, but no sound came from it.

"And then," the Inspector said pitilessly, "you hauled up your weapon, cut the line short and threw the bag into the river. Did you fear the line would float? But how careless of you to leave it in your room! Otherwise you planned well, took nice advantage of foolish threats made against your victim by quite harmless people. You reasoned that with a police guard around the house the death of a man in a closed room would be considered an accident. And you would have been right if parent birds had not keened the cruel death of a fledgling, if my son had not played with a toy which I found very suggestive. And if there had not been a patient fisherman."

Romani shook his head and said in his thin voice, "This case has a weakness. What was the motive for the alleged crime?"

"You yourself told me this wretched young decadent preferred Cairo to Baghdad. Also there are letters from a woman which suggest a powerful motive. Sadir was desperate to get back to her, but the Hadji had been appointed his guardian and controlled his money and his freedom. Young, spoiled, ruthless—I trust you are convinced, Mr. Romani?"

Lulled by the cadence of his own voice, the Inspector was unprepared when the lawyer turned with unexpected speed and caught Sadir by the throat. "You killed my uncle! You killed my uncle!" he screamed as he forced the young man to his knees.

Chafik broke the death grip. "Restrain yourself!" he said sharply, and then with a smile he added, "Such depth of emotion, Mr. Romani! How admirable—and how unexpected in one so cautious!" THE END

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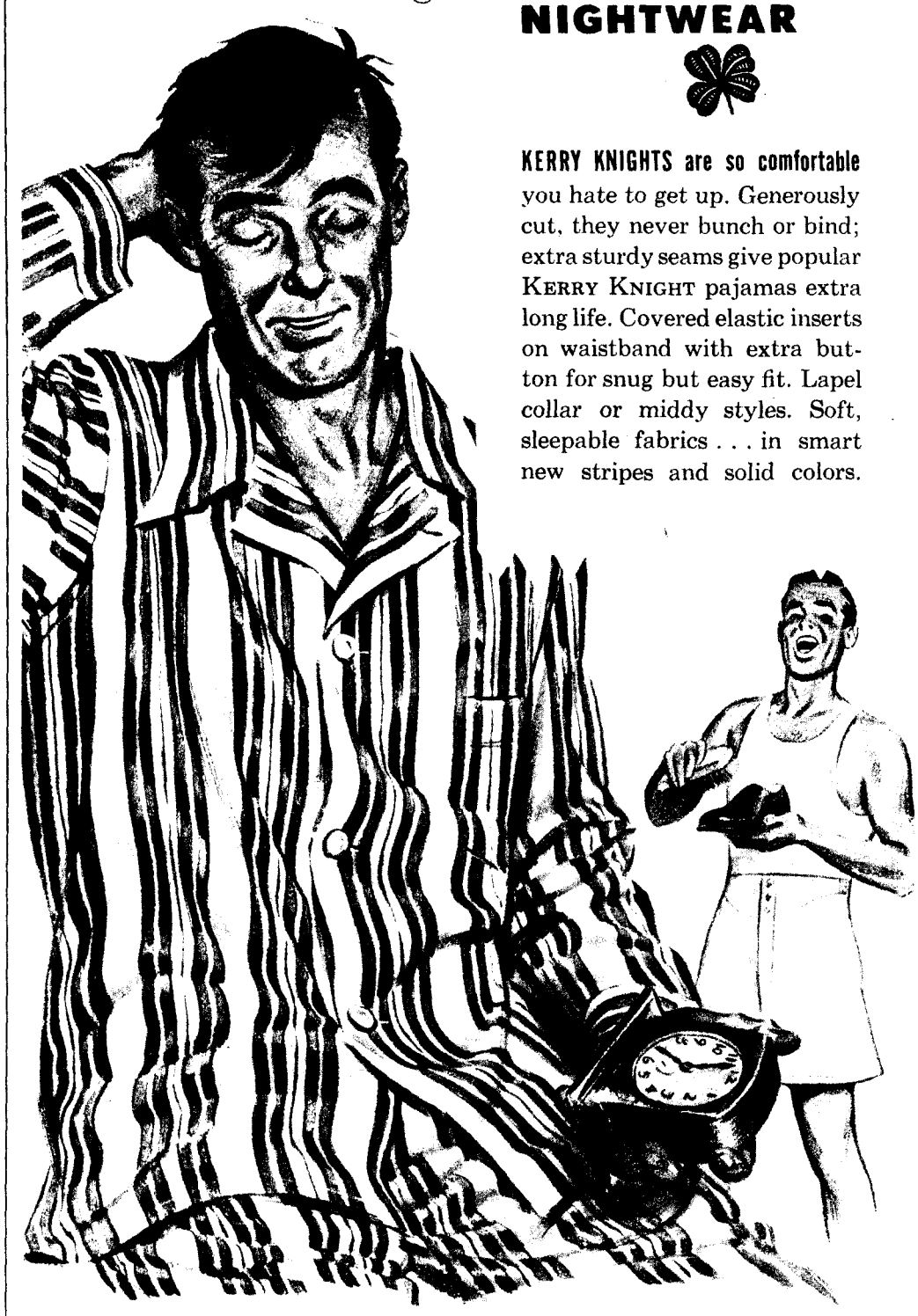

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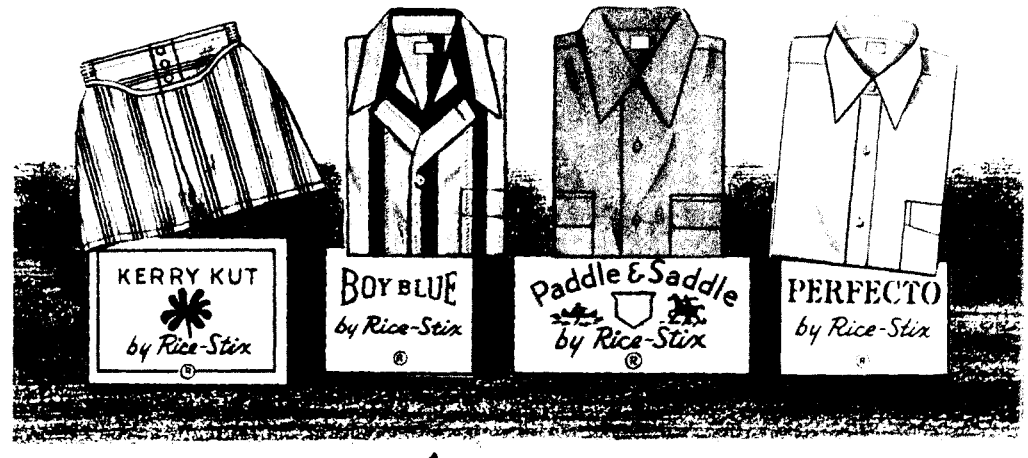

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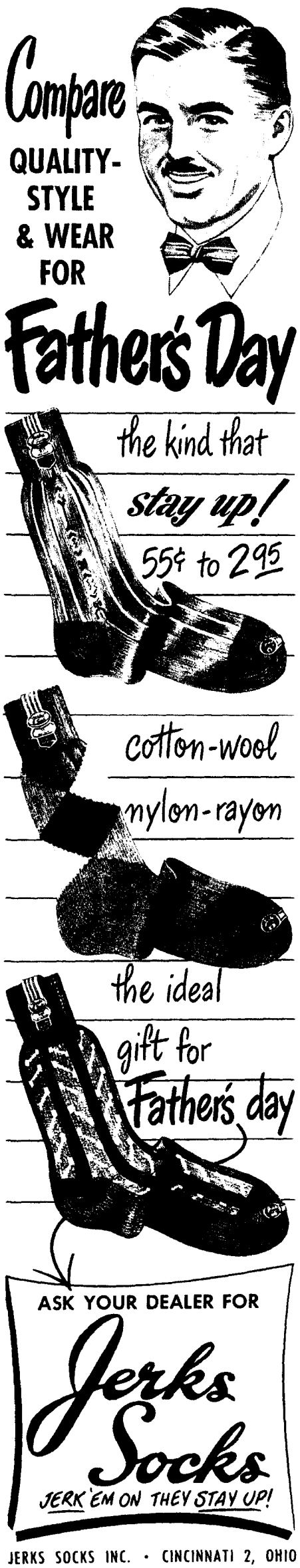


The Giant Job of Telling Time

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Since even a commonplace jeweled watch is expected to vary no more than 15 or 20 *seconds* a day (a really fine one should gain or lose no more than three or four seconds), everything must be perfect—the two springs must have exactly the right strength, each of the wheels must be exactly the right size and so on.

To make them so obviously would be fairly difficult even if all the parts were big enough to be handled easily. But the vanity of woman has decreed that this may not be. When women first took to wearing watches in Victorian times, they decided that the smaller ones were more chic. Inevitably, both women's and men's watches have grown smaller and smaller ever since.

Very Little Space for Works

Today, the works of few wrist watches—which outsell the pocket type 10 to one—have a diameter of as much as an inch. Many are made with diameters of only two fifths of an inch. Into such tiny spaces must be packed the 119 to 193 parts which make up a fine watch.

And this is barely the half of it. Not only must these microscopic parts be perfectly proportioned and balanced in relation to one another, but also every single mainspring, hairspring and other individual part for any one model must be identical with each of its fellows intended for the same model. For the watchmakers have adapted the assembly line to their product. It is, to be sure, an assembly line on which the workmen use tweezers instead of monkey wrenches. But it works, and the watches it produces yield nothing to the handmade timepiece.

It takes nearly 2,000 manufacturing operations to make the parts for, and to put together, the average watch. But this is only the beginning. Almost all such operations must be inspected at least once. Then, some of the inspections have to be checked. And so on.

All this incessant scrutiny of their work makes most watch workers downright finicking. Once a couple of Elgin lathe operators quit and got jobs in a farm implement factory. Within three months they forsook their new jobs and returned to Elgin. They simply couldn't stand, they said, the unprecise workmanship they had been expected to turn out.

Among the parts which require the most painstaking care in shaping and assembling are the jewels. Used as wearing surfaces at points where the friction is greatest—such as at the points of the two arms of the lever with which the hairspring encounters the force of the mainspring and as bearings for the axle of the balance wheel and other rapidly turning parts—watch jewels seldom are precious stones. They usually are artificially formed, and as such perfectly satisfactory for the job, but worth only about 4 cents each on the average.

One of the problems of working with them typifies the exasperating difficulties which can crop up in watchmaking. They are particularly susceptible to the effects of static electricity. On days when atmospheric conditions favor that phenomenon they sometimes cling together or seem to leap of their own accord away from an approaching pair of tweezers. Working with them on such occasions used to be a little like trying to corral a set of hyperthyroid Mexican jumping beans.

Also typical is the up-to-date solution which Hamilton recently found for this problem. One of the company's engineers learned that small amounts of polonium, a harmlessly radioactive element, were available as by-products of an atomic energy research project. He made a few tests and discovered, as he had hoped, that a tiny bit of polonium was sufficient to ionize temporarily the air near a jewel workbench and thus prevent formation of static electricity. Now, whenever the static bothers them, the jewel workers simply wave a polonium-smeared paddle over their benches, and the static magically disappears.

But even with this problem solved, it takes endless patience to work with the tiny jewels or to handle almost any job in a watch factory, for that matter. The companies test applicants carefully before attempting to train them for the more delicate types of work. It takes a minimum of four months to train even the best-adapted workers for many operations and from four to six years for a few special ones. This goes a long way toward explaining why 90 per cent of the cost of a watch is the work that goes into making it.

And such work can't be performed under ordinary factory conditions. The watch industry developed its own version of air conditioning years before the phrase was invented, for humidity must be kept below 50 per cent to avoid rusting steel parts and temperature at about 75 degrees to keep fingers nimble. Those sections of the plant where parts are assembled and the completed watches tested have to be kept even more spotlessly clean than your grandmother's Sunday parlor, for a single fleck of dust can ruin a fine watch.

One of the most unusual precautions is Hamilton's galvanometer test of the electrical conductivity of employees' hands. This determines whether your perspiration is acid. If it is, you are not eligible to handle watch parts directly, for the tiniest droplet of the weakest acid eats out a watch's heart.

But the watch companies are even more careful about the materials which go into their instruments than about the workers who put them together. Decades of research have gone into development of the designs and various complex alloys now used for different watch parts. It would be ruinous, for instance, to use in a watch metals which expand noticeably when the temperature rises a few degrees or which would become magnetized if the wearer passed a power plant.

To solve these and the myriad other problems which are continually cropping up, the watch companies have developed large research departments.

Because of the watchmakers' enforced self-reliance for supplies and equipment, their researchers probe into everything from gluemaking to astronomy. Occasionally, they upset old established ways of doing things in other businesses. This happened once during the war when Hamilton engineers tackled a difficult, centuries-old craft.

At the time the company was making marine chronometers for the Navy. These large and superaccurate watches, which may have a maximum variation of only half a second per day, require bearings made of genuine diamonds. Chronometers being essential to the navigation of the ships then being turned out by the hundreds, the diamonds were needed in a rush, and Hamilton sought to hurry the lapidaries who supplied the stones.

This proved difficult. Cutting and polishing diamonds is a complex art, and the lapidaries are steeped in a tradition of leisurely caution. But one of the best of them, whose family had been diamond cutters for generations, volunteered his aid.

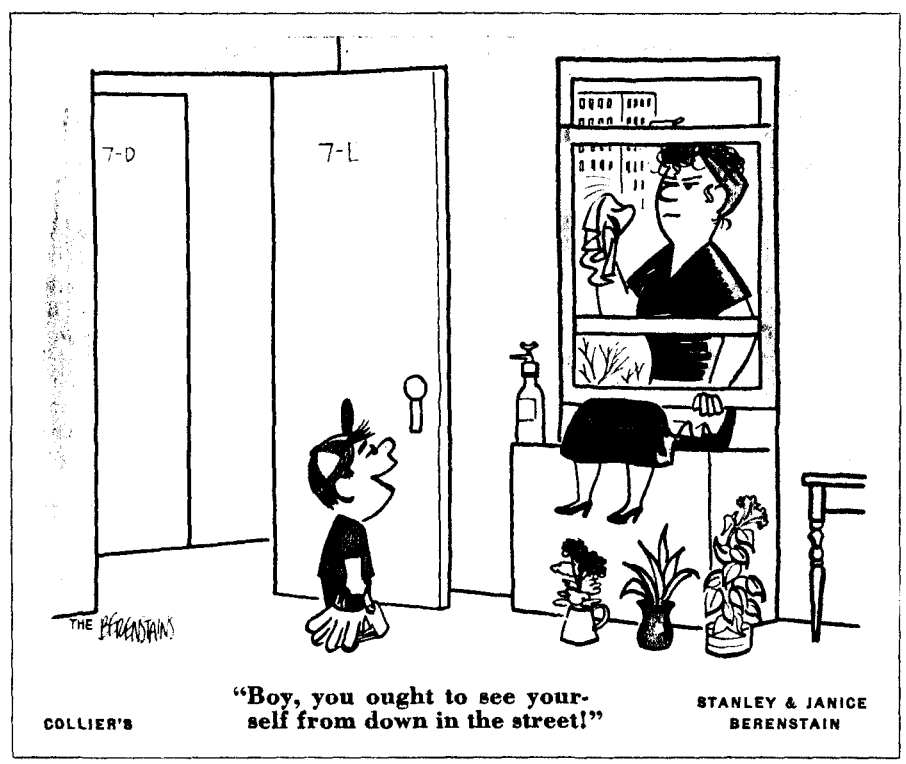
With his help the problem was narrowed down to the job of determining the orientation of crystals—comparable to the grain of wood—in the rough stone. To cut and polish a stone it is necessary to follow this grain. Lapidaries had always spent years of apprenticeship learning the art of determining crystal orientation.

Once they understood the problem, the Hamilton men quickly found a solution. They simply photographed rough diamonds with the new X-ray diffraction machines and made it possible to determine crystal orientations in a matter of an hour or so. This not only broke the bottleneck. It also, at one stroke, made obsolete one of the world's most specialized skills.

Before Clocks Were Invented

Makers of timepieces also have been innovators in more fundamental ways. In fact, horologists sometimes argue with cogency that theirs is the scientist's science, basic to all other branches of inquiry. Even Stone Age men managed to keep track of time after a fashion by tying knots at intervals in a moistened grass rope and setting it afire; as the rope burned from knot to knot, it measured off fractions of the day. Later came such slightly more accurate instruments as sundials, water clocks and hourglasses. But it was not until the development of the modern scientific outlook during the Renaissance period that men turned seriously to developing improved timing devices.

One of the chief contributions was made by an eighteen-year-old boy. Sitting in a church one afternoon in 1582 in his native town of Pisa, Italy, he was fascinated by a swinging lamp which hung by a long chain



"Boy, you ought to see yourself from down in the street!"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

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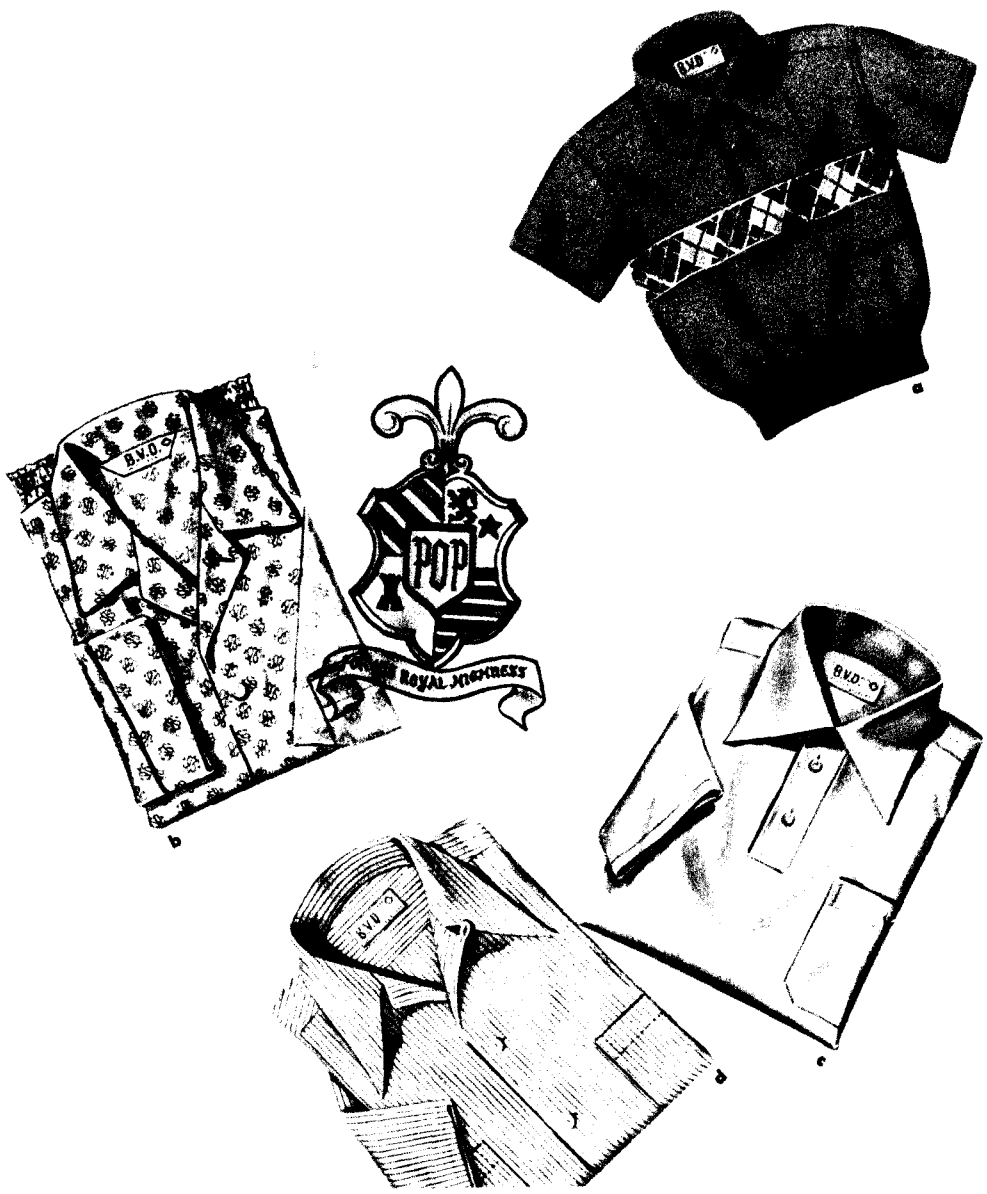

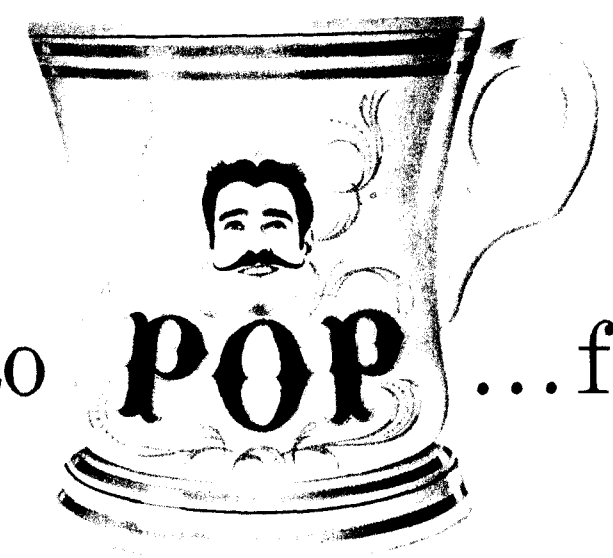

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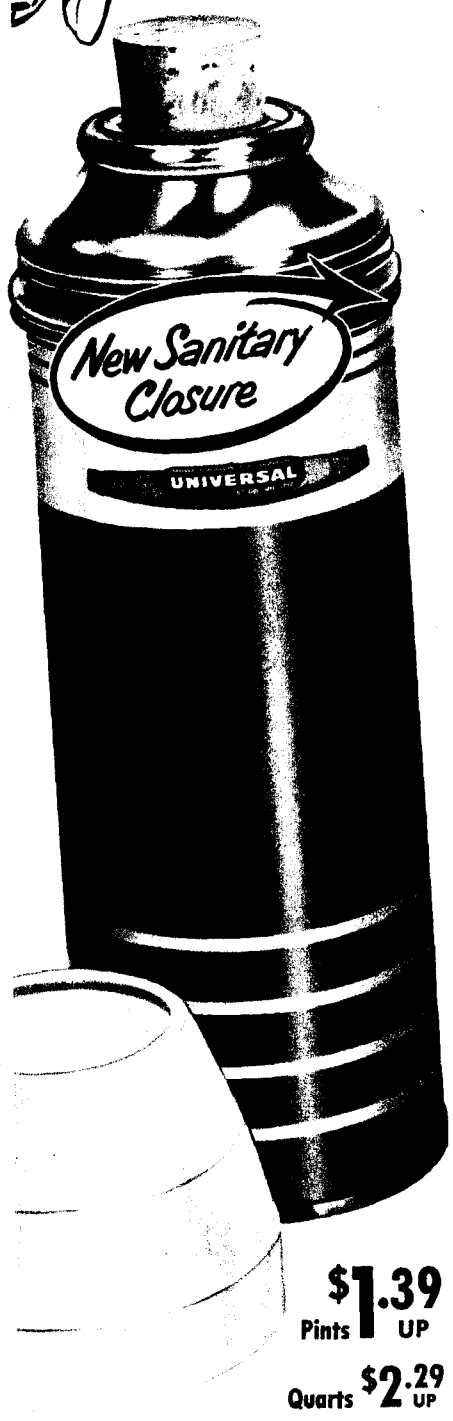

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from the ceiling. He noticed that its swings grew shorter and shorter. But he also noticed, using his pulse as a timer, that it took the same time to complete each of the shorter swings as it had taken for the longer ones.

That was only the first of many discoveries made by the great Galileo, but it was one of the most important. For the fact that each swing of a pendulum (or oscillation of a spring) takes the same time is what makes modern timekeeping possible. From grandfather clocks to ladies' wrist watches, all timepieces use some such isochronous oscillation as a swinging pendulum or coiling and uncoiling spring to keep their hands moving at a regular, established rate.

During the centuries after Galileo most of the other great men of science made other contributions to horology. In return it was the improved accuracy of measuring time which made possible such discoveries as Sir Isaac Newton's laws of gravity, for most scientific experiments require accurate measurement of time. And once the scientists had achieved time-measuring instruments for their purposes, the engineers went to work turning them into gadgets for everyone. One of the first was an egg-shaped portable clock about six inches high and several pounds in weight known as the "Nuremberg egg" because it was developed there. As a result of its use by the night watchmen of that city, portable clocks ever since have been called "watches."

Gradually, the watch dwindled in size and weight and increased in portability. Most of the big names of the industrial revolution contributed to this development, for watchmaking was the principal training ground for inventors. From James Hargreaves of the spinning jenny to Robert Fulton of the steamboat, many of the great innovators at the beginning of the industrialization of the Western world were watchmakers.

It took many more decades of development, mostly in this country, to apply the interchangeability idea to the manufacture of watches. By the 1870s automatic machines were turning out watch parts in this country, though it was another 50 years before complete interchangeability and a true assembly line became possible in watchmaking. Then in 1876 a watchmaker from Switzerland, where the manufacture of watches by individual craftsmen had reached a high stage of development, happened to visit the U.S. and discover the use of automatic machines. When he took the story of what he saw back to his colleagues, he launched the Swiss on machine manufacture of watches.

Watches Without Jewels

Another competitor is the cheap, nonjeweled clock type such as the famous old Ingersoll dollar watch, "the watch that made the dollar famous." Using steel in place of jewels for bearings and for the surfaces with which the mainspring and hairspring exchange blows, these are less accurate and durable than the good jeweled watches. A gain or loss of a few minutes per day usually is not considered too much for such a watch. Even so, it is a triumph of mechanical ingenuity. For the parts are produced in finished form entirely by machine, and they can be assembled in less than a minute by a girl worker classified only as semiskilled.

To the makers of jeweled watches such casualness is horrifying. Their way of doing business is to take infinite pains with each watch, and they try to make it work with as nearly perfect accuracy as possible *before they allow it to leave their plants.* To this end they have developed ingenious "time microscopes" and other complicated electronic devices by means of which they can test each watch and adjust it to compensate for any irregularities.

At the Elgin plant there is even an astronomical observatory for checking against the stars the big master chronometers by which the watches are tested. To a layman this star checking is somewhat mysterious, and it becomes even more so when you learn that the whole purpose is to prevent errors of one hundredth of a second or less in the chronometers.

An enthusiastic young astronomer delights in showing off the telescope and explaining how every clear night a dozen or so stars are observed at the exact instant when they cross a certain meridian. The time when they should cross being known in advance, the chronometers thus can be checked and corrected if necessary.

If you start to turn away at this point, shaking your head over the wonders of science, you are in for a shock. For your guide begins explaining that, of course, the *exact* time of the transit cannot be known until certain variations have been taken into account and that this accounting may take a month or two.

"So we never really know exactly what time it *is*," he concluded. "But we can be pretty definite about what time it *was*."

It's a line you might try next time you are a little late getting home. THE END

The Candy Kid

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

it did sound a little startling to hear it cold, against the dapple of sunshine and shadow, against the mild creak of the swing, against the hum of bees in the climbing roses, and the flavor of chilled beer on the tongue. "Who has decided I must die? The *abuelo?*"

She nodded. The brittle black hair swung away from her shoulders. Her dungarees and her ragged T-shirt were filthy, her bare feet encrusted with layers of dirt.

"You went back home and he told you," he said sarcastically.

"I hear it in the street."

HE MIMICKED her. "You hear it in the street. So you hitchhike three hundred miles, after sneaking across the border, to tell me something you hear on the street. Without finding out if it's true."

"It is true."

"I'm not doubting it. But you didn't have to hitch to Santa Fe to tell me. I knew it when I was in Juárez. You knew it. What's the true reason you came here?"

Again she was silent. Finally she muttered, "I hate him."

"I know that too. Did he send you up here to get back the stuff?"

The first rumble of thunder came from the castellated white clouds. She looked at the sky curiously and then she shivered.

"It's the rainy season," he informed her. "It rains every afternoon."

She didn't appear to have heard him. She said, "I am afraid of him. He will kill me if he finds me."

Reluctantly he climbed out of the comfortable swing. "Come on." Maybe El Greco had sent her to get the stuff, and maybe she'd come running here because for her there were no more hiding places on the border. One thing sure, he wouldn't turn her over either to the old man or to the patrol. He'd give her a chance.

He headed to the house. A second growl of thunder went with him. She continued to stand motionless, staring up at the sky. "Come on," he repeated. "If you're going to hide, you'll have to look like a *norte-americano.*"

There was no way to hide her except openly. The first thing was to get the jungle dirt off. He led her to his sister's room. "Take a bath, use a lot of soap," he directed. He opened the door of the clothes closet, grabbed a handful of peasant skirts and blouses. In the bureau he rummaged for underclothes. He flung all on the bed. She stood warily half in, half out of the room, watching him. "Take a bath," he repeated. "Wash your hair, you'll find shampoo. When you're clean, get dressed. By then I hope I'll have figured out what we're going to do with you."

He left her there, hoping she understood shampoo. The sky was darkening fast, a first fork of lightning stabbed at it and the thunder repeated. It was time for the usual afternoon routine of closing windows and doors before the downpour. The first large splatters of rain hit the patio outside. He speeded up the casements, the downpour was in full force before he'd made the rounds. The thunder no longer muttered, it roared with deafening impact after each white-hot jab of lightning.

He hadn't heard a car stop; it was a wonder he heard the hammering at the front of the house, the shouting with it. Even without the thunder, the violent rain eliminated most sound. He lifted the iron bolt, tugged open the heavy door and began to laugh.

The size of Adam made him appear twice as soaked as an ordinary guy. He was like a half-drowned whale. "Laugh, damn you," he bubbled, pushing in and dripping all over the polished tiles of the hallway.

"Did you swim up from the hotel?" Jose asked.

"I thought I could make it before the storm broke. Knew I couldn't get out home in time. If you didn't keep your damn' gates closed, I could have driven in."

"Mother likes it neat."

"Don't you tell me. She's told me often enough." He was peeling off his sodden jacket. "Make like a barman and get me a drink." Adam dropped the jacket and squushed to the dining room. He poured himself a straight one while Jo loaded a tray of ice, Seltzer, bottle and glasses.

They returned to the comfort of the library. The electricity was muttering out of the air, the rain was slashing steadily now, the temperature had dropped at least fifteen degrees. Jose put a match to the kindling crisscrossed under the piñon logs in the fireplace.

"You're coming to dinner at my place, remember?" Adam said.

"Not if the arroyos are running. Catch me pushing your truck and you out of the mud."

"What's the matter with driving your own swell car?"

"Beach has it at Los Alamos."

Adam scowled. "Crazy guy. What'd he want to go up there for? In rainy season yet."

Jose wouldn't pass on his alarm. Beach knew what he was doing. "He's conducting a tour for the Farrars." He managed to smile. "Only the one he wanted pulled a swiftie and he drew the brother and his pal. You haven't met the men in the party yet, have you?"

"I haven't even met the dame," Adam grunted.

"They're probably both wanted items."

Adam squinted into his glass. "Have you tipped off our *jefe?*"

Jose shrugged. "Why bother our police? When Harrod wants them picked up, he'll do it. A smart operator, Harrod. You can bet Tim Farrar and his boy friend are loose for one reason only—they aren't important enough. Harrod's on a trail."

ADAM exclaimed softly, "Great God!" But it wasn't for Jose's dissertation. He was gazing at the doorway. "Didn't know you had company."

Francisca had materialized, a small, silent, clean ghost. The clothes were somewhat large but not enough to notice. Her hair was wet and shining, as if she'd just run in out of the rain.

Jose said, "I brought her up from the ranch." He could have told Adam the

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truth but he didn't want Francisca to think he was selling her out. It was a good time to try out the story. "She'll go to the academy this winter and help Mother after school." His mother had educated plenty of country girls. No one should suspect that Francisca wasn't another of them. While he was talking, she faded out as silently as she had appeared.

"Spooky," Adam decided. "Buy her some *guarachas*. Give you warning before she shows up. She might embarrass you some night."

It should have been comfortable sitting here, listening to Adam tell old tales while the rain rained and fire colored the fireplace. But Jose could not rest in the quiet pool of peace; his thoughts muddied the waters.

AT FOUR it was over. The gray of the sky became blue; a few white clouds, harmless as cotton, hung above the horizon. Adam said, "Got to go home." He urged, "Come along with me."

Jose said, "I'll wait for Beach." He couldn't go anywhere until he'd had a report of the day. "See you about seven."

"See you." They returned to the hallway. The wet jacket wasn't on the floor, it was hung properly from the back of a chair. The way a woman would hang it.

Jose watched Adam avoid the biggest puddles on the bricked courtyard, like an elephant trying to be dainty. Adam was a funny guy. You'd think he'd have something better to do than sit around here killing a rainy afternoon, even if it was sitting in the cantina where he could have a bigger audience. Adam liked a lot of people around him.

Maybe that was why he'd never married, maybe he was afraid a wife would try to close him in. Lou would make him a good wife; she wasn't that dedicated to being a hotel career woman that she wouldn't leave it if he said the word. So Adam was dedicated to prowling Mexico on the trail of hoary ollas or herb-dyed weaving or hammered silver? It wasn't good enough. After twelve and more years of it, you'd think he'd know it wasn't good enough. And it wasn't that Adam wasn't aware of Lou's yearning, it was rather that he refused to know it.

Oddly enough, good friends as they were, it was something Jose had never talked over with Adam. Not so odd when you got down to it: the cupboard of Adam's personal life had always been labeled Do Not Open.

Jose stood on the threshold sniffing the rain-sweetened afternoon until he heard the last faint echoes of the truck motor down the hill. When he turned back into the hall, Francisca was watching him. "What did you tell that man?" she asked.

"You heard me. I brought you here from the ranch to go to school. That's what I'm going to tell everyone." He headed for the library. She walked on silent feet after him. "There's only one hurdle to jump. You *sabe* hurdle?"

She didn't say whether she did or not but he didn't bother to explain.

"There's an old woman who comes in every morning to clean. Old Juana. She's a privileged character—used to be the cook. Don't let her know anything about you; just stick to the ranch. And the same goes for her *nietas*—she brings them along to help out. You do what Juana tells you but don't talk. No talk. If I buy you some *guarachas*, will you wear them?"

"I do not like shoes," Francisca said.

"I did not ask if you liked them." He capped the bottles. As he started out of the library, she was again behind him. He turned on her. "I'm going to have a shower and get dressed for dinner. I go out to dinner." It was like speaking to a block of wood. He said it plainly, "Don't follow me. Go out in the kitchen and feed yourself. Go in your room and take a nap. Go play the radio. But don't follow me!" . . .

He was just finishing his shave when he heard the phone. He ran for it, pushing the bolt and opening his door in one move. For her own safety she shouldn't answer it. She wasn't on his doorstep, but he almost ran over her in the gloom of the corridor. He said, "I'll get it," not that it deterred her. She was in the doorway when he spoke, "Hello." The voice on the wire was the chief of the state police, Danny Moreno.

At first he didn't understand—half of his mind was on Francisca, watching him, listening. He had to ask a repetition, to repeat dully, "Hill road . . . accident . . ." When he hung up, he remained there, clenching the phone, not believing it. Refusing to believe it. Beach. Beach wasn't dead. Beach was alive, the most alive person he knew. She came into focus again, she and her watchful eyes. "Accident," he said. And shouted it, "Accident!"

He pushed her out of the way. Blindly he made for his room, buttoning his shirt as he ran from the house, struggling into the jacket as he plunged down the muddy hill. At Canyon Road he picked up a ride with a kid, one of Marcelino's, headed for Saturday night fun on the Plaza. He could have asked the kid to take him to Danny Moreno but he didn't want conversation about it. He dropped off at the museum, cut across to Jack's taxi stand and caught one just coming in. He didn't wait for the driver to check with the office; he said, "State cops,"

"Aunt Irmatrude, Aunt Abigail, Aunt Priscilla, and Aunt Carrie are all coming down here for a whooping Fourth of July"

COLLIER'S — BORIS DRUCKER

and maybe it was his destination that eliminated any argument. The driver bumped through traffic to the highway, deposited him too soon at the handsome adobe-colored building. Its apron of grass smelled wet and sweet after the rain.

Jose walked in. "Danny here?"

He didn't see the fellow he asked. The officer said, "Yes. Gee, Jo, I'm sorry—" Something must have cut him off, something in Jo's face. His hand finished the sentence aimlessly. "Danny's in his office."

Jose walked past and opened the door marked *Capt. Dan Moreno*. Danny, too, began, "Jo, I am so sorry—"

Jose said, "I want to go out there."

"He won't be there, Jo. They're bringing him back now."

"They can't bring him back. He's dead," Jose said cruelly. "I want to go out there."

"There's no use, Jo. The boys have a full report on it."

"Will you take me?"

Danny was a little man; he didn't look like the head of the state cops. He looked more like a half-pint piñon-picker. His eyes pitied.

"I'm going out there." Jose was grim. "Will you take me or do I call a cab?"

Danny decided. "I'll take you." He nodded to the other officer; Jose hadn't known he'd come in the room. "Take over, Ike." He picked up his cap, set it just right on his black head. "Come on, Jo."

Danny didn't try to offer conversation as they headed through town and out the Espanola road. Not until they passed Tesuque did he begin to talk about it. "That road's bad enough without a cloudburst."

"Beach knew how to drive a car."

"He skidded; it happens plenty times."

"What about the other men?"

"What others? He was by himself."

"He wasn't when he went up there this morning. The only reason he went was because some tourists wanted to go."

"They must have stayed on the Hill."

"Why?" Jose demanded. "Because they knew Beach was going to have a wreck?"

"Listen, Jo." The cop's voice was mildly surprised. "Are you trying to tell me this was not an accident?" He reassured himself. "It was an accident. My boys gave me a full report over the phone. The car skidded and went off the road. You know these mountain roads."

"Beach flew fighters in the war."

"Many times it happens this way. A man does dangerous things and is safe. He slips on a cake of soap or falls from a ladder—"

"Who called in first?" Jose had to keep talking. He mustn't hear the scream of an ambulance passing; he mustn't notice a pile of junk being hauled in to the graveyard.

"Some fellows who work on the Hill. On their way home."

"I want to talk to them."

"Sure, Jo. They will come in and tell me personally about it. You may listen to what they say."

"Where did they call from?"

"Maybe it was Espanola. Maybe they live in Espanola." Danny didn't care. He was turning off the highway, beginning to climb the Hill road. It was past sundown, passing twilight, almost dark. The days were growing shorter. Danny said so. The clouds were mushrooming again over the northern horizon. They were pearl gray, not black nor white. Little shivers of lightning ran through them.

THE after-work traffic from Los Alamos was gone. Only occasional pin points of light pricked from above, to materialize later as descending cars. Off to a Saturday-night party in town or a party in the valley. He should have called Adam. It wasn't important—Adam would know the Aragon cousins weren't coming to dinner. Someone would have called him; Adam was always the first person in the valley to be told about things. Jose didn't want to see even Adam tonight.

He said, "The road isn't very slick."

"It was earlier, Jo. It hadn't stopped raining up here. It was slick then."

Danny pulled off to the side of the road. This was where it had to happen, where it was steep enough for an overturned car to mean certain death. The mud was churned by cars and boots and curiosity. Jose got out of the car and walked to the wide smudge on the rim. Yes, it was steep enough. He came back to the car and climbed in.

"You see how it was, Jo." Danny was gentle.

"I want to go on up."

"But, Jo!" He pleaded. "Why?"

"I want to go up there while it's hot. While everyone who saw Beach today or spoke to him remembers. I want to know everything he did. And I want to know where Tim Farrar and Rags Ragsdale are now."

Silently Danny slid the car forward. "All right, Jo," he agreed, still gently. . . .

From town, the Hill of Los Alamos was a lovely coronet of golden lights suspended in the darkness. From the road, the entrance lights were blinding white, a part of security. There was no trouble about passing the security officers at the entrance. Not with Captain Dan Moreno at the wheel and him requesting a pass for Jose Aragon.

"Up here about that accident?" the young officer at the desk queried, and then he no-

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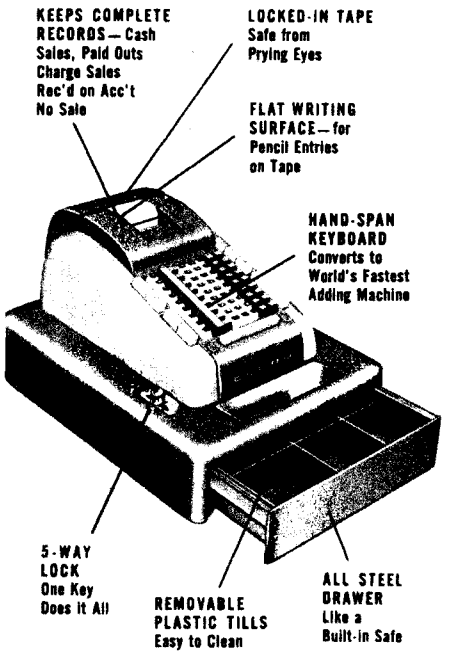
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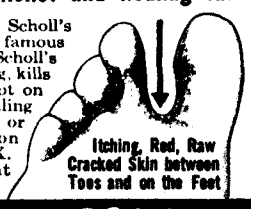

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ticed the name he was writing. His eyes slid up to Jose's face.

"Yes," Danny said hesitantly.

Jose asked, "Do you remember when he left?"

"I wasn't on duty." The young fellow thought back. "Staub and MacReady would have been on before six."

Danny took over. "Where do we find them?"

"Ask at the barracks. Mac was going to the dance but it's early."

THEY got back into the car and drove to the barracks. They were lucky. They located the two who'd been on duty—young officers and keen but they didn't remember. "At five o'clock everybody's leaving the Hill." Mac rumpled his hair. "It was wet." They'd collected passes but that was routine. They didn't remember a certain convertible. It wouldn't look convertible anyway, closed by the rain. No one would have noticed if Beach was alone or accompanied.

When they proceeded on into the town, Danny insisted, "He was alone, Jo."

"Yes—when you found him he was."

The cop asked his first real question, instinctively knowing the answer. "What are you trying to prove?"

Jose said, "Murder."

Danny sighed. "There is no reason for this."

Jose didn't argue. "Stop at the Center, Danny. While I'm phoning, see what they're saying around the bowling alley and the café."

"Who do you phone?"

"Everybody I've ever met who lives up here," Jose said savagely. "I'm going through the book." In the drugstore he changed dollars to nickels and took the phone book into the booth with him. He began with the A's.

It was almost an hour before he emerged. He hadn't learned much and only one piece of information held any promise. He found Danny Moreno at the café counter patiently sucking at a strawberry soda. "You through?" Danny asked hopefully.

Jose ordered a Coke. "I haven't found Farrar and Ragsdale. Have you?"

Danny shook his head. "No one knows their names."

"Did anyone see them with Beach?"

"But yes. They were regular tourists—they visited everything from the supermarket to the radio station. Every place they are permitted to visit. They walked about the town."

"They took off in the car for a look at the rest of it?"

"That's right."

Jose recited what he had learned. "Beach was full of high spirits. The way he always was." He swallowed. "The other two were their customary nasty selves. The three eventually landed at a cocktail party at Dr. Troop's. They were there during the storm. Farrar was in a hurry to leave. Beach wasn't. He wanted to wait until the rain ceased. Rags had nothing to say as usual."

Danny was thinking that a cocktail party and a storm and the Hill road didn't mix well. Jose knew what he was thinking. He said coldly, "A fellow who works in the lab, Alvin Struyker, is the one who took them to Troop's. I don't know Struyker. I don't think Beach knew him. I can't get him on the phone. He was in a hurry to leave too; he had a dinner date."

"I'll talk to him," Danny promised. "I'll get in touch with him tomorrow."

"I want to go up to his house now," Jose said stubbornly. "I have the address."

The cop sucked the last of the pink foam. He was resigned. "Let's go." He took the wheel. "You have directions? I don't think I know the residential part of Los Alamos so well." He'd prefer to get lost.

Jose said, "I have them. He has a room with a young couple. They've got a kid. I'm hoping they're home."

"Maybe you know they're not home. Maybe you think there's a baby sitter."

"Maybe," Jose agreed.

He showed Danny the way to the small house, a typical Los Alamos bungalow with overhanging blackout roof over the entrance. A blue light made small illumination.

"We visit the baby sitter?" Danny asked sadly. "What can she possibly know?"

Jose opened the door on his side. "You stay in the car. Your uniform might scare her. I won't be long." At Danny's hesitation, he continued heatedly, "I'm not going to hurt her."

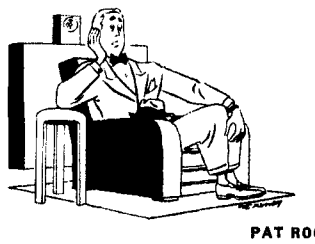
Danny pulled out cigarettes. "Okay," he sighed.

Jose made footprints on the wet gravel path. He heard the doorbell chime behind the closed Venetian blinds. The breaks were with him; it was a baby sitter, she was Spanish, and she was hardly in her teens. He managed a smile as he pushed inside. "Is Mr. Struyker home yet?"

"He is not here."

"My cousin left his jacket this afternoon. Which is Mr. Struyker's room?" -

She didn't question his asking. She led him to the door. He knew the moment the door was opened; he smelled it. La Rosa



PAT ROONEY

"I'll Only Be a Minute"

A woman's words, I regretfully state,
Generally carry a lot of wait.

—STEPHEN SCHLITZER

del Amor. The bottle was on the desk. Beach had seen it there. And Beach was curious. Blindly Jose quit the room.

The girl said, "The jacket?"

"He must have left it some other place," he managed to say. Blindly he left the house, climbed in beside Danny.

"Where to now?"

It wasn't his voice. "Santa Fe."

Danny gave a small whisper of relief.

Jose said, "Beach was murdered." . . .

Danny kept asking why. Not why Beach had been murdered. Why Jose called it murder. Danny was tops of the state police. He had a right to ask questions. But Jose didn't have any answers to give him. Not who had done it, not why. Not that it was a colossal blunder for a lab employee to hang on to a wrong bottle of cheap perfume. Not that it was a worse bonehead play for someone to get panicky when Beach asked a quick question about it. The lab man didn't have to know anything about the bottle; someone could have given it to him or he could have picked it out of a trash can. But he did know something, or Beach wouldn't be dead.

DANNY was still talking as they pulled over the Tesuque crest and saw the careless spill of lights, yellow and white and neon pink, which were Santa Fe. Danny was still confident that his reason and logic had convinced Jose.

Jose said, "Let me out at the Plaza."

Danny was dubious. "Sure. But don't you think you should go home? Or to your aunt's house? The family is probably all now at your Aunt Caterina's."

"Tell them I'll be there later." He let himself out at the museum corner while the car was still moving. He said, "Thank you, Danny. *Mil gracias.*"

"Drop in tomorrow."

"You'll be seeing me."

He waited on the corner, until the taillights, circled the Plaza and disappeared. Danny might hide out around the corner to see where Jose was heading and he might not. There wasn't anything to do except stand on the corner or go to La Fonda. Jose walked past the fancy stores, past the dark, paper-strewn staircase which by day led to Tío Francisco's, past the flower store and the bank and the windows of exquisite Indian jewelry, past the ticket office and across to the hotel. He didn't meet anyone.

The lobby was busy enough on a Saturday night. There was laughter from the doors of the cantina. The restaurant was filled; stringed music came from the New Mexican Room beyond.

He went directly to the desk and asked, "What's the number of Tim Farrar's room?"

The clerk told him. Because it was a small town and a small hotel, the clerk knew Jose wasn't asking the number in order to go up and rifle the room. Jose picked up the house phone and gave the number. He didn't have to wait long. She answered it.

He disguised his voice. "Tim Farrar in?" he asked.

She said, "No, he isn't. Who is calling?"

He didn't know whether she sounded uneasy or not. He said, "Moreno," and hung up before she could ask any further questions. He took the long way to the elevators. As if he were going to the New Mexican Room to dance. But no one cared where he was going or why.

FIVE hundred was the big suite, the best in the house. The living room was as big as the cantina. You paid plenty for Five hundred. He knocked, waited, had his knuckles up to knock again when the door opened. His knuckles nearly shoved her face.

She said, "Oh?" and then, "Oh!" She wasn't expecting him. Her hair was ruffled, as if she'd been lying down; she was wearing a negligee.

His hate of her was bile in his mouth. And yet hating her, he wanted to take her in his arms, to hold her until she became warm—until he could forget.

She backed away as he slammed the door.

He said, "Where's your brother? Where's Tim?"

"I don't know."

He took a step toward her and she said hurriedly, "I don't know! He and Rags are having dinner with some friend in the valley."

"With Alvin Struyker?"

"No—I don't know—perhaps—"

"Why didn't they have dinner with him on the Hill? Why come down to the valley for dinner?"

"I don't know," she cried again. "I only know they called me and said they wouldn't be here for dinner." She had backed to the windows, the opened casements that looked down on the patio. She couldn't move farther except out those windows.

He stood in front of her. He said, "You killed Beach."

Her mouth and eyes widened.

He repeated through clenched teeth, "You killed Beach." His hands were on her arms, her shoulders.

She fought back, whispering, "No."

His hands went limp at his sides and he walked over to the low couch, dropped there. He buried his face in those same hands. Not until then did he know what he had been about to do.

He felt her touch on his shaking shoulder. He snarled, "Keep your hands off me!" He heard her walk away; he didn't move.

After a moment she was in front of him again. She said without expression, "Drink this."

He drank it in one swallow.

"I didn't know your cousin was dead," she said quietly.

"Didn't Tim tell you?" His voice was ugly. "He called you about dinner arrangements. Didn't he tell you Beach wouldn't be there?"

"He didn't mention Beach." Her fingers

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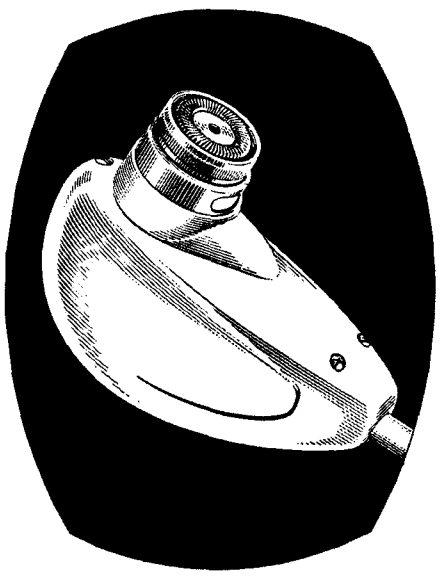

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clenched together. "What happened to Beach?"

"He was in an accident," he said. "His car went over a cliff."

He watched the fear go out of her like smoke out of a cigarette. He didn't understand.

"Oh," she said. And realized she should say more. "I'm sorry."

He cut off her sympathy. "An accident," he stressed.

It didn't seem to mean anything to her. "I'm terribly sorry. If we hadn't wanted to see Los Alamos—"

He cut in again. "You didn't go."

Her eyes winged to his face.

"You planned the trip but you didn't go."

"What are you trying to say?" Her voice was as taut as his.

"You killed him. Not with your fine hands—you wouldn't want to spoil them. But you arranged for him to die. Why didn't you go on the trip today? Don't give me the overslept routine."

"I didn't go because Tim didn't want me to go. He was so thoroughly nasty about it, that I didn't want to go. If you don't believe that, ask Rags."

She spoke with such heat that he almost believed her.

"Why didn't Tim want you to go?"

"Ask Rags," she said with set lips. "Or ask Tim. He'd tell you." She laughed just once. The sound of it was bitter.

"Do you know Alvin Struyker?"

"I've met him. Once."

"He's a friend of your brother's."

"Tim met him when I did."

"When he came for the perfume?"

She glanced at him quickly, wondering what he knew. She nodded.

"A friend of Rags?"

"Rags met him for the first time when we did."

"Where does Rags stand in your trio? Who is he?"

"He is Tim's"—she hesitated, found a word—"companion."

He supplied another word. "Or bodyguard."

She said, "Fix yourself another drink. Fix one for me, too."

HE TOOK his empty glass across the room. "You told me you brought the perfume to Santa Fe for a friend. If you just met Struyker, he isn't the friend. Yet he has the perfume." He fizzed soda into two glasses, carried them back across the room. "There's a discrepancy."

"No. The friend lives in Mexico. He asked me to bring the package from El Greco's to Mr. Struyker. I didn't know Mr. Struyker."

"You know what Struyker's job is?"

"I believe he has something to do with research at Los Alamos."

"He has," Jose said. "He's in the lab." He eyed her. "No connection?"

From the open curiosity in her face, to her there wasn't a connection.

"Harrod thinks there is. He thought so after Tustin's accident. Way down on the border. He's going to think so again now that Beach has had an accident on the Los Alamos road." He couldn't keep it easy when Beach came into it.

She said, "I don't understand."

"I'm going to ask you something straight." He implied that he didn't expect a straight answer. He didn't. "Did you know what you were bringing across the border?"

Slowly she shook her head.

He probed, "This friend didn't tell you? He simply asked you to bring it across, he didn't explain anything?"

"That's right."

"And you were willing," he said scornfully.

"He did me a great favor. I was willing to do him a small one," she defended herself. "It wasn't smuggling. He assured me of that."

"Then why didn't you do it yourself?" he pounced. "Why did you hire me?"

She took it carefully. "I was afraid." At the droop of his lip, she was defensive again. "I didn't think there was anything wrong in what I was doing. It wasn't that at all. It was meeting that horrible old man, the one they call El Greco, and the way he looked at me. I didn't want to go back to his shop again. I—I couldn't. And the other man, the one who was following me. The one you call Tustin. Yes, I knew he was following me," she admitted impatiently.

"You didn't know Tustin?"

Her eyes widened. "No. He never spoke to me. I didn't actually know he was following me. But wherever I went that week, I'd see him. Even when I went to—to El Greco's shop, I saw him waiting across the street. I knew it must be the package."

It was a long shot but he took it. Her defenses were down. "What was the great favor?"

Fear sprang to her face anew.

"Passport trouble?" He was close. He could tell that.

She kept her face averted. She said, "I'm an American. A citizen. I didn't need a passport to come in from Mexico."

"But Tim was in a mess." He'd come closer. She wasn't going to say anything. Her lips were tight. It was Tim; she was protecting her brother. And suddenly Jose knew. Hunch, yes, but he knew. Because he'd once been in the business of finding out things without having anything but hunch to start with. Tim was a killer. Her fear tonight was that Tim had struck again. He said, "Murder is a mess."

She began to cry. Without warning, without sound, huddled there in the big, rich chair.

"How did you know?" she asked when she had quieted her sobbing.

He didn't answer her. He said, "It's not going to help anyone now to keep it bottled. The circle's closing. Beach's death was a mistake, and you can't protect Tim any longer."

"He didn't kill Beach," she said. "It was an accident. You said it was."

"It wasn't good enough," he said. She had to do the talking or she'd find out how little he knew. He was impatient. "Why do you want to protect him?"

She shook her head. "He's my brother." It was a whimper. "My little brother." Some spirit returned. "He didn't have a chance to grow up right." Again she hated Jose. "You probably grew up with love. We didn't. No one cared about us. I can't count how many stepfathers and stepmothers we had—new ones every six months. We had doctors and lawyers and governesses and tutors and schools, everything money could buy. But nobody cared. Did you ever hear of the Maquis?" She didn't wait for his nod. "He went underground with them when he was still a boy. Not that he cared about them, but he wouldn't leave his tutor. A man who was good to him."

"You were in Paris during the occupation?"

"I was taken out in time. To Switzerland. But Tim had disappeared. He learned to kill. He killed—I don't know how many. When he was a boy."

He said harshly, "That was war. When it's kill or be killed, a man will kill. That doesn't mean he's a murderer."

He softened, "You can't excuse him any longer, Dulcy. You can't protect him much longer. I'm sorry for you. I know what it means. Beach was like a brother to me, a little brother." The tears for the slayer would be more harsh than those for the slain. He got up from the couch. "You can warn him if you like. But he can't run far enough away this time."

He wanted to touch her shining head, gently, with compassion. He couldn't. He walked out of the room and left her huddled there. She didn't move; she didn't say good-by.

SATURDAY night was in full swing when he reached the first floor. It overflowed the dancing and drinking rooms into the cool darkened patio. Saturday night at La Fonda was a tradition. It was possible that Tim Farrar and his friends had returned here to complete their gala day.

Crossing the lounge, Jose stepped over to the open French doorway and looked out into the patio.

"Looking for me?" The voice came from behind him. "You were up there a long time. Find out anything?"

He turned a weary face to Harrod. "I guess so. Tim Farrar ran out on a murder in Mexico."

"He tell you that?"

Jose said, "His sister didn't deny it. I'm looking for him. There was another accident today."

"I heard about it." Harrod didn't say he was sorry; he had more appreciation of the fitness of things.

"I went up there. With Dan Moreno of the state cops."

"I've talked with Moreno. He thinks you are suffering from shock. I told him you might be."

"What else did you tell him?"

"To keep an eye on you. Was the wrong Aragon killed?"

"No, it wasn't that. It was a bottle of perfume."

"A bottle of perfume," Harrod repeated. "From El Greco's."

He had seen it in Jose's luggage. And left it there. Timing things his own way.

Jose said, "The wrong bottle. Beach must have asked the wrong questions." It wasn't jagged any more. It was a dull stone he'd have to carry inside of him for a long time.

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"And you're looking for Tim Farrar," Harrod said.

"He's a killer. Don't you know that?"

"I've had reports from Mexico. He might have killed a girl. Or an old man. Or a shoeshine boy. She was beaten to death. The old man was run over by a car. The boy was knifed. Those are three unsolved cases about the time Tim went traveling."

The shape of it wasn't sharp the way he had seen it when it started. He'd found that out tonight from her, now from Harrod. Harrod had tried to tell him before but Jose had insisted on her being the focal point. She was no more than smudge on the edges of the pattern. An instrument, as Jose had been. Because he'd seen it wrong, Beach was dead.

He said to Harrod, "I've got the right bottle. Do you want to come up to the house and get it?"

Harrod must have seen he was ready to fold. He said, "If it's kept this long, it'll keep till morning, won't it? I'll come then."

Jose moved from the door.

Harrod said, "Go home and sleep. Don't look any farther for Tim Farrar tonight. He'll keep too."

Jose said, "All right." He went out into the night. He had to go home. He had to be there in the morning to do all the things that must be done. He had to go home because he couldn't leave Francisca alone there all night. . . .

The house was dark. Habit took him around the back way. He hurried across the patio. Before he could open the door, he heard her speak from a distance in the dark corridor. "You have come back." She had the eyes of a cat.

He said, "Why didn't you turn on the lights?"

She didn't answer him. Maybe she didn't know how.

He switched on a lamp in the library. She was still dressed in the skirt and blouse he'd given her. The small hearts quivered from her ears. He questioned again, almost angrily, "Why did you wait up? Why didn't you go to bed?"

She didn't seem to know any answers. She stood there quietly, like a servant. "You can go to bed now," he dismissed her.

"Where do I go to bed?"

He was angered. Not with her—with himself, with the world of men. "In the room I gave you. Where did you think?" It wasn't her fault she was what she was. He said more kindly, "Good night, Quica."

She said, "Good night," but she didn't move.

THE phone rang, a shrill prolonged sound. He didn't want to answer but he couldn't stand the sound.

It was Adam. "Where have you been, Jo? I've called and called—I've called every place I could think of."

"Thanks, Adam." He told part of the truth. "I've been with the police."

"That's one spot I missed." Adam was like Harrod; he had a sense of fitness. He didn't say anything about Beach. "Do you need me?"

He said no, and thanks again. "I'm too tired. I'm going to bed."

"Anything I can do, you know."

"I know, Adam." He rang off.

She was still hanging around. "That man came back," she said.

"What man?"

"The big one."

"Oh." Yes, Adam would have made a trip in when he couldn't locate Jose by phone. "That was he just now."

"He waited for you."

"He's my friend," Jose told her. A man had so few friends. "Go to bed now."

It looked as if she weren't going but finally, reluctantly, she left him. He gave her time to get there and then he went to his room. He bolted his door. . . .

Drowned in sleep, he could hear the pounding without responding to it—until it grew more thunderous, until his name came over the booming, and the wave of it washed him awake.

Adam was thumping on the door, shouting, "Jo! Are you in there, Jo? Wake up, Jo!" It was as if he'd been at it a long time; there was a rumble of alarm.

"I'm awake. Hold on." He came slowly out of bed to open the door.

"You have company," Adam said.

"Captain Harrod?"

"Yes. He was waiting in the patio. I just got here."

"Keep him company," Jose requested. "Tell the kid to fix some coffee for all of us."

"Haven't seen her."

Of course he hadn't. She'd hide out with Harrod around.

"Juana and her tribe are just arriving."

"What time is it?"

"After nine."

HE WAS fully awake after he sloshed cold water on his face. He'd had enough sleep, more than usual. Only the emotional weight of last night had kept him under. A cotton pull-over, slacks, *guarachas* and he was dressed. He joined Adam and Harrod in the patio.

"I didn't want to wake you," Harrod apologized. "But I'm seeing the Farrars at eleven."

"Tim?"

"Yes."

"I want to go with you." Jose's jaw set.

Adam pursed his mouth. "What good will it do, Jo?"

He was as stubborn as he'd been with Dan Moreno. "I want to."

Harrod humored him. "Okay, okay. If you have time for it."

"I have time for it. Will Struyker be there?"

"He's gone fishing." Harrod was annoyed. With himself. "Sunday, I forgot. I called Los Alamos early but he'd gone earlier."

Adam asked, "You mean Struyker at the lab? What do you want with him?"

Jose had forgotten how little Adam knew. Adam had left Juárez too early, before things started. Better that he remain ignorant for the present; Adam's temper was slow to rise but it was powerful. Someday when this was over and done with, Jose would tell him the whole story.

He said, "Beach was with him yesterday. He was the friend Tim Farrar wanted to visit on the Hill."

Adam said laconically, "You're putting yourself through a lot of grief, Jo."

Only then did he flare. "I'm looking for it. I want to carry it with me as long as I live." Because deliberately he had involved Beach. Factually, he stated, "Beach was with Struyker before he started home. He was with him at a cocktail party. He was in his room."

Adam didn't say anything more.

"I'll get you the perfume." Jose nodded to Harrod. At any other time he'd have laughed at the expression that burst on Adam's big face. Adam was baffled, knocked for a loop. It did sound peculiar without a background; Harrod, the border patrol bloodhound, getting up early for a bottle of perfume.

Harrod didn't make a point of it, but he was accompanying Jose. Adam's curiosity brought him along.

Jose said, "I stashed it in my mother's room."

"In the secret drawer, I bet," Adam rumbled.

"Sure." Jo had to smile. He opened the door into his mother's room.

"That's a fine desk," Harrod said. He was close behind Jose.

"I guess it's safe for you to know the secret. Nothing any safer than the police." But like his mother, even when she displayed the drawer to the most trustworthy of friends, his fingers hid the secret. The panel moved and there was a sweet familiar smell before he opened the drawer. The smell was there; the drawer was empty.

He was the one who made the groan of disbelief. The others peered silently over his shoulder into the emptiness. He shoved the drawer at Harrod and ran for his sister's

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room. It was neat and clean and empty as the drawer.

Adam and Harrod had followed.

"What gives?" Adam demanded.

Not even now could he give her away. She was just a kid. She could have been hiding in the shadows watching when he secreted the stuff. She didn't know right from wrong—she'd never had a chance to find out. He said to Harrod, "I'll get it for you." It was a vow. "I'll get it."

Harrod had learned patience. He said, "All right. You get it." He left the room first. At the front door he stopped. "Meet me at the hotel around eleven if you still want to talk to Tim."

Jose would be there. He and Adam returned in silence to the patio.

"You think the kid you brought from the ranch has light fingers?" Adam remarked.

He didn't say yes or no. Although it wouldn't mean anything to Adam without the background, he said it. "She's not from the ranch. She's from Juárez. One of the Praxiteles girls."

"You mean old El Greco?" Adam asked incredulously.

"Yeah."

Adam stared at him. "You mean you turned one of those girls loose in your house! With something important—" He broke off. "I take it this perfume was important?"

"Yeah."

Adam paced. He stopped at Jose's chair. "Where is she?"

"How the hell do I know?" Jose said.

Adam subsided in the swing. "Praxiteles is a mean character. What are you mixed up with, Jo?"

He attempted a smile, his thanks for Adam's concern. "It's too long a story to go into now. I'm an innocent bystander." The smile went away. Beach was the innocent one. He said, "Beach was murdered."

It hit Adam between the eyes. "For God's sake, Jo!" Maybe he was certain now that Jose was off his rocker. "Beach was in a car accident."

"Beach was murdered," Jose repeated. "I don't know how it was worked—there are plenty of ways. Moreno doesn't believe it. Perhaps Harrod does. Tim Farrar may know. Or this Struyker. Or Tim's friend from Chapala. I'm going to find out. Give me a lift to town? It won't take me a minute to change."

LATER, Adam led the way to the truck. "I'm going with you," he announced. But Jose wasn't bringing anyone else into this. "No," he said fast. "Harrod might object."

"The hell with Harrod."

"Look, Adam, you want to help me, don't you?"

"Sure."

"Then go up to Aunt Cat's. The clan will be there. Tell them I'll be along as soon as I can. Explain how it is."

"How is it?"

Jose hesitated. "The police—" At the quick angle of Adam's head, he said, "Not this business. Just Danny Moreno and the accident. So much to be done. You can fix it."

"I'll take care of it while you're at church. I want to hear what this Farrar has to say."

Jose sighed. Maybe Harrod wouldn't permit it. It was a foolish hope. No one unmade Adam's mind. . . .

Harrod didn't say a word when they found him in the hotel lounge. He merely rose to meet them and headed for the elevator. As if he thought Jose had brought Adam for support.

"Does he know we're coming?" The palms of Jose's hands had begun to sweat. Not because of Tim; because he had to wring her again. She wouldn't let baby brother be tackled alone.

"I called early and suggested he be here." Harrod rapped on the door, a sharp, demanding rap.

"Is Danny Moreno coming?"

"He's busy."

It was she who opened the door. She was surprised, not pleasantly, when she saw that Harrod wasn't alone. She hadn't slept much; there were purple swatches under her eyes. She was wearing a suit like the one she'd worn that first morning in El Paso. She could be dressed for traveling.

She said, "Good morning, Captain Harrod," and nothing more.

Tim was sprawled in the best chair; he didn't bother to get to his feet. Rags stood in the farthest corner.

No one offered hospitality. Dulcy had retreated to the windows, then quickly away from them to the other side of the room. Harrod stood firm. "Tim Farrar?"

Tim said insolently, "Captain Harrod, I presume."

Adam made deliberate tracks across the rug and sank down on the couch. He said, "Have a chair, Captain. Sit down, Jo." His voice was disgusted.

Harrod said, "Thanks." He pulled up a chair to a position where he could observe all of the faces. Jose didn't accept the invitation. He stood behind Harrod. He too wanted the faces.

Harrod continued, "I am here for Captain Moreno of the state police, investigating the accident in which Beach Aragon was killed yesterday."

"What do you know about it?" he asked Tim.

"Nothing at all," Tim said idly.

"The car was in good condition when you drove up to Los Alamos?"

Tim fingered a yawn. "Really, I have no idea. I'm not a mechanic."

Harrod's lips thinned. He nodded to Rags. "What about it?"

Rags wasn't insolent, nor was he glib. "We got there all right. No trouble." He thought of something and added it, "It wasn't raining then." He thought of something else and added it quick, "He drove pretty fast." He'd been coached; he was pleased with his performance.

Jose couldn't hold his tongue. "The car was in perfect condition. I keep it that way." Beach drove fast but he was a good driver. He wouldn't take chances on a slick hill in a rainstorm.

Harrod took over again. "All right, you got there. No trouble. Then what did you do?" His eyes fixed on Tim.

Tim stroked his decadent beard. "Nothing interesting, I assure you, my dear Captain. We sight-saw. Decidedly dull, although it's considered quite a historical monument, you know. It's where they created the atomic gadget."

Harrod said briefly, "I know." After a long moment he continued the questions. It was slow going but he got through lunch, the meeting with various Los Alamosans, the impending storm, and the drive to Struyker's house.

"He simply insisted we stay over for someone's cocktail party. Quite tedious people; I can't remember who they were. Then the storm. It was electric and so were the drinks. Cheap liquor is so potent. It was then that Alvie—Alvie Struyker, our host—decided he'd take us to dinner."

ADAM burst, "So you're what he wanted to bring to dinner!" He explained to Harrod and to Jose, "This Struyker called and asked if he could bring some friends to dinner. I told him no." He addressed Jose alone, "I was expecting you and Beach, you remember?"

"He invited Beach too," Tim inserted loftily.

Harrod said to Adam, "You know Struyker?"

"I've met him a couple of times; someone brought him to my place for a drink. We're informal in the valley. He must have got the idea I kept open house." He was burning with rage.

Tim lifted his eyebrows. "Your friend insisted he must drive back to town for my sister. For some reason or other, he wanted her to join us for dinner."

Jose said sharply, "Which one of you went with him?"

"My dear!" Tim exclaimed softly. "Did you think the rest of us were insane?"

Harrod quieted Jose with a glance. "You mean he went alone?"

"Quite."

"Was he drunk?"

Jose's hands tightened.

BUTCH

"I got all th' downstairs ransacked, Butch. How you doin' up here?"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

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Tim sighed hopelessly at Ragsdale. Rags said, "Everybody was drinking plenty. It was a cocktail party."

"And you'd had drinks at Struyker's before you went to the party?"

Tim said, "But naturally. That is how one entertains in this country, is it not?"

Jose cried out, "Are you trying to say Beach was drunk and ran off the road?"

"We're trying not to say it," Tim said. "But isn't it obvious?"

"No, it isn't!" Jose denied. "What about the bottle?"

"Bottle?"

"The bottle of perfume," Jose said flatly.

"Oh!" Tim began to titter. "That bottle." He tittered into a vacuum. He apologized, "It was really amusing."

"Yes? In what way?" Harrod asked too quietly.

"Because it was such dreadful perfume. Mexican, you know. And Beach kept twittering, 'Bottle, bottle, who's got the bottle?' And that poor chap, Struyker, trying to explain that it was a present he'd bought for his mother."

"All of you left the cocktail party together," Harrod said. "Beach Aragon was alone only after he went through the exit gate. And the steering wheel on his car was defective." Harrod got to his feet. "Captain Moreno has gone to bring in Mr. Struyker. We'll all get together later." He touched Jose's arm.

At the door they waited for Adam. The big man towered for a moment over the three who sat there, holding his strength leashed. Then, still silent, he lumbered to where Jose and Harrod waited.

The cathedral bells were ringing the noon Mass as Jose reached the street. . . .

When Jose came out of church, there was the gantlet of sympathy to run. He made the correct responses but he didn't know to whom he was making them. Under the old cottonwood tree in the churchyard Dulcinda was waiting. She was patient. She waited while he convinced a brace of cousins that he couldn't go with them to Aunt Caterina's. He didn't want to join in family mourning; his grief was his own.

He couldn't remain there any longer arguing; he moved down the walk with the cousins.

WHEN they came opposite the tree, Dulcy put out her white-gloved hand in a restraining gesture.

He murmured, "Excuse me," to the boys, not watching the disapproval which would follow him. He walked to her.

"I must talk with you," she said.

"Go ahead."

She turned her eyes about the barren churchyard. "Not here."

"What's the matter? Afraid you might get religion?"

She flushed slightly. "I'd rather be more comfortable."

He dropped his glance to her tall heels, raised it slowly up the tailored suit of small checks to her proud head. "Very well," he agreed. "I'll take you to lunch."

She drew back. "Not the hotel. I want to be private. What about your house?"

He could have saved her the trip. He could have told her the stuff was no longer there. But he said, "If that's the way you want it. I don't have a car. It got broken."

They found a taxi. "I hope you can cook," Jose told her. "Lunch will be on us." She didn't look as if she could so much as open a can or that she had ever tried. Or that she cared to try.

Only when they were at the gates of the *casa* did he let himself think of the *sorbita*. She wouldn't be hanging around; she had what she wanted. Juana and the girls had gone, and the gates were open. He touched Dulcinda's arm, guided her up the gravel path. "You don't mind the back door, do you, sweet? Only my friends use it." He helped her through the patio entrance.

"Does that make me a friend?"

They stood close together, too close. Because of the heels, her tilted head was where it should be, the right height. She'd go this far and further for her lousy brother.

He answered her question bluntly, "No."

She turned, walked to the swing and sat down. Her eyes were averted. From her white pouch she took cigarettes and a lighter. He let her service her own smoke.

"I'm getting myself a beer," he told her. "Do you want one?"

"If you please."

The white clouds were fluffing over the blue horizon. In less than an hour they'd be unmasked as thunderheads—at the moment they were innocently decorative.

HE MADE a couple of bulky cold beef sandwiches, hot with sauce, carried them out with the beer. "Hors d'oeuvres." There'd been no sound of Francisca within.

Dulcinda smiled briefly. "Thank you."

He pulled a canopied chair nearer the swing. With a mouthful he said, "Go on, talk."

She lifted her lashes. "I need help."

"And you come to me?"

"I don't know where else to turn."

"You're in a poor way."

"I know that," she said. "But I believe that you are too honest to permit a person to be what you call framed." She looked into his skeptical eyes. "My brother had nothing to do with Beach's death."

"Oh, no!" he said wearily.

"It's true! You must believe me. I know it's true. After you left, he went over and over it with Rags, trying to figure out when and how it could have been done."

"They're going to frame Struyker, is that it?"

"It must have been Struyker! All of them had been drinking too much. It's true that they did leave the cocktail party together. They went back to Struyker's house. Tim figures Struyker must have tinkered with the car there."

"Why did they go back to Struyker's?"

"Tim can't remember. But don't you see, Struyker must have arranged it that way. They're not trying to make up a story—they're trying to figure it out. That's why I know that Tim didn't do it; if he had, he'd have an excuse." Her voice was thin. "He always has an excuse."

He waited for her to continue.

"They remember that Struyker said he'd ride down as far as the gate with Beach to show him the way. He'd pick up his own car where he'd left it in town. They remember this because both Tim and Rags suggested going along but Struyker insisted they wait at the house. Because of the heavy rain."

"What about the couple he lives with?"

"They were still at the cocktail party. The baby and the nursemaid were the only ones at home. She was getting the baby ready for bed."

"Go on."

"That's all. Tim and Rags waited until Struyker returned and then they all sat around about an hour longer. To give Beach time to call for me and return to meet them. It wasn't until they left the house that Struyker told them they weren't having dinner with Mr. Adamson but would go to a restaurant in Tesuque."

"You told me last night that Tim called you to say he wouldn't be home to dinner."

"That was earlier. Before any of these arrangements were made." Without expression, she said, "Tim is careful to avoid being saddled with me."

He said, "They must have noticed the accident when they went down the hill."

"They did. But they didn't know who it was or what. They didn't stop—a person doesn't. The police were there."

"You want me to save Struyker from this frame?"

"You must understand!" she cried. "It's Tim who's being framed, I tell you. Struyker must be the guilty one. But he'll let Tim take the blame, because of Tim's—mistakes."

"Struyker knows about Tim's—mistakes?"

She said quietly, "I'm terribly afraid that he does. It was he who came for the package."

(To be concluded next week)

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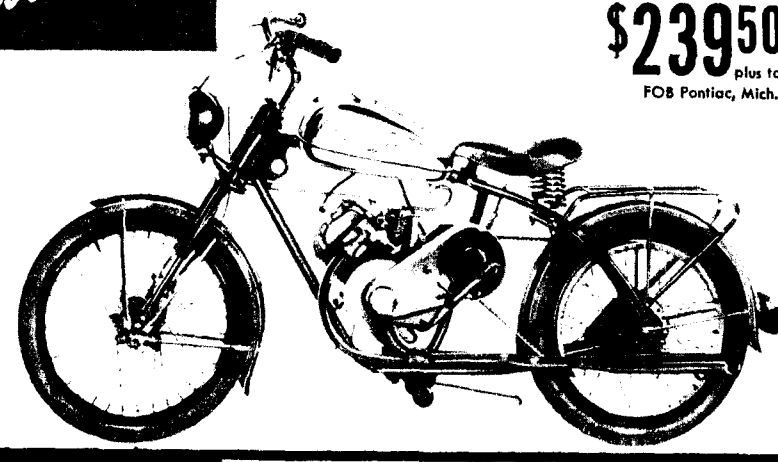

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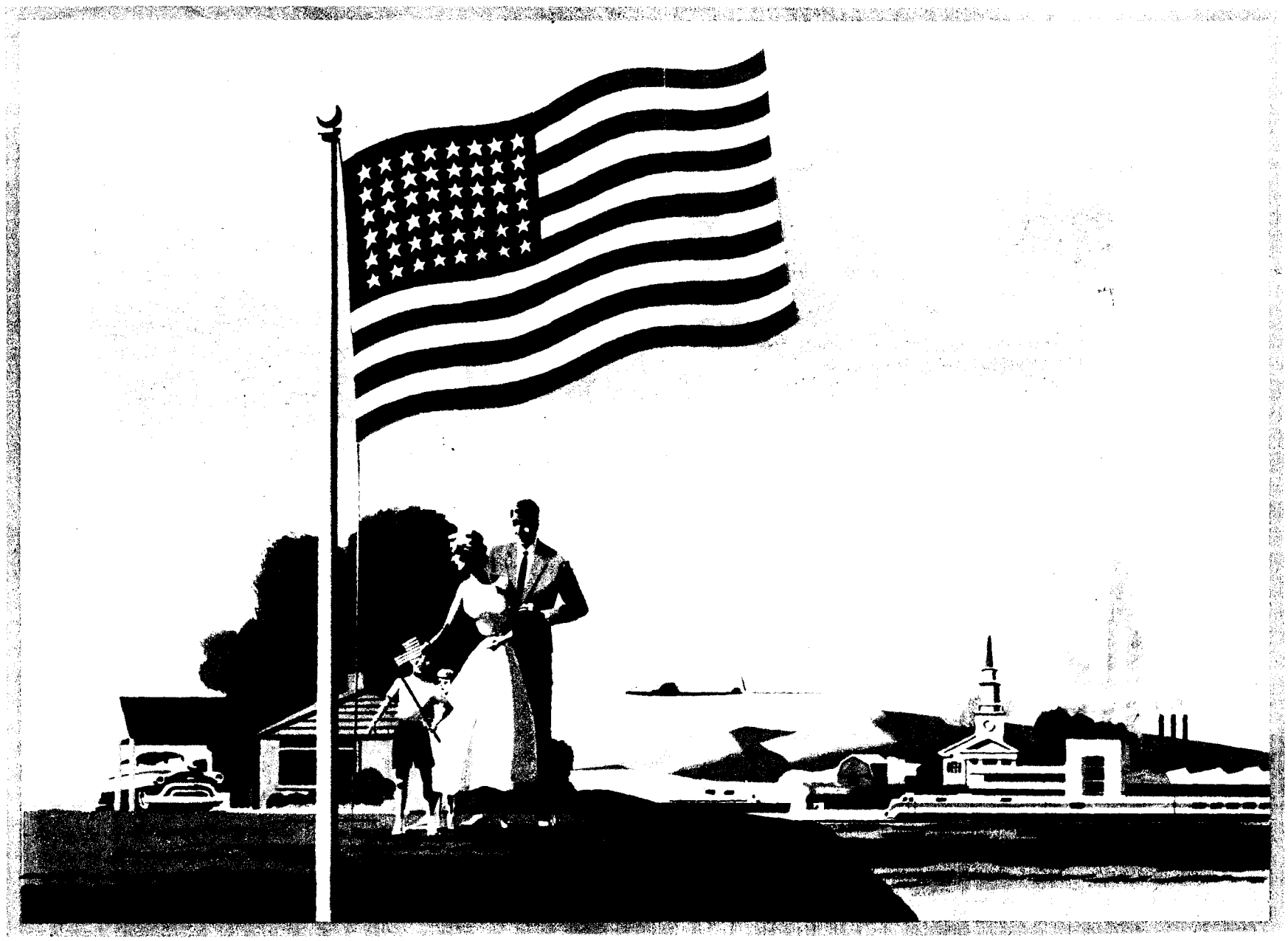

BERN HILL

What's Wrong with Flag-Waving, Anyway?

IT OCCURRED TO US a while back that people don't seem to display the flag the way they used to. We asked a man from Annin & Company, the New York flagmakers, about it, and he confirmed our suspicion. He said the flag business wasn't as good as it had been last year or the year before. "And besides," he added, "a lot of people who have flags don't fly them."

This seems to us a rather sorry state of affairs. And even sorrier is the fact that "flag-waving" has come to be a term of contempt. So we decided that the week of Flag Day would be an appropriate time to ask the question which is the title of this piece.

We'll start off by answering our own question. We don't think there is anything wrong with flag-waving, but we can't say as much for some of the flag-wavers. We are talking about the prominent people who wrap themselves in the flag as if it were their personal garment. Certain politicians and publishers among them confidently define "Americanism" as if it were something that they had thought up themselves. They offer their own beliefs and prejudices as the correct pattern of patriotic behavior. And they have been pretty successful in persuading their admirers that any criticism of them is an affront to the flag and free government.

All this has naturally caused some opposite reactions. Because the self-appointed Emily Posts of patriotism have overpraised certain aspects and traditions of American life, others have found it smart to carp and belittle. Still others find any expression of patriotic sentiment mawkish and embarrassing, except under the emotional stress of wartime. Such reactions are sometimes natural and inevitable with most of us. But we dislike to see the objections aimed at flag-waving instead of at the flag-wavers.

For we're in favor of flag-waving, literally and figuratively. We like to see people display the flag on appropriate occasions. We like to hear some appreciative talk now and then about the things that the flag stands for. And we don't mean such things as jingoism, feudalism, isolationism or the dictatorship of the proletariat, as preached by bunting-swaddled zealots of the extreme right and left.

The American flag flies over the best country in the world. It flies with the flags of other countries in the United Nations as a symbol of unity and strength and hope for those governments that would have freedom preserved. We have a right to be actively proud of our country, and of its position as a champion and defender of peace. We have a right to be proud of the job we have done to preserve our inheritance of liberty and to increase our inheritance of prosperity.

Neither this generation nor any other generation has done this job perfectly, of course, and there is still room in our country for improvement. But improving doesn't mean changing everything, any more than appreciating means standing still.

The ideals which the flag symbolizes became the permanent foundations of a government that leaves plenty of freedom and scope for progress. But in striving for progress let's not forget what we have. Instead, let's look around us once in a while, count our blessings, forget our differences, and do some unabashed flag-waving.

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